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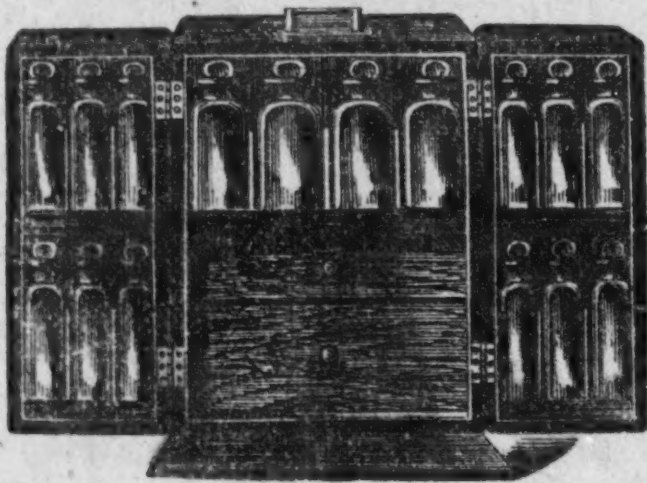
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PAINTED BY FELIX SCHLESINGER.

THE SURVIVORS.

SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. VIII.

3 NO 57

THE SURVIVORS.

By FELIX SCHLESINGER.

WRECKED at sea! Common as the phrase is, how great the power of those syllables to startle us! There are scarcely any words expressive of calamity which suggest so much as these do; for at once we connect them with a dire struggle for life against the indomitable ocean, against darkness and storm; then following thirst, hunger, and privations of all kinds, until—when hope from its own continuance has become agony, and it appears that nothing more could be endured, or even occur, in the way of suffering and danger—then at last some pale white sail heaves up upon the horizon, nears us, hope and fearful doubt become joy and certainty, and we are saved.

All men think thus, perhaps, at the hearing of the word "wrecked;" every one supplying circumstances from his own experience or recollection, and all startled into interest and deep compassion.

Thus with the inhabitants of the fishing-village at the entrance of which is the scene of Schlesinger's picture. Those rough sons of the ocean are melted to most earnest pity by the arrival at their little quay of "the survivors." They receive them with the tenderness of women; they carry the seaman, whose stalwart frame has succumbed, up to his cottage (for many signs tell that the unfortunates are at home). His wife, who has met them on the beach, with grateful joy looks at the symbol of redemption; others of the saved follow behind. A couple throw themselves at the foot of the cross in the fervency of their gratitude for deliverance from such peril.

The sailor who is carried before us, along the sandy roadway that leads up from the shore, is seemingly not only exhausted and worn to his utmost power of endurance, but has received some injury, to judge from the expression of his countenance—maybe a limb broken by a falling spar, or he has been crushed by the terrible power of the waves. Bruised, and so helpless, he has maintained the courage of the other sufferers by the spectacle of his fortitude—has assisted them with counsel, and the instruction of his experience; and saved at last with them, shall be remembered through all their lives as the brave, hardy, patient, and noble man to whom their deliverance is chiefly due. He himself has the *matériel* for many a tale to be told of a winter-night when the tempest without renders the ingle of the fisher's cottage an enviable nest of warmth, peace, and comfort. Thus for his life grateful friends, the supreme happiness of well-doing, and that pleasure we all take such delight in—the looking-back over perils escaped and suffering overcome.

If we wanted any confirmation that fortune, merciful at last, after the trouble and the storm, has brought them to the haven at home, the incident of the dog carrying the wounded man's cap would afford it. The animal has gone down to welcome his master, finds him on the shore disabled and in pain, sees him lifted in those friendly arms, and confident that these are the best help, picks up the cap and trots along with much of that sort of human sympathy so often observable in dogs. This incident, apparently trivial, is an excellent point of design, showing that the painter has entered into the subject, and so far does him the highest credit; and is so interesting to us, that we look for more such, and are disappointed at not finding many similar little episodes scattered in the picture. We must, however, be content with those discoverable, remembering that this quality is amongst the rarest merits of a picture.

That the gale still continues the storm-bent branches of the trees testify, as well as the action of the fishermen behind, who at the prospect of a rough day appear to have left their work. The rocking of the craft at the little pier, the dark horizon, the stormy sky, and the low-flying gulls, all indicate that the baffled storm-spirit abandons not his prey without a murmur of discontent.

L. L.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX.

A STORY OF THE SHAFTESBURY PLOT IN HALF-A-DOZEN CHAPTERS.

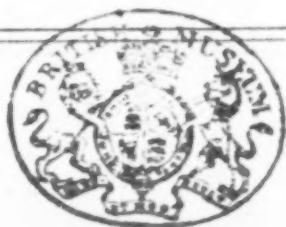
By G. W. THORNEBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER I.

THE DARCY'S OF CROW'S NEST; OR, THE OLD CAVALIER-SQUIRE AT HOME.

Crow's Nest was an old Tudor mansion, distant some twelve miles from Oxford, whose countless towers and steeples might be seen on a clear day from a hill at one end of the Home Park. In the days of ruffs and fardingales it had been the gathering-point and centre of hospitality for the whole county; nor did Queen Elizabeth, when she visited the University, forget to visit the home of the Darcys. "More by token," says the old family chronicle, whose veracity can be depended on, "her majesty dropped her silver fan, the gift of Sir F. Drake, into the moat, as she took the air on the battlements of the Lady Tower; and a young page of the family, diving to recover it, was stricken on the head by a buttress of the turret, and so died, drawing tears from the eyes of her majesty at the extreme piteous and unhappy sight." But the tall twisted chimneys that crowned the gables, though undiminished in number since those days of prosperity, served now for the most part only as snug receptacles for the nests of starlings and of daws. From one or two shafts only, on this soft warm summer-morning of which we write, ascended thin pillars of pale blue smoke, which gradually, though unbroken by the gentle wind, melted into the sunny air. The gilded vanes, bright as stars, still twinkled as of yore against the blue sky, like guardian-planets of the house, though warped and bent by the storms of many bygone winters; almost, indeed, as brightly as when Crow's Nest loomed at the early dinner-hour of eleven through the fragrant clouds of smoke ascending from the royal banquet of Queen Bess. The windows of the north front, cold and leaden in the vapoury shade, contrasted singularly with those of the south side, which overlooked the garden, and which, glittering in the morning sun, shone golden and metallic, as if belonging to some enchanted palace of El Dorado. On old deserted rooms, once trod by nobles—on faded figured hangings—on shelves of warped and dusty books, and embroidered beds of ponderous size, plumed like hearses, the sunlight fell with a calm consciousness of peace and joy; and in this golden sea of light that bathed the old house, shadowed by so many sorrows, and sinking so rapidly into genteel pauperism, floated, like vast coral-trees rising through a sunny ocean, the old elms, whose sable inhabitants, noisy and solemn as the congregation of a Puritan conventicle, had originally given their name to the manor-house. Their unceasing cawing filled the rooms with a slumberous murmur, that while it cheered the mind with a sense of the vicinity of living things, soothed it like the whisper of a distant sea; for though some of the birds were always absent, swooping down in long low trails upon the dark new-turned plough-land of forty acres, or basking in the sun on the tender grass of the broad-oak meadows, there were always respectable citizens who remained gossiping beside the nests—half-idlers, half-watchmen—discussing the fortunes of the young birds who had scarcely yet left the egg, and certainly seen very little of the world.

Sir Richard Darcy, a crusader, was said to have built the original house of Crow's Nest; and grassy undulations in the park were pointed out as the lines of his old castle-ramparts. The second fortress arose in the days of his grandson, who, returning from Cressy, devoted to rebuilding his stronghold the ransom of three French barons whom his stout axe had beaten down on that memorable field, and erected his new keep on the site of the old chapel where the crusader's bones were resting; the foundation of which building consisted, tradition said, of earth brought from the Holy Land, in pursuance of a custom not unusual in those days of great faith and little science. The present mansion was, however, the work of Sir John Darcy, a courtier of



Henry VIII., who chose him as a favourite chiefly because he stood six feet in his stockings, and had killed a French knight of gigantic stature in a tournament on the "Field of the Cloth-of-Gold." His cognisances and proud motto—"Fight on," under a gashed hand, holding a broken sword bedropped with blood, gules—could still be seen on the square keystone of the gateway leading into the base-court; in old time the chief entrance to the house, till his son, Sir Walter Darcy, in a fit of irrestrainable loyalty, blocked up that arch, which his queen swore had been disgraced by his father's marching through it at the head of fifty hagbuteers to join the northern Pilgrimage of Grace, and made the northern door, by which Elizabeth had entered his house, henceforth the chief approach to the moated mansion.

The ground-plan of Crow's Nest was simple. It consisted of two courts; the base-court, with the blocked-up gatehouse, surrounded by the stable, smith's forge, and all those offices usual in feudal houses, which were, indeed, small villages in themselves. Fowls strutted about it, proud and despotic as sultans, followed by their chattering harems and attendant courtiers, eyeing their scarlet wattles in the mirrors of the stable-pails. Over their heads flew about white whirls of pigeons. Here Sir Robert's hawks were fed, and his hounds kennelled. A huge pair of antlers indicated the entrance to the stable; the grassy stones leading to the second door showed that it had been long disused. A second gateway, through a clock-house, led into the inner court, round which rose the brick-wall and gable-roof of the Tudor mansion.

A door to the right of the gateway as we enter leads to Sir Robert's smoking-room, and a passage from thence to the long dining-chamber, now seldom used, that extends along the whole of the south front; from this room a covered cloister brings you into the immense kitchen. A low arch to the left is the entrance to the chapel, at the end of which is the drawing-room. On the east side is the hall, with a door at one end leading to the buttery. The house is entered from without by a flight of steps leading from the terrace into the porch, and so into the hall. Over the hall is the queen's room, still religiously kept sacred; and a small oratory, or painted closet, to the left is appropriated to the use of the fair Mabel Darcy, the daughter of the present proprietor.

The gardens of Crow's Nest are a sad relic of faded splendour. Clipped yew-hedges, still retaining traces of the fantastic shapes of birds and beasts into which they were once cut and clipped by scientific gardeners, now, thanks to indignant nature, have recovered the wild luxuriance of their aboriginal state, and are intersected by weed-covered walks, and flower-beds fast relapsing into shapeless fallow, but still sprinkled by a few straggling flowers, which feebly assert their aristocratic birthright, just as a poor gentleman of the time might have endeavoured to make up for broken elbows and threadbare waistcoat by a knot of new ribbons fluttering at his sword-belt or on his hat.

The inner garden was distinguished by the Darceys by the name of "Queen Elizabeth's Walk," because there her majesty, says the old chronicle, still preserved in the family library, "did graciously and with a most heavenly smile pluck with her own royal hand two roses from neighbouring and intertwining bushes, one white and the other red; and putting them into either bosom, thanked God that He had in His mercy vouchsafed in the person of her grandfather to end such senseless wars as those between the houses of York and Lancaster."

In the midst of this garden—now a mere tangle of hedges, where thrushes, blackbirds, and nightingales built and sang all day as in a thicket, undisturbed by busy gardener or prying boys, being allowed to feed with impunity on the few cherries and plums that grew on the neglected trees and the unpruned branches breaking from the garden-walls,—stood a fountain, formed by a white marble figure of Italian workmanship, generally supposed to be Diana. It represented a maiden, with downcast head

and modest eyes bent on the ground, almost naked but for a thin fluttering drapery, which she seemed to have snatched up hastily from the ground at the first alarm of some distant voice, or the sight of some daring intruder. The village curate said it was Diana alarmed by Actæon; but the rector, who was thought a much more learned man in the parish, because he never preached a sermon without quoting St. Chrysostome to prove the divine origin of tithes, declared it was Niobe lamenting the death of her children. Fed by an adjacent spring, the fountain had never ceased to flow during the family's births and deaths, prosperity and misfortune, and still threw its column of volatile silver far into the air, showering its broken crystal over the figure of the goddess, and shrouding it in a thick veil of pearly drops, that the rector fancifully said resembled the tears of the weeping mother; his imagination, never very conspicuous in his sermons, which were of the driest school of theology, being in this case, perhaps, stimulated by his desire to prove his argument.

The curate, on the other hand, with a quiet smile of triumph, used on such occasions to declare that no person of parts skilled in the humanistic could deny that the water not unaptly represented the drippings of the river Alpheus as the goddess rose hastily from its stream. The knight, when appealed to on such occasions, used generally to say that, "Zounds! it looked to him more like a milkmaid who had upset her pail, and was going home dripping to get a change."

Yet, without entering into the discussion, Mabel would playfully interfere, and holding all three by the hand, would make them watch the "Fairies' Arch," as she called the silver jetting, as it bloomed into a rainbow in the sunlight, and fell with a musical babble into the mossy cracked cup of marble below, from whence it wandered away in a little well-worn channel to freshen the turf and feed the neglected flowers.

"Methinks a pretty emblem of Christian charity," said the rector on one such occasion; "doing good by stealth,—nourishing the roots of unsprung flowers, and wandering away ere they can delight it by their grateful perfume or shade it from the thirsty sun with their playful shadow."

"Drat it," said the knight, "don't talk so like a play-book; leave that for wenches in love. Zounds, if I can compare it to any thing but my cask of canary, that is always filling, yet always emptying. It is like a woman's tongue,—there's a simile for you, master rector,—always babbling, never still."

"And always like music in the ear," chimed in Mabel.

"Yes, indeed, when it isn't scolding, or lecturing, or preaching, or begging for money or new satin-gowns or silk fallals—eh, Mabel? I have you there."

"Was my brave mother's tongue such a tongue as that?" said Mabel, looking down, yet stealing a reproving glance at her boisterous father's jolly face.

"Hang it, girl, don't—now don't mention her! She, you know, was perfect; but there are no such women now—are there, master rector? Adad, no! now they must paint, and wear muffs, and ride in the ring, and such fallalery. There are no such women now, Mabel. But there, don't pout; thou'rt a good girl, and shalt ride Black Jack to-morrow, and go a-hunting just as thy mother used; and thou shalt see a buck killed too, that thou shalt; and though I'm but a poor gentleman, and forgotten by the king,—God bless him!—thou shalt sport a blue feather with the best. So cheer up, girl, and don't be angry with the old trooper, though he is rough; for he loves thee to his heart,—don't he, master rector? And thee shalt have a husband,—an honest fellow come of good Tory stock, who can follow hounds; and none of your scented fops, with wigs and snuffboxes, who don't know a barb from a Galloway sorel, and never breasted hunter in their lives."

"Will Mr. Troutbeck be in the field to-day?"

"Don't mention the name, wench," said the father, with a furious look. "The Troutbecks and the Darceys are sworn

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foes,—Whigs and Tories, cat and dog, baker and devil; as my father used to say, our blood wouldn't mix in a basin. Didn't the old Whig laugh when Roger told him that I was going to cut down ten more elms in the avenue? and the next day, in the hunting-field, didn't he sneer (d— him!) and ask me if I could sell him some good elm-wood to make gates for his five new farms? And he a Whig, too," said the old Cavalier, "and an exclusionist, and a whining, psalm-singing, snuffling rogue in the old times,—one that, by God's grace, would have cut off the blessed martyr's head with his own hands."

"And how did you answer him, father?" said Mabel, with a smile at her father's vehemence.

"Answer him, wench? Why, I told him I did not know how much coffin-plank was a-foot since the day after Wigan Lane, when I had to bury some of his canting brothers; and then I rode off, whistling

'And let him be confounded,
And so be every Roundhead.'

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," said the rector. "Marry, the knave was well answered, with his proud flouting; and some might even have repaid him with a buffet."

"Egad," said the old soldier, "when I rode by the side of Prince Rupert through Birmingham we pistoled a dozen of them for daring only to call out 'Down with the robbers!' but then they were armed and had swords. I would not strike even a Puritan if he had no sword on; besides, there has been blood enough shed in that quarrel."

Sir Robert Darcy was an old impoverished country-gentleman, so long removed from court, and even the camp, that he had become in manner little better than a farmer. In education he had never been much superior to one. He was an excellent swordsman, but a bungler in logic; a sure shot, but a bad grammarian; a bold rider across country, but ignorant of any book but the Duke of Newcastle's pedantic work on horsemanship. He would have ridden forty miles before breakfast to see a game-cock of a particular breed, but not one to have converse with Dryden. Neglected by the court, in whose cause he had mortgaged acre after acre, he knew nothing of court-politics beyond what the weekly papers told him of the Popish plot, which he thought an imposture; and occasional scandals about Madam Cazwell and Mrs. Gwynne, about whom he was very tolerant. His time was now spent in hunting, hawking, and cock-fighting, interspersed with visits to the assize town; where he delighted to beard the Whig gentry, quarrel about precedence, tell old tales of Goring and Lunsford, and discuss a bowl of sack with old Tories like himself. His daughter's education he intrusted to Mr. Richard Wilson, a poor, expelled, nonconformist clergyman of ultra-Calvinistic principles, whom he had learned to tolerate from love to the memory of his wife, who had turned heterodox during her last illness, and had engaged the persecuted man for her private chaplain.

Mr. Richard Wilson was one of those men whom persecution educates from time to time to preach toleration to the world. His family had been dowered by just nature with two gifts—virtue and misfortune. His father had been shot as a spy while praying with a dying soldier of the Ironside regiment. He himself had lived a life of concealment and disguise; but in spite of all this, his mind had remained unhardened; what might have made other men cynics made him a gentle lover of mankind, pure as an apostle, but too humble and shy to become a reformer or a public preacher. He had learnt to suffer for his faith, but not to extend its doctrines; nay, his gentle spirit had almost learnt to dread too zealous proselytism as a first step to persecution. Of the vices of the court he knew little. Shut up among his books, and absorbed in religious abstractions, which to him were the only subjects worthy of study in life, he had grown into a shy student, whose only wish was that his sect might be tolerated, and that Popery might be rendered harmless.

To Mabel, whom he taught as a daughter, he had con-

fided all the polite learning of which he was master, including Italian hand, a little French, the use of the globes, and an outline of the legendary botany of those days. Taught to consider it necessary for a gentlewoman,—for Lady Jane Grey was Mr. Wilson's type of the Protestant gentlewoman,—he had enabled her to read Virgil with ease, and was now busily engaged in trying to make his less steady but affectionate pupil master the Greek alphabet; Greek being, as he told her, in his stiff and old-fashioned phrase, "a speech very rich in fit epithets, and, as it were, the foster-nurse of all succeeding languages of the European family."

"So the old play says, dear Mr. Wilson," said Mabel, disregarding the slight shudder with which her instructor heard the source of her quotation:

'The ancient Hebrew, clad with mystérie;
The learned Greek, rich in fit epithet,'—

Do you hear?—

'Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words;
The Chaldee wise, the Arabian physical;
The Roman eloquent, and Tuscan grave;
The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French.'

"Very apt, very apt, dear child of mine," said the minister; "for the Roman doth always sound to me, peaceful as I am, resonant like a blast of the *lituus*, as Horace calls it,—but we have not got so far as that, or the battle-trumpet,—and useful chiefly for orators and princes (while God permits such men to dominate); while the Greek is fit for lovers, or warriors, or statesmen, or citizens, or any one, being alternately soft as the breath of Zephyrus, stormy and loud as Aquilo or Boreas—*Arbiter Adriæ*. Do you remember, dear, Horace's words, *Quo non arbiter*—?"

But Mabel, whose mind had been much wandering from her book during this harangue, suddenly clapped her hands, and flinging down the Greek Grammar, ran to the window, dancing like a child with delight. "O, Master Wilson, look here!" she cried; "here's Roger currying Black Jack; and I'm to ride him to-day to the hunt, and will lead the field, papa says, and ride like a beggar on horseback. Put on the fringed housing," said she, "good Roger. Clean the heavy silver hunting-whip," she cried, opening the lattice, and calling out of window to the delighted servant, an old soldier, with a long white scar down one side of his face. Roger looked up delighted, and pulled off his felt-hat.

"Alas!" cried the pale student, sighing over his books. "Behold, said the preacher, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun, and one event happeneth to all."

"And why, dear sir, these unhappy texts? Is not your religion happy like mine? Does not the same Being say, there is a time to laugh, as well as a time to weep?"

"But he putteth 'to weep' first; and even the Pagan writer learnt to say, *Τὸν ζῆν ἀπὸ λύπης ἀρχόμεθα*, *we begin life with sorrow*. Well indeed did the Thracian, as Nicomedes tells us, weep when a child was born, to think of what he should suffer, and laugh when he died, to think of the sorrows he had escaped. But it is natural for thy years to assert that the Vulgate says: '*Man* is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upwards.' God forgive me for such flippant and madversion to Scripture."

The laughing girl, sobered in a moment by the serious look of her instructor, turned again with a half-sigh to her Greek alphabet, covering the letters one by one with her tiny finger, as if committing their names to memory; while the tutor, bending with closed eyes, as if absorbed in inward meditation, repeated half-aloud the dicta of his stern creed:

"And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on the Mount Zion, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having His Father's name written in their foreheads;" and he repeated again in a low chant, "having His Father's name written in their foreheads." Then a low murmur, as of a prayer, and these words became audible: "And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither what-

soever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life—but they which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life. Yes!" cried he, starting up as from a sort of trance, his hollow eyes turning in their sockets, his thin hands clasped and raised in adoration towards heaven, his whole frame quivering as if shaken by a spirit, "before the earth arose, or light was born, the number was written in the volume of the Book; before the voice was heard in Patmos, or the great cry of 'How long, O Lord, how long?' resounded in the golden courts, and over the crystal sea; before the pale horse had trodden Paradise into graves, or death and hell had blasted the smiling world;—and it shall be found there, when the stars have fallen like ripe fruit from the wind-shaken tree, and the blood-stained Ahabs of the world have crept into the caves, and the heaven is rolled up like a scroll, and the sea turned to blood, and the last trumpet broken, and the globe, like a cup of glass—"

"My dear Mr. Wilson, what means this? My father will hear you—"

"Be not frightened, maid; for I am moved to speak of these mysteries, and the vision of the night stirs in my blood like a fever."

"My dear Mr. Wilson," said Mabel, clinging to his arm, and gently forcing him into his seat, where he sat for a moment exhausted, shading his eyes with his hand, and wiping the moist drops from his pale forehead, "I have long seen you troubled, but dared not speak, lest my father should mayhap anger you with some rude story about those dreadful times of bygone trouble. I observed you pale and haggard when you came down to breakfast, and you did not smile when my father filled up your cup, and made his usual joke of Sir John Barleycorn being able to throw the best wrestlers in England; and on Tuesday—yes, Tuesday—when we walked out together to cull simples in the Home Wood, you picked Ragged Robin and called it 'Bedstraw.' Now, dear Mr. Wilson, do tell me what's the matter with you. Tell your own child Mabel;" and she fondled and kissed his hand with all the tenderness of a child. "What has happened? My father loves you, and never thinks of your admiration for Titus Oates; he's forgotten that. Has Roger dared to taunt you? He shall go in a moment,—yea, that he shall,—though he did save my father's life at Naseby. What of that? Would not any brave man save another's life?"

"Nay, dear Mistress Mabel," said the minister calmly as before, "it was but a vertigo, a cephalic weakness,—nay, go not for the cordial-water; it would but heat my blood."

"I can think of but one thing. Roger told me that the stage-coach dropped a letter for you last week at the lodge-gate; and that when you saw it, you turned pale, and muttered between your teeth 'God give me strength' three times."

"I had a vision last night," said Mr. Wilson, answering without replying to the question. "It was in the dark night,—the middle of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men,—I lay awake and prayed, and the moonlight, which had been for hours moving across the room like the shadow upon a dial, at that moment fell athwart my couch, and shone upon my face. I could hear the great clock ticking above me in the turret; for the owls had long ceased hooting, and the dogs had fallen asleep, weary of howling. The pale-blue light fell, I say, upon the wall and upon the floor, and seemed now to me the same light I had once seen when a child,—the day before my father's death,—when I awoke at midnight, and felt a cold hand upon my forehead. Suddenly the light seemed to grow into a spot of brightness, and I was aware of a presence; and fear, as the Uzzite says, came upon me, and trembling, and made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still; but I could not discern the form thereof. An image was before my eyes, shadowy and vague; and I heard a voice. Then I shut my eyes, and prayed; and when I looked again, I saw my father just as I beheld him after death,—calm, almost

smiling, a bloody rag about his forehead, his hand pressing the death-wound in his side; and I leaped from my bed, and would have embraced him, but he waved me back, and pointed thrice in a particular direction. Then I hid my face and prayed for strength; and when I looked up again, the moonlight had faded, and the wind had risen, and the rain lashed in fitful drifts against the window-glass, and I fell asleep commending myself to God."

"And whither pointed the apparition?" said Mabel.

"That I may not tell thee. But let us resume our studies. The storm is gone. It is as the preacher says so beautifully: 'Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in the land.' Do you remember, dear child of mine, how Flaccus tersely describes such a change, which, although he speaketh of the physical macrocosm, does not unaptly resemble the vicissitudes of the microcosm:

*'Solvitur acris hiems grata vice veris et Favoni,
Trahuntque siccas machinae carinas;'*

referring here, as the commentators tell us, to the launching of the galleys and frigates at the approach of spring. Then, again, with equal truth:

*'Ac neque jam stabulis gaudet pecus, aut arator igni;
Nec prata canis albicant pruinis.'*

Yet how inferior is the Roman to the Jew, inasmuch as he does not see the moral beauty of nature in its typical and profoundly prophetic aspect! For are not day and night emblems of joy and sorrow; winter and spring, of life and death? Does not spring arise like a beatified soul, as St. Jerome hath it, from the icy grave of winter? Are not the flowers God's love, written in strange cipher, differently interpreted by each? Are not the winds and storms types of sin and evil? That swallow yonder, just flown beneath the eaves, is an emblem of the soul's migration. Is not the sunlight full of the present, and moonlight of the past? Then look, again, at the voices of the year. The robin carols sad and lonely in autumn, like a lament for youth, which is spring, and manhood, which is summer. Then the nightingale embodies the deep but unsatisfying joy of summer, and the cuckoo the hope and promise of May, repeated and babbled over as children chant the names of those they love. And why does spring change into summer, and then just as we learn to love it fade into autumn, and then sink into the old age and death of winter, whose corpse is strewn with dead leaves and frozen flowers? Why, doth not the scripture answer all this in a breath, and say: 'Man is but a pilgrim and a sojourner; few and evil are his days. Man groweth up, and is cut down; he is like the morning-cloud and like the early dew; we pass by, and lo, he is not.'

"O, dear sir, why did you not become a poet or a preacher?"

"When I was yet in the bonds of iniquity, and was still at college, I did hanker, my child, after the flesh-pots of Egypt; but when I grew a Christian man, I put away the things of the reprobate child."

"These words of thine are but to divert me from my question," cried Mabel; "and though I know little of the world, I know I have not yet plucked out the heart of thy mystery, as the playwright says.—But here is my father: let us to our studies."

As Mabel hurried to her book, the tramp of a heavy jack-boot could be heard along the corridor, accompanied by the jingle of spurs, the occasional crack of a hunting-whip, and the whimper of a gang of puppies, whom the owner seemed attempting to keep in order, while he shouted out a Tory song with such accompaniment as the following:

*"He that is clear
A Cavalier*

(Come, t'heel, Towler.)

*Will never sure repine,
Although so low*

(Come, to heel, I say.)

[Howl of the dog, as if belaboured to the music.]

His substance grow
That he may not drink wine.

(Rat ye! Who-o-o-op, Dewlap; down pup, down.)"

Several doors were opened and shut, with curses; then the voice broke out again with the old Cavalier song:

"It was a black cloak,
With truth be the joke,
That killed many thousands, yet never much spoke:
With hatchet and rope
The gallows old Scope
Did join with the devil to pull down the Pope.
He set all the sects of the city to work,
And rather than fail would have shared with the Turk.
Then let us endeavour to pull the cloak down
That cramped all the kingdom and crippled the crown."

"The morning to ye, Master Wilson; and, in the name of the brave king, where have ye been, Mabel; for I've been all through the house,—in the still-room, and the blue chamber, and the tapestried chamber, and the queen's room, and Heaven knows where; for it's dull work ferreting a warren with a hundred holes when there's only one rabbit. Why, girl, I'm in such spirits I could run a deer down on foot, if it wasn't for a twinge of rheumatism in the hip—a remembrance of cold caught by night-bivouacking; I haven't felt in such spirits since Edgehill morning. Roger remembers it: we've been talking over it. Roger, are the hounds ready?" said the old Cavalier, shouting out of window into the court, where the sound of hoofs, and neighing, and clatter of pails indicated much bustle.

"In a trice, your honour," shouted a lusty voice.

"That bright morning, I say,—don't waste your time over those books, Mabel,—when the Show troop, as some of them called us, and I at their head, prayed to lead the charge with the Life Guards at Edgehill, and all the orange scarves waved before us like a field of marigolds,—I had only time to bend to the mane of my horse, and say,—egad, I could think of nothing but grace, for it was just dinner-time,—'For what we're going to receive the Lord make us truly thankful.' Jacob Astley laughed, and said, 'Darcy, say after me a soldier's prayer: "O Lord, Thou knowest how busy we must be this day: if we forget Thee, do not Thou forget us."' Five or six of us said that; for we knew 'No brave man need be afraid of hell,' as the adage goes. 'Tis good to begin well,' is one good proverb; and 'He can want nothing who has God for his friend,' says another. The enemy lay before us in waves, thick as corn in a field. There were Denzil Holles' men, flaming in red—that was the reserve; and Lord Brooke's, in purple; and Ballard's, in gray; and Mandeville's, in blue; and Stapleton's lobsterers, as we called them,—they were so difficult to crack,—that shone in steel like so many looking-glasses; and we had some of Newcastle's 'lams,' white as the foam on our horses' breasts; and Rupert's men, like grave-diggers, as they were, in black. And his majesty rode down our restless ranks, his star shining on his breast; and Rupert, his scarlet cloak glittering as if it was on fire, swept after him; then the trumpet rang out, 'God and King Charles!' and we drove through them with a burst and a crash, like the hawk through a cloud of larks, or like a whale through a shoal of herrings." Unable to restrain the wild flow of his spirits, the old soldier broke out,

"Marching along, fifty score strong,
Brave-hearted gentlemen, singing one song."

"Well, but father," said Mabel, wishing at least to divert the conversation, if she could not stop it,—for it was at Edgehill that her tutor's father was shot,—"tell me that story I am so fond of, of the siege of Bristol, where brave Colonel Lunsford was shot by your side on the steps."

"At the Frome Gate, my wench—the steps at the Frome Gate," said Sir Robert, delighted to launch into the full tide of his old recollections. "You remember the old ballad:

'There came a post from Banbury,
Riding on a blue rocket,
And told how bloody Lunsford fell,
With a child's arm in his pocket.'

Well, we were with the Cornish men, and were played upon by musketeers from windows, so near that we were literally scolding one another,—ay, that were we; and 'robbers' and 'crop-heads' flew about as quick and stinging as the bullets. Well, we had two or three brisk bouts, and were just putting a petard to the city-gate, when they saluted us with iron slugs and pike-shot, and ten of our van fell, and Lunsford among them. Sir Nicholas Stanning was groaning, for a case-shot had broken his thigh; and Colonel Bellasis was bleeding in the forehead. I myself had a shot on the bar of my headpiece; you may see the mark still, for it hangs in the hall." (Mabel had seen it a thousand times, and heard the story as many, but she listened with smiling interest. A tale of such danger had always a charm, especially when endured by one so beloved.) "Lunsford, when I went up to him, was shot through the brain, and past all surgeons; but seeing Stanning groaning, I went up to him, pouring out a flask of canary that I had about me into a steel cap that lay near, and held it to his lips. 'White coat,' he said to me,—he thought I was his friend,—'white coat, it tastes of blood.' But before I could answer, Rupert came spurring by, and ordered me to head the attack on the Windmill Fort, and I dashed off; and, 'Come rack, come rope,' said the prince, 'we'll turn out these vermin before dusk.' I took it with a wet thumb, and was about to lead a party of the gravediggers to wade over the quay into the city, when they sent out a drum to desire a parley, and I sent back a trump; and, egad, if before night we weren't carousing in the governor's own house, and at day-breaking were marching to storm Berkeley. And who rode with me through Gloucestershire but Will Scroop, a young scapegrace, whom his blessed majesty had just before reconciled to his father, who was as proud as Lucifer and haughty as the devil. He was the same who said at Edgehill, 'I am now going down the hill, my son, to serve the king; and if I be killed, you, my son, will have enough to spend.' 'And if I be killed,' said the witty rogue, 'you'll have enough to pay.' Egad, the boy, though, died. They were mad times, lass, mad times; and it's

'Farewell, my Lord Wharton, with hey,
And farewell, my Lord Wharton, with ho,
The sawpit did hide him;
And spade did unhide him,
With my trolly, lolly, ho!'"

"And were either of the brave gentlemen killed?"

"Old Sir Gervase was found stripped, lying among a heap of sixty dead men of Lincoln,—pikemen,—and with sixteen wounds in his front,—always the front; no true Cavalier got shot in the back. And why? because he never showed it. We left that for the Rumpers. Sixteen wounds had he, and all in defending the standard; but the frost had stanch'd the old man's Plantagenet blood."

"One would think by your talking, father, that blood improved, like wine, with age."

"So it does, girl, if a man does'nt turn sour with Whiggery. Well, the brave lad his son found him out; warmed him by a fire of broken muskets; poured some wine, which is as good as life-blood,—poor old man!—if it be any thing like our claret; carried him to a warm lodging, and the next day, in the king's coach, to Oxford. Those were the times, when with Tories it was

'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Saddle the roan and the flea-bitten gray;
Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!'

But you seem glum, Master Wilson, as if you hadn't heard these old campaigning stories of mine before; and Mabel here hearkens with as much relish as a Whig listens to treason. Have you seen to-day's *Gazette*? Egad, I thought as long as Tony (Shaftesbury) lived, and those murdering Londoners, no true Tory would ever get in the saddle again;

but here, I see, the Duke of York was busy last week in Scotland, trying his new sort of boots on the Covenanters. 'Once a knave, and ever a knave,' is a good proverb; and 'If clods won't do, try stones.'"

"Blood-drinking Rabshakehs!" cried Mr. Wilson, suddenly starting from his seat with a vehemence that astonished the old knight, who always upheld him for the only good Roundhead he had ever known, his heavy folio as he rose falling, and nearly crushing one of the puppies, who had been playing with Sir Robert's whip-lash.

"Blood-drinking sons of Belial, there shall come a day when James of York and such as he shall drink of the wine of God's wrath; for in his hand there is a cup, and the wine of that cup is red!"

"My dear sir," said Mabel, "be composed. My dear father, his head has been much disordered; his pulse is feverish, and his mind a little wanders. Let me lead you to your room, Mr. Wilson."

"Ah, do," said Sir Robert kindly; "for he talks rather at random. And, harkee, tell William the butler to mix a glass of strong waters, and bid the cook make him a posset for night. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' 'Better a penny to the doctor than sixpence to the sexton.' And read some of 'D'Urfey's Pills to purge Melancholy,' forget Ahab and Rabshakeh, and I wager a jacobus to a bad halfpenny you're well before the day's run out. But what's this?" he said, stooping to the floor and picking up a paper the puppy was tearing with his teeth. "A leaf from the—the—what? the Prophecies of Muggleton! What, Muggleton the mad tailor! And this? 'A pious justification of the Parliament's conduct in the late war.' Is this what you teach my daughter?"

"No, no, father, indeed he does not; he never speaks of any thing but Virgil and Horace."

"Who's Virgil, wench? Not Virgil that wrote on Fariery? it can't be he. You don't mean that Virgell who held Stamford against us for six weeks, and made his men poison their bullets, d— him. Now look you here, Master Wilson, I respect you as a good sort of man; you've taken much trouble with this sweetening here; but drat it, may I never stride horse again if I don't turn you out neck and heels if I find you talking any more nonsense about your Rabshakehs and Ahabs. Leave that for Sundays and Church-of-England men, who have got a right to the Bible, no thanks to Oliver."

"I cannot hold my tongue," said Mr. Wilson, whose usual fear and respect for his patron seemed melting rapidly in the force of a fanatical fervour, which increased in the very attempt to repress it, "when the Lord bids me speak. No—not, Sir Robert, even for thy bit and sup, can I hold my tongue. 'I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall be continually in my mouth.' I have put my hand to the plough, and have looked back; I have been lukewarm in the true cause, and shall, if I amend not, be spit out like those of Laodicea; for I have been neither cold nor hot."

"'Eaten bread is soon forgotten,'" said Sir Robert, with an angry snort, bursting into a quotation from one of the few books he ever read:

"Still so fervent and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite;
The selfsame thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for."

"Am I to honour God or man most?"

"O, none of your cant with me. So ho, Towler! But I warn you, Mr. Richard Wilson, if you teach your cursed rubbish to my daughter, my doors shall be shut upon you. No, no, Mabel, don't talk to me. I'll have no canting fellows here, to make the maids hang themselves because they think they are not elect, or any butler cut my throat and steal the family-plate on the strength of his predestination. We're old friends, Mr. Wilson, but take care; egad, the Darceys keep their word."

And so saying, Sir Robert, whose string of cavalier re-

collections had revived all the partisan fury of his younger days, his Toryism having been somewhat fanned by the remembrance of its being the anniversary of Edgehill, strode out of the room, clacking his whip and followed by his train of puppies, who yelped and howled and barked as they chased each other down the long corridor. Mr. Wilson, according to his usual custom, wished the hunting-party farewell at the hall-door.

"I tell you what it is, Mabel,—and give me a kiss, my beauty,—they're a bad lot; and, as the proverb goes, 'What's in the bone won't out of the flesh.' I'm sorry I said any thing about the meat and the drink,—why, drat it, if he was Old Nick himself, he was welcome to that,—but my blood was up; and it does gall me to hear a man quote Scripture as if it belonged to him and no one else. For he's a worthy gentle-hearted man,—tender as a woman; and I hardly know what I had done without him. But there, you know what it says in *Hudibras*. Talk of wit!

'He could raise scruples dark and nice,
And after solve 'em in a trice,
As if divinity had caught
The itch on purpose to be scratched.'

This was, however, said in a low voice, so as not to be overheard by Mr. Wilson, who, having apparently relapsed into his former fit of abstraction, was wandering slowly after them, with his finger keeping a place in a ponderous book which he brought with him, either unconsciously or from pure affection.

Sir Robert, gay in a rich embroidered suit, had already mounted his old chestnut charger, and was administering playful and paternal flips to the incorrigible puppies, who seemed to do nothing but roll on their back, and run about with the stumbling sprawl peculiar to the youth of such animals. Mabel was jauntily enough on the back of Black Jack, her delight, examining her whip, looking at her bridle, and patting her horse's neck with all the grace of the full beauty of maidenhood. But we must describe Mabel, and not leave the reader to invest her with false attributes. She was now about nineteen, and the toast of half the county, though she seldom appeared in public but during assize-time, once a-year, at the county-ball. Her cheek wore a flush of sunny crimson, her complexion being of that mellow brown which you see on a newly-expanded hazel-leaf. Her eyes were of a deep summer-blue, of the hue of a pure twilight, contrasting richly with the deep lustrous ruby of her full lip and the snowiness of her bosom, which the dress of that day left rather more exposed than in the severer costume of modern ladies. Her blood had a pretty habit of rising in beautiful flushes of "rosy red," as Spenser calls it, in moments of enthusiasm, when she heard a thrilling story of bygone patriotism from her father, or some recital of stern martyrdom from her gentler tutor. She was dressed in a tight-fitting horseman's coat of fine purple cloth, the broad golden buttons of which left it open below the waist; its flapped pockets spreading over a skirt of a deeper colour, which fell in broad folds below her feet. A bright yellow breast-knot fastening her jerkin at the throat, left two broad pendent ends to flutter up against her eyes, or cling to her cheek. And when she coquettishly cast them behind her to flutter around her, waving in the wind, her father, gorgeous and erect, in black velvet and silver-lace, eyed his daughter with pride and fondness; and her old charger fretted wantonly and proudly with its little burden, as she adjusted her fringed gloves and her French riding-whip.

"Where's old Roger?" said Sir Robert impatiently to the rough-haired stable-boy who held the horses.

"I'm a-coming, Sir Robert," said Roger cheerily, as he appeared, according to immemorial custom, bearing a huge silver race-cup upon an embossed salver; "and a blessed day of remembrance it is, Sir Robert, to think what a different hunt we were leading this day twenty-two years. Well, my—if Miss Mabel isn't as beautiful to-day as a rose on a June morning!"



THE HOLY FAMILY. BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

"None of your flattery, Roger, or you'll turn the minx's head. She is pretty enough, as times go; but you should have seen your missus when she danced the Canary with me at the king's mask. But we shall be late. Here's to the memory of the blessed martyr," he said, raising the cup to his lips, while Roger took off his hat with the deep veneration of a trooper of the old school. Mable took a sip; and Sir Robert handed it to Mr. Wilson, and bade him drink to the blessed memory.

Mr. Wilson, without replying a word, replaced the cup on the salver, put both down on the door-step of the hall, and re-entered the house.

"The man's moon-stricken," said Sir Robert, shrugging his shoulders. "He used to laugh when I spoke thus; but now, a — of him, he turns as black as Hugh Peters: he'll be forbidding the name of the king to be mentioned in my own house."

"If you please, your honour, I think it was this day twenty-two years ago a party of our gravediggers shot his father, I've heard say; but in my humble opinion, if he would preach up treason, they did quite right."

"If he preaches rebellion here, out he goes," said Sir Robert. "I'll make every jade and fool in the house sign an oath of allegiance to the king."

"He can't abide the king, Sir Robert; I seed him turn up his nose when you said something about the health of the king's martyrs."

"Turn up his nose, adad; I'll cure him of that. But

never mind now, Mabel; it's an hour's trot to the 'Three Oaks.' Mount Roger, and shout

'For liberty and privilege,
Religion and the king,
We fought; but O, the golden wedge,
That is the very thing.'

Now then, Roger, strike in, and let the old psalm-singer hear it:

'There lies the cream of the cause,
Religion is a Whig;
Pure privilege eats up the laws,
And cries for king—a fig.'

Then, to the loud blast of the French horn, which Sir Robert wore strung round him, and which sent the rooks in a black cloud out of the elms, to the cracking of whips, and the joyful yelp of some half-dozen stag-hounds, the party swept down the avenue.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO.

Of all the artists of great name, there are none whose early works are so well known to us as those of Michael Angelo, and still fewer of whose first efforts an equal number are preserved; a circumstance which may be attributed to the fact that almost all of the productions of his youth are of a religious class of subject. The reason why these works

are so well known and esteemed in England is, probably, that the great Italian has always been a favourite with us islanders, from a certain love we bear to him on account of his personal character, which greatly resembles that we arrogate to ourselves as Englishmen. Indomitable, haughty, full of a high reverence and feeling for duty; reserved and cold to strangers, yet to those he loved truly loving,—he was a man exactly after our own heart.

The engraving before us is from an admirable specimen of what is called his "early style;" a period of his practice the simplest, purest, and most charming of all. It represents the Holy Family,—a subject he delighted in,—and has been drawn from a cast in the Crystal Palace of the original at Florence. Its specific qualities are delicacy of line, simplicity and purity of design, and marvellous truth of texture, evinced both in the draperies and the flesh; a quality remarkable in sculpture, and which distinguished Michael Angelo from others. The reader will notice the ineffable sweetness of the Virgin's expression, the graceful form of the child, and the beautifully natural casting of the draperies. The manliness and tenderness of the whole work is palpable; there is nothing petty, but all is simple, graceful, and severe. It appears to have been executed very early, probably soon after quitting the school founded by Cosmo di Medici for the study of the antique, evident traces of which it bears.

There are, we believe, no less than five similar works of this subject by Michael Angelo; of which probably the most beautiful is in the possession of the Royal Academy, given by Sir G. Beaumont, R.A., whereon may be seen the chisel and rasp marks of the great artist's labour just as he left it unfinished.

L. L.

IN THE MALLE-POSTE.

It started hours later than the heavy diligence, and would arrive long before that huge conveyance. It was, besides, a smoother and more grateful mode of travelling, this by Malle-poste. As to the propriety of going forward at all that night,—it was the proprietor of a certain wayside house of entertainment who was speaking,—it was not of course for him to counsel monsieur. (Shrug.) He would merely submit (shrug) that certain *infames* had been heard of lately along the road,—wretches who came from behind hedges, and used travellers with small courtesy. *Mon Dieu!* was it not only the other day that the Great St. Omer diligence was stopped by a band of these *larrons*, the ill-fated *voyageurs* being stripped of every thing, even to their upper garments? It was not for him to speak. There was in his house cheer of the very best; every thing comfortable. On the morrow there would be ravishing weather; and if he were in monsieur's place—

There was sound philosophy in what the good host was putting forward; and there was, besides, a snug aspect about his house, even more seducing than his arguments; to say nothing of a certain persuasive savour, as of impending *bouillis* and rich *potages*. But it fell out, unhappily, that I was at that time journeying homewards in hot haste, and could not afford to lose an hour. I must confess, too, I had but slender faith in the robber-legends, holding them as a transparent innkeeper's device for the decoying of weak and timorous souls.

When, then, did this Malle-poste come by?

It would be here in—say about half an hour; at—say six o'clock. The *cuisinier* would have just time to get ready the divinest little *biftik*, or *cotellette*, with a garnish—say of pistachio-nut, with potato *à la maitre-d'hôtel* (ubiquitous, but ever welcome); or, indeed, any thing else that monsieur would please to name. As to wine, a flask of the choicest should be standing before monsieur in rather less than a *clin d'œil*.

Flinty indeed must have been the heart that could have withstood mine host's wistful offer. Though I be-

lieved not in his *biftiks* and pistachio-garnish, no, nor in the acid watery mixture which I knew would shortly figure on the table, I felt as though I had defrauded him of his anticipated prey, and bound in honour to do something for the good of the house. So he went his way rejoicing, and soon was busy with all his household manufacturing the stranger's *biftik*. Such virtue as mine was not to go without its fitting reward. In course of time the *biftik* came up, strangely charred and sodden,—a gristly stringy morsel; and the wine, but for its tint, an admirable substitute for table-vinegar.

In about an hour's time, when I was looking ruefully at the *biftik*, which remained much in the same state as when it came up, I heard the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs clattering over stones outside. Running over to the window, I saw the Malle-poste coming up in good style to the door. It had grown dark by this time, but I could make out pretty well what kind of vehicle it was: a light britzka-like vehicle, with capacious hood and huge springs, with a pair of fiery rough-coated quadrupeds attached, who bore signs of having come this last stage at a headlong pace,—this was the Malle-poste. Seated aloft, with his horses well in hand, was a smart moustached figure,—the driver of the Malle-poste,—now busy cracking his whip and calling to the inhabitants of the inn with melodious *Ola! Ola!* He could give some account, if called on, of terrific hillside descents, of desperate precipices barely shaved, of runaway beasts with bit between their teeth,—all, perhaps, all within the compass of that last stage. There he sat, chanting fragments of a Poste-song popular among his brethren, cracking his whip *en vrai artiste*, every now and again calling fiercely and with malediction on *ces gens-là* to come forth. To him presently appeared the overworked being who performed the various duties of *garçon*, ostler, boots, *jille-de-chambre*, and very likely, judging by the day's performance, those of chief cook. He brought a pail of steaming compound for the horses, furnishing, besides, pleasing recreation to the driver on the box, who was skilfully directing strokes of his whip within perilous range of the attendant's person. This I noted from the window, waiting until it should please my host to bring me his little account. But looking further into the depths of that vast hood, I made out something that looked like the shadowy outlines of figures, significant of the presence of fellow-travellers. At the same moment, sounds of excited language, mingled with *sacrés* and such profane adjuration, reached my ear. I stood out upon the top of the stairs to listen. "Are we to stay here all night? What do we wait for; is not every minute precious to me? We must get forward to-night, I tell you. Ten thousand *sacrés*, yes." Host, in mortal fright, was murmuring something about a stranger who was going on that night. "What stranger? Where is he? The Malle-poste is for us, hear you; for us alone." By this time I was standing upon the top of the last flight, and saw in the hall, by the light of a flickering rush-candle held by the host, a figure with coal-black hair and beard gesticulating violently. When he perceived me descending the stairs he became quite calm of a sudden, and taking off his hat bowed low to the ground.

"Monsieur is to be our *compagnon de voyage*, it seems," he said, in a deep musical voice. "It will enliven our dreary progress wonderfully. Permit me to make myself known to you as M. Poirotte. Madame, who is in the carriage, will be charmed to know you."

I could only reciprocate such truly French approaches by others as gracious, and was being desolated at the bare idea of incommoving madame, when there came to us in clear tones from the box of the Malle-poste, "*Sacrés les messieurs!* why do we tarry? These *jaquins* of mine are pulling like ten thousand devils!"

"*Allons donc*," said M. Poirotte, making for the door. "After you. O yes, after you."

And at some risk from the capricious movements of the horses, I was with difficulty lifted into the Malle-poste.

and found myself seated safely facing my new fellow-travellers. With a sudden lurch our steeds sprang off, scattering stones and gravel profusely; a hollow concussion, repeated at intervals, signifying that the body of the vehicle had been struck by the hoofs of these spirited animals.

After a few versts or so of journeying, M. Poirotte begged to be allowed the honour of introducing me to madame. I could see nothing of madame's face or figure; but a low voice came forth from the depths of the hood, murmuring some sounds I could not well make out. Presently M. Poirotte grew communicative, and, it must be confessed, very entertaining on sundry passages of his past life, which were of a Bohemian tinge. He had travelled over many lands, and had seen strange countries. In short, before many minutes were over, I was persuaded that I had opposite to me a man of a striking and original turn of mind. It was very different with madame, who remained obstinately retired within the shadows of the great hood, with her white handkerchief covering up her face. She spoke scarcely a word, except in answer to his oft-repeated inquiries—was she cold? would she like more covering? But when M. Poirotte came to dwell enthusiastically on certain fair plains far away in Dauphiné, where abounded shady bowers and musically-flowing streams, it seemed to me that the handkerchief was agitated curiously, and that hysterical sounds came from the dark clouds where madame lay reclined. Madame was weeping, it was plain. Upon which M. Poirotte became nervous and fidgety, and was for many minutes whispering with vehement utterance, every now and again stamping his foot impatiently.

"Let us go back,—O, let us go back, *mon ami*," I heard her say; "there is yet time."

"It is too late, *ma belle*," whispered hoarsely M. Poirotte, and with something like a laugh.

"O non, non," she continued, leaning forward. "Tell him, monsieur, to stop—to return."

I saw madame drawn back hastily into her dark corner, and could just hear M. Poirotte hissing forth some sharp impetuous words. Upon which she appeared to grow more composed, and to subside into weeping and silent affliction; M. Poirotte meanwhile being busy twisting his moustache and grinding his teeth audibly. I was indebted, however, to these mysterious motions for a hasty glimpse of madame's face, which seemed of a marbly character, with darkest of eyes and eyelashes, and a strangely sorrowful cast all over it; very handsome was madame, if I could put faith in that hurried glance.

From thenceforth M. Poirotte became moody and reserved, keeping up ceaseless thrumming on the carriage-side, and every now and again whispering to his companion. Left thus to myself, I fell into speculation on the two figures before me. What could they be? where were they going? or was it some newly-married pair setting forth upon their travels? Which last conclusion seemed likely enough, since madame by this time had put down her white handkerchief, and was whispering softly; monsieur's tattoo dying gradually away.

All this while we had been making a species of mad progress up steep hills, down precipitous declivities, being drawn along as it were by wild horses. It was surprising how we bounded across little gullies in the road, over great stones and mounds of mud, without immediate breaking-up and going to pieces of our vehicle, like a ship upon the rocks. Still our conductor sat aloft unshaken, whipping, perhaps scourging, forward his fiery beasts, and contriving somehow to keep all together. Very cheerful, but still perilous, was this mode of travelling by Malle-poste. In this fashion we got over many leagues of road, enduring sad concussion all the while, until, at a little past midnight,—or, indeed, it might have been close upon the stroke of one,—we drew near to a small cluster of cottages and farmhouses, which I was told was the village of Aulnoy, and pulled up sharply at the little inn of the place, which bore the name

of the Ardent Conscript. The Ardent Conscript was on the sign-board overhead (in gaudy colouring), swinging to and fro with every breath of air.

Madame could go no farther that night, being very much exhausted and fatigued. Monsieur was for going on at all hazards, as soon as fresh horses could be put to, remonstrating besides in fierce whispers. It was plain, however, that she was not equal to it, having sunk down at her first entrance upon a sofa altogether *abattue*, as remarked the good-natured landlady. We thought at first she had fainted, and wine was brought; but it was evident that she only wanted rest and refreshment. They had been coming many days without stop, and had travelled over some hundreds of miles, and had good right to be tired. So said M. Poirotte to me confidentially, as we stood in a group round madame upon the sofa, the landlady busy rubbing her forehead with eau-de-cologne and other restoratives. This was by the light of a dull lamp upon the table, which spread a kind of ochre-tinge upon all objects round,—upon madame's marble-like face also.

I turned to M. Poirotte. "What need," said I indiscreetly, "of this headlong express travelling? Have you any particular object in—"

He bowed low, with a kind of sarcastic smile. "I was welcome to many things at his hands," he said, "being good *compagnon de voyage* and agreeable; but there are certain little secrets—monsieur, being man of the world, will readily understand this—which we do not confide to every *premier venu*, or first comer."

I muttered some apology for my rather brusque question, but did not the less speculate on the mystery attending these travellers. Could it be that they had been concerned in some strange secret robbery, some vast fraud, accompanied, perhaps, by some dark deed, and they were now flying with guilty haste from justice? Most unlikely, I thought, after a minute's reflection,—most unlikely.

Madame would go straight to her chamber, which was now ready for her, and so wished us good night. Suppose we,—that is, M. Poirotte and I,—were to sit a little by the fire, with cigar and something warm, for—say one half-hour. It was decidedly dreary turning from the cold carriage into still colder cots. For his part, he always fancied a cigar at bedtime. Nothing could be more welcome, as far as I was concerned. And so, under guidance of the sleepy *garçon*, we descended the ancient flight of stairs, which creaked unmusically at every step, making progress towards the kitchen, where was to be found the sole fire alive at that early hour. Perilous indeed was the descent, with *garçon* going on before, and giving warning of fearful chasms, recurring periodically at about every third step. At last we found ourselves in a large stone-flagged room, with a great fireplace facing us, and a gallery, which served as a passage between the bedrooms, running across. The fire was burning very low as we entered, and was stirred up by our conductor into a fitful blaze, which showed to us antique strangely shaped bits of furniture, and some black wooden figures looking down from various corners of the room. They might have been saints' effigies, or perhaps images of the *Grand Henri* or *Petit Caporal*; but looking out as they did from darkness, the firelight lighting up with sudden flash some grotesque feature, I felt as though we were sitting in strange company, and should have fancied our host's own private little *salon* in preference.

Two tall high-backed chairs were drawn in to the fire; and *garçon*, having stirred up the smouldering embers into spasmodic life, went his way, leaving us together.

I was little inclined to talk myself, being heartily tired out with the day's journey. It was certainly a curious feeling, finding myself in that lonely cabaret, at long past midnight, stealing every now and then a glance at the black locks and lustrous eyes of the Hebrew countenance near me. By and by M. Poirotte fell into a monologue, going far back into passages of his previous life, which would seem to have been wild and desperate enough. Dark intrigue,

midnight adventure, love, hatred, with one duel à l'outrance, —through such stormy paths had been his course. "Even to this hour," he went on, looking up after the curling smoke of his cigar,—"even to this hour must I follow these troubled ways. What do you suppose has set me down in this wretched cabaret, in company with madame upstairs? Can you guess? You are making for England, so there is little to fear in your knowing it."

A light broke in upon me of a sudden. Could it be that madame had—

"Left her home, husband, children, friends,—all for the sake of the unworthy being who is now speaking."

"I am truly sorry to hear this," I said; "for rash steps bring with them only misfortune and remorse."

"Ay," said M. Poirotte, "I believe so in my heart; and for that matter, so does poor madame. It were better for her had she staid with her gray-haired colonel, a brave man and fond husband."

"But it is not too late," I said very earnestly. "Do take my advice—return at once; and if my good offices can be of any use—"

"Ah, *mon ami*," said M. Poirotte, with a bitter smile, "you know not what manner of man that ancient colonel is. A tall gray warrior, who has seen many battles, and borne scars, full of pride and trust in her. Ah," continued M. Poirotte, writhing uneasily in his chair, "that part of the business I would like to shut out from my eyes. I feel we shall owe many troubled dreams to that gray colonel."

"Goodness!" I said, "if you really think this, in Heaven's name, why not do as I say. I tell you again and again it is not too late."

He shook his head. "No, no; we must go on as we have begun, though I know well his grim figure will haunt me, for the shame of it will kill him."

"Hark!" I said, holding up my finger. There was a jingling sound as of chains outside, with rattling of wheels over stones, and postillion's sharp *Ola! ola!* for some one to come forth. Then came mixed voices and clatter of glass as the door was shut-to.

"More travellers on the road," said M. Poirotte, rising. "O, this weary night-journeying! We ought to be tired, God knows. Some way my head seems full of dismal fancies."

We did not speak for some minutes, but sat looking at the grate, each in a reverie of his own. Presently it seemed that there were sounds of footsteps afar off, in the direction of the gallery, as though some one were approaching. Through the low arched door at the entrance came light, moving unsteadily, displaying against the wall long dwindled shapes of the old crooked rails of the balustrade. It flickered spasmodically, growing brighter every instant; and presently appeared the *garçon*, going on before with a lamp, after whom walked a tall figure, with gray moustache, and wrapped in a military cloak. He passed solemnly across, like something seen in a dream, and was gone in a moment. I scarcely dared to breathe, as I watched the mysterious passage. M. Poirotte had sunk down into his chair and covered up his face with his hands.

"*Mon Dieu*," said he at length, "all, then, is lost! How well I knew it would come to this! And now, to have this other sin upon my head. What is to be done?"

"But," said I, "things are not come to that yet. He does not know that you are here; and if you are gone early in the morning—"

"Ah, what has been his first inquiry, think you? No, no, my good friend, leave me to myself. It were best. Leave me, I conjure you, and I will strive and think of something."

Seeing him so resolved, I did as he desired; and taking in my hand a primitive lamp which was on the table, made my way up the ancient staircase to my room; a small apartment, garnished with old-fashioned cabinets and bits of furniture, quite black and polished with age.

All was now quiet in the house; but in the next room to

me I could hear a ceaseless steady tramp, as though some one were walking up and down; no doubt the gray colonel, wrapped in his cloak, and brooding sorrowfully upon his wrongs. It went on monotonously, that heavy pacing, as though he were keeping guard, until it grew, as it were, into a lullaby, and sent me off in a profound and wearied slumber. Just as my eyes were closing, it seemed to me that his door opened, and that his footsteps died away far down the gallery.

* * * * *

Bright and frosty was the next morning, so bright, that M. Poirotte and Monsieur le Colonel had gone forth together shortly after sunrise. They were old friends, *garçon* believed, laying out breakfast very cheerily. The scenery was fine about Aulnoy, and *voyageurs* came long distances to see it. And madame? Madame was still in her chamber, too tired, he suspected, to go forward. By the way, did I know that the early diligence would come by in about two hours, at, say twelve o'clock? It was strange, certainly, that messieurs had not returned from their walk.

Not quite so strange did it appear to me, who, to say the truth, was filled with heavy foreboding. Some way I was interested in the brave old officer, and could not shut out from myself that mysterious vision of his passage across the gallery, with the light playing on his forehead and gray moustache. Even when I heard the sound of wheels and the clank of chains outside at that late hour, I felt a sort of presentiment, as though some avenging spirit had arrived. Not much relish for breakfast had I that morning.

An hour passed away, then half an hour, when, as I was looking down the road—for the twentieth time perhaps—I saw a horseman spurring hard towards the inn-door. He pulled up quickly and produced a letter from M. le Colonel, directed to madame. M. le Colonel himself would arrive about noon. He had come straight from a small town some ten miles further on, outside which there had been a murderous duel, *sans témoins*. M. Poirotte was at that moment lying under the trees beside the brook quite stiff and stark, being pierced through by M. le Colonel's sword.

As he spoke there was to be seen a cloud of dust at the corner of the road, and a familiar jingling sound, mingled with winding of horns, fell upon our ears. It was the great diligence coming over the hill. The little children came running up from the roadsides, the women stood forth at the cottage-doors to see it halt and change horses, and mine host and his following were busy getting ready anticipated *petites verres* and other refectation. Place was found for me inside the huge mountain; and in a few moments the horn was winding cheerily, and I was rolling along the rough high-road, having left far behind me madame, sitting guiltily in an upper chamber of the Ardent Conscript inn, with no company beyond her letter, with black despair in her heart, and waiting judgment at the hands of her offended husband.

ANAX ANDRON.

"Who can tell me any thing about Michael Angelo?"

"Please, sir, I can. He wanted Moses's body."

Now I do not mean to say that my reader would make such an eccentric blunder as this; nor jumble together the account of the monument of Julius II. and the incident mentioned in the 9th verse of St. Jude's Epistle. Yet I do mean to assert that very little is known by the general reader of one of the greatest names in Italian, or any other annals. Michael Angelo was a sculptor and architect, and built St. Peter's at Rome; he was also a painter, and adorned the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. All this "every schoolboy knows;" not, indeed, the schoolboy mentioned above, but those omniscient schoolboys with whom we are all acquainted.

And yet Michael Angelo was something more than architect, sculptor, and painter. He was a most genuine poet.

and, best of all, a most true Christian. Shall we try to learn a little of his inner life,—the life that is not shown to us in statues, pictures, and lofty corridors? His history is not so full of romantic incident as that of Luis de Camoens, which we considered some weeks back. He passed through no such stirring adventures, suffered no such evil fortune, as Portugal's hero; yet I doubt not we shall find something to interest us in the long life of this wondrous old man.

The first thing that I notice in Angelo's character is his steadfastness in the belief that he was called to be an artist. Astrologers at his birth had read the story of his future greatness in starry language. Mercury and Venus, in conjunction with Jupiter, were benign of aspect on that memorable 6th March 1474. They betokened that the infant who first saw the light under their beneficent influence should be an extraordinary genius, whose success should be universal, but especially in those arts which delight the sense.

A modern philologist, with more ingenuity than philosophy, has attempted to trace back the word "calling" to the time when tradesmen sate at their shop-doors and bawled out to passers-by the nature of their wares. Now I venture to affirm that "calling" is a very far higher thing than that. It is a voice within a man, and not without,—a voice telling him, "This is thy work, do it." Thus it was, at least with Michael Angelo. He was sent to school; yet the pedagogue was not his schoolmaster. He stole from his books, and gave himself up to painting. He ought to have qualified himself for some learned profession. Yet, in spite of threats and reproaches, spite of lamentations over the degeneracy of a descendant of the Canosse, he listened only to the voice which bade him be an artist. He was thoroughly honest. Once resolved to accomplish any thing, he would work with all his powers of head and hand that it might be fully and perfectly completed. So that whenever we speak of him as a sculptor, think of him as a painter, or write of him as a poet, we are dealing with a master entirely competent, because he had studied much, copied much, thought much, and had altogether been an eminently hard-working man.

I find, moreover, that amid universal praise he never became proud, never degenerated into one of those spoiled children of fortune whose history so often saddens us. He never scorned the advice of others, when kindly given; and would follow it were it given wisely. The story of the laughing faun is too well known to be repeated. It was this readiness to listen to friendly criticism which laid the foundation of his future advancement. Michael Angelo was proud of his profession; however men might speak against him, they should at least respect that. He would not endure that petty hucksters should haggle with the Muses or the Graces.

His biographer, Duppa, relates that a Florentine gentleman, Angelo Doni by name, once gave him an order to paint a Holy Family. When the picture was finished it was sent home, with a note requesting the payment of seventy ducats. Doni did not expect such a charge, and told the messenger he would give forty, which he thought sufficient. Michael Angelo immediately sent back his servant, and demanded his picture or a hundred ducats. Doni, not liking to part with it, returned the messenger, agreeing to pay the original sum; but the artist, indignant at being bargained with, then doubled his first demand; and Doni, still wishing to possess the picture, acceded, rather than try any further experiment to abate the price.

If great men, or rather men in high station, sought Angelo's friendship, they must have it on equal terms. In that age of servile reliance upon lordly patrons, this independence is the more remarkable. Even the most exalted must treat our artist with due respect. Being rudely refused by the groom of the chamber permission to see the Pope, he immediately left the papal territory; and being commanded by Julius to return, he steadily refused, saying, "That being expelled the antechamber of his Holiness, and

conscious of not meriting the disgrace, he had taken the only course left him to pursue consistent with the preservation of that character which had hitherto rendered him worthy of his confidence." It was only after long persuasion that he consented to revisit Rome.

In the year 1529 Michael Angelo comes before us in quite a new character,—in that of a soldier. He was a thorough master of the science of fortification; so that Vauban, and other celebrated engineers, were afterwards greatly indebted to him for much of their scientific knowledge. The republic of Florence was at this time girt about with foes; the Emperor of Germany and the Pope had leagued together for its destruction. The assistance which the Florentines had expected from France Francis was in no condition to afford. In this strait they resolved to fortify their city, and hold it against all attacks. The defence was intrusted to Michael Angelo, who, by his ingenuity and fertility of resource, long time baffled the operations of the adversary.

Indeed the siege, which lasted for nearly a year, was terminated only by the treachery of the captain-general of the besieged, who insisted upon capitulation. Michael Angelo, knowing well the revengeful character of the Pope, hid himself when the city was taken; and it was only under Clement's most solemn assurance of safety that he could be induced to return to Rome.

We have seen that Angelo would not permit any petty chaffering or bargaining for works of art; yet he was by no means avaricious. On more than one occasion he assisted young artists and sculptors by furnishing them with designs. But the crowning act of disinterestedness is connected with the noblest architectural achievement of modern times. For eighteen years he gave up his time to the building of St. Peter's without emolument; and when Paul III. sent him a sum equivalent to forty pounds of our money, for one month's pay, at the commencement of his undertaking, he returned it.

He was attended by an old and faithful servant, Urbino.

"What will become of you, Urbino, if I die?" his master one day asked him.

"I must serve some one else," replied Urbino sorrowfully.

"Poor fellow!" said Michael; "I will take care that you shall not stand in need of another master;" and immediately made him a present of two thousand crowns; an act, as Vasari exclaims, only to be expected from popes and great emperors.

Michael Angelo never married; and yet he had a warm heart. He appears to have been tenderly attached to his father and brother. On the death of the former he has written some very touching lines, of which I quote the few last:*

"Thy death reminds, and teaches me to die,
O happy father! I in thought behold thee
Where the world rarely leads the wayfarer.
Death is not, as some think, the worst of ills
To him whose closing day excels the first,
Through grace eternal from the mercy-seat.
There, thanks to God! I do believe thee gone,
And hope to see thee, if my reason can
Draw this cold heart from its terrestrial clay.
And if pure love doth find increase in heaven
'Twixt son and father, with increase of virtue,
Rendering all glory to my Maker, there
I shall, with my salvation, share thine too."

Angelo seems for a long time to have been content with art, and to have required no other friend than that. Ever some bright idea floated before him in all its perfect loveliness of form and expression. His constant aim was to transfer this high vision to the canvas or the marble. In one of his poems he says:

"Beauty was given at my birth to serve
As my vocation's faithful exemplar;

* This and the following pieces are taken from Mr. J. E. Taylor's very elegant and scholar-like little work *Michael Angelo considered as a Philosophic Poet*.

of the dahlias; and this naturally brings me to notice a new and valuable invention called "Edwards's Earwig Trap."

No one with the slightest pretensions to purity of taste can look on a bed of dahlias without wishing the earwigs at Bath or Jericho, or any other of those places which we select for banished enemies. Not because his destructive efforts are visible at first sight, but because the dahlia-grower resorts to such queer ways of trapping him. There, in the midst of graceful vegetable forms, you see a regiment of tall grenadiers,—a very awkward squad,—whose duty it is to guard the flowers, and take prisoners those midnight marauders that annoy them. We see lobster-claws, crab-shells, kettle-spouts, inverted flower-pots, and a hundred other ugly monsters mounted on stakes so as to be very visible; and utility is compelled to sanction such monsters in the very hall of Flora. Years ago I said in the *Town Garden*, "I would have my whole garden devoured by a swarm of locusts rather than abuse my neighbours and render myself miserable by the spectacle of these scarecrow vermin-traps, so frequently set up by London dahlia-growers in the midst of their fine plants, as if the two extremes of ugliness and beauty were to stand side by side. Do not, my dear reader, fix the death's-head and cross-bones in the centre of your bright-coloured flowery banner." Now I repeat this, and have the good fortune of being able to recommend a substitute, which in appearance is graceful, and in use the most effective of any contrivance ever hit upon for the extermination of the marauders.

Edwards's Earwig Trap is figured above. Fig. 1 represents its external appearance; it is made of iron, japanned, and its colour a dark olive-green; it is three inches in diameter at bottom, and four inches high. In fig. 2 the inner construction is shown. A is a fluted cone, open at top and bottom. B is another cone of plain metal, joined to the top of the cone A, but having a wider base, so that there is a clear space, about half an inch wide, between the cone A and the cone B. C is a third cone, joined to the top of the others, but spreading at the bottom, so as to leave about half an inch space between it and the middle cone B. D is the outer case, fitting closely round the base of the cone A. E is a movable lid or cover.

In using the trap, the training-stick is placed inside the cone A; the projecting portions of the flutes hold the stick tightly, and there are spaces for the insects to crawl up; a little coarse sugar is placed inside the trap. The insects enter the trap through the opening at the top of the cones, and passing down the outside of the cone C, drop on to the bottom of the case D. They are now effectually imprisoned; for there is no other outlet than the hole by which they entered, to reach which they must traverse the whole up-and-down route indicated by the dotted lines and arrows in fig. 2, besides which they will have to turn the sharp angles at the bottom of the cones; a process almost impossible to them from the peculiar construction of their bodies, the legs being all at one end, and the chief weight at the other.

Here, then, is a certain means of ridding dahlias of their most inveterate enemies. The efficiency of the invention may be judged from the fact, that such flor-

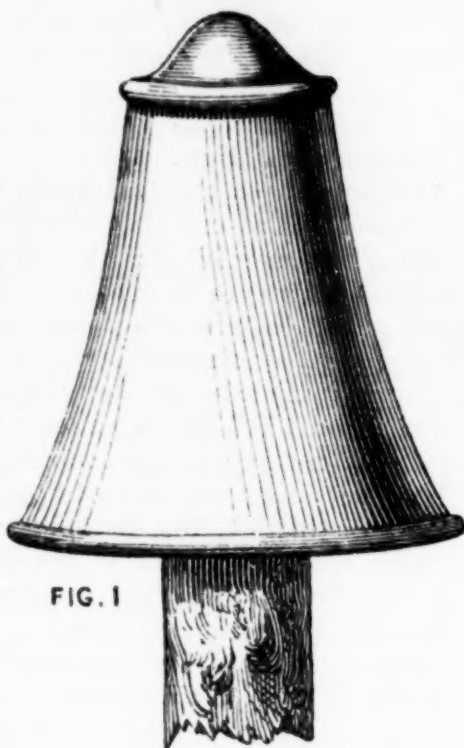


FIG. 1

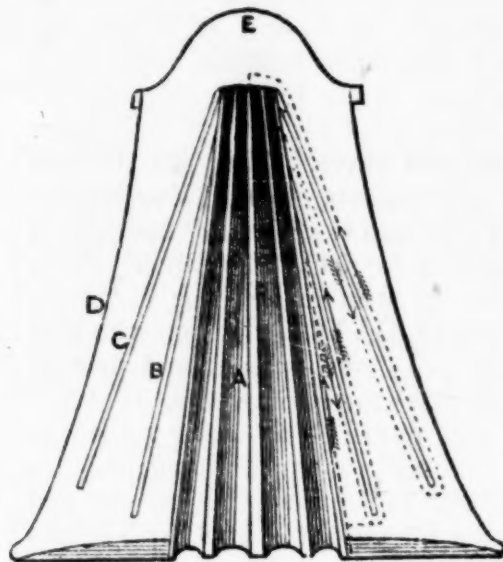


FIG. 2

ists as Mr. Turner, Mr. Keynes, and other of the most celebrated dahlia-growers in England, trust entirely to them for trapping these abominable vermin. Mr. Edwards says, that "as many as sixty earwigs have been caught in one trap in a single night." It should be added that their appearance is ornamental, and being japanned of a neutral green, they do not obtrude upon the eye as all other objects do that are used for the same purpose. They may be obtained of the inventor, Mr. E. Edwards, St. Paul's Square, Birmingham.

Mr. Edwards is also the inventor of the Crystal Flower-sticks, which are elegant supports for flowers in pots.

In the absence of proper traps, earwigs may be trapped by means of dry bean-stalks, cut into six-inch lengths, and thrust in among the stems of the plants. The stems of the *Heracleum*—a plant now much grown—make admirable traps, when cut up and stopped at one end with a few leaves; and these are so durable that they may be dried, painted, and preserved for years. The insects will enter any dark and dry retreat; and whatever trap may be used should be examined every morning, and the prisoners blown out into hot water.

Slugs and snails are every where submitted to with extraordinary complacency, as foes that are *not* to be conquered. But I will maintain it, that the oldest garden, if literally eaten up and wholly possessed by them, may be cleared in one season, if a vigilant system of trapping be adopted. A few cabbage-leaves, laid in a heap and moistened in the evening with water, will be found early next morning to be covered with them. A few brewer's grains, laid in heaps near their quarters, will trap them by dozens; and so will half-decayed rubbish of any kind, for they prefer garbage to fresh food. Now that the gardens are being cleared of much herbaceous refuse, these nocturnal devastators may be destroyed by wholesale, if the rubbish is laid in small heaps and kept moist, and examined *regularly every morning*, as soon after daybreak as possible. I have of late years had to do with an old hedge that swarmed with snails, and I used to sow three crops of lettuce to get one; but by having the hedge cut in and cleared, and the rotten pieces of fence removed, I have in one season subdued the enemy, and positively have to look sharp to find such a thing as a slug any where. The same with the wire-worm, that made havoc with every thing; I trapped them by dozens with slices of carrot buried just under the soil, and it is rarely that I see traces of them now.

Other pests common to autumn are those parasitic growths which the moist weather induces on the soil and on the plants. Mould on stems and leaves may be destroyed by a dusting of sulphur; but fresh air and sunshine are the grand preventives of all such things. Let the soil in pots be stirred once a fortnight, to prevent the surface getting sour and mossy. Loosen the soil about the bedding plants, and make preparations at once for potting-off and housing whatever is unable to stand the winter; and while you get your pots looked out and washed, and your compost made up, I will pen a few hints for your guidance that shall appear in time to be useful when the curtain falls on the summer glories of the garden, and the greenhouse stock will require nursing again.

SHIRLEY HESBORN



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XVIII.

PAINTED BY ROBERT CARRICK.

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

3 NO 57

THOUGHTS OF THE FUTURE.

By ROBERT CARRICK.

THERE were few pictures in the recently closed exhibition of the Royal Academy which attracted more attention and admiration than that from which our engraving is taken,—the work of a young man of whom little was previously known. It was recognised as containing qualities which mark the artist as a thoughtful man, of whom much may be expected; and as a skilful executant, whose technical ability is sufficient adequately to represent his ideas and feelings of homely subjects. Its genuine homeliness augurs well of his possessing that sincerity and modesty of feeling so very rare in the painters of *genre* subjects; for how few such there are wherein we do not observe some affectations and attitudinising, utterly out of keeping with the simplicity which should distinguish all works that depend for their interest upon the representation of domestic incident! So common are these pictorial follies, that no one would be surprised to meet with such a subject as a servant-girl beating a mat with a grace like that which the writers of the time of Queen Anne delighted in attributing to Virgil, who, they would have it, was remarkable for the "air" with which he loaded a dung-cart! How different from all this is the attitude of the young mother, seated on the bed of her child, and building for him "castles in the air," seeing in the future time deep vistas of happiness and honour, down which he paces, her protector, her thanksgiving, and her pride! If we judged by her face, the world-path she has chosen for him is no high one; he is to be no great man, no conqueror or leader of others, but rather the fulfilment of her idea of a good man: a life calm and beneficent, happy in its progress, and happy in its close. She sees herself in future years, bending under Time's hand, tottering and feeble; he walking by her, strong and handsome (what woman's son should not be handsome?), her stay then as she now is his. A lowly and a peaceful life and death for her and him; clearly no high-handed domineering man to rise from that humble bed: "Rather let him be good, O God!" prays she.

If the reader agree with us in these fancies, or will weave others for himself, he cannot fail to think how much of the true end of painting may be found in this work; he will, moreover, recognise how great a thing is that art which can not only suggest such thoughts, but actually bring the scene before our eyes in palpable presentment, with all its tenderness of expression and reality of natural effect.

The artistic merits of this picture are most noticeable in its being so singularly well studied and thoughtfully perfected from nature by careful elaboration in the details. The excellent manner in which the shadow on the wall behind the bed is rendered, with its perfect truth of effect, having a large amount of accidental light sent back upon it from the walls and floor, will not fail to attract the observer. This quality is also observable in the execution of the end of the pillow, the rendering of light upon which is a very beautiful piece of study; it is to be noticed how softly and broadly, yet powerfully, the whole chiaroscuro of this portion of the picture is given, being quite brilliant and luminous with its exceeding variety of light, shade, and reflection. The broad folds of the mother's dress are most scientifically and thoughtfully mastered and rendered; indeed, we scarcely remember to have seen a work in which more judgment of this kind had been displayed. The varieties of texture throughout are admirably depicted, as the reader will observe, by comparing the skilful drawing of the folds in the different fabrics, as the mother's dress and the heavy counterpane, with the thin and sharp forms of the gathering-in of the pillow-case.

The production of such a work as this would be an honour to any one, and as coming from a young painter, it is full of promise for the future.

L. L.

CURIOSITIES OF THE "CONTEMPORARIES."

For some time back an ingenious Frenchman has been busy winnowing the livelier portions of his neighbours' lives, and furnishing such nourishment periodically to the public. He casts about him diligently for such floating legends touching authors and artists as may have gone round the *salons* ages since, sprinkling over his work a few piquant and salty details to add flavouring. He has all prettily printed by M. Havard, of the Rue Guénégaud, dresses it out with bright yellow wrapper and steel-plate effigies of the victims, and so serves up a very appetising little *plat*, at the humble charge of one half-franc, or five-pence of our money. These histories are all so many *chroniques scandaleuses*, and have been welcomed with delight by all who love the stirrings of such unwholesome waters. Some of the subjects,—their very names holding out abundant promise of entertainment,—have had a prodigious success. Thus Monsieur Alexandre Dumas the son has rushed through no less than six editions; while Dumas the elder, with Jules Janin, Madame Sand, Rose Chéri, and many more, have all enjoyed a certain tide of popularity. From his little factory in the Rue Guénégaud has M. de Mirecourt—for such is the name of the ingenious Frenchman—turned out hebdomadally over one hundred of these little chronicles; some a little *scabreuses*, as our neighbours phrase it, but forming on the whole a body of very curious and entertaining reading. Here are gathered as in a gallery artists, actors, musicians, *hommes de lettres*, *publicistes*, &c., as set forth on the face of the little yellow books. All are in a manner pilloried for our delectation; and the scalpel is used dexterously but unsparingly; every slip, every speck and blunder being brought out in happy relief. In this fashion are anatomised, besides those above mentioned, Rachel, Paul de Kock, Balzac, Sue, Girardin, Hugo, Veron, and poor Rosa Bonheur, who must be brought away from her Highland sketching and patient horned beasts, to figure in this singular apotheosis. The last submitted to the process has been no less a person than the erratic Lola; and the dissection of that famous lady has, as might be expected, been attended with marvellous success and profit. But it has not yet gone abroad, the publication being so recent, whether the lively countess has pleased to endorse on De Mirecourt's person this flattering *accueil* of his humble efforts. How grateful would be such delineations on our own side of the Channel; how refreshing such free portrait-painting, such peeping behind screens and into skeleton closets! But the interior life of our *hommes de lettres*, *publicistes*, &c., would seem to promise but dull entertainment, and lack the piquancy and flavour belonging to that of their Gallic brethren. The great caustic novelist would cut up tamely beside the ingenious creator of the frail and fair ones so partial to camellias and to pearls. His life and adventures would read humdrum compared with the *bonnes fortunes* of young and sparkling authors. Perhaps one day De Mirecourt may take the work in hand himself, and indulge us with an English series; but, alack, for the cruel shackles upon the press, and villanous *ex-post-facto* censorship, taking shape as a criminal information—terrible engine, which has been before now worked by Mr. Attorney-General specially. It were wisest, perhaps, to bring over Havard in person; or, better still, keep within the safe precincts of No. 15 Rue Guénégaud.

But curious to say, *messieurs les hommes de lettres*, *publicistes*, &c., have not entered with the enthusiasm that might be expected into De Mirecourt's views. They objected, unreasonably perhaps, to the very frankness of these disclosures,—to having their early indiscretions, the last *mot* made at his or her expense in the privacy of a select *salon*, given with this charming candour to the world,—and strangely enough, proceed to remonstrances in courts of law and elsewhere. The results of such proceedings have been unhappily disastrous for the interest of biography. M. Mirés,

a great capitalist and speculator, was perverse enough to remonstrate—in legal form, that is; so was M. de Girardin, so was M. Dumas the elder, so was M. Gustave Planché. M. de Mirecourt has been cast in many actions, and mulcted in heavy damages. Stern lawyers have made descent upon the Havard publishing premises, and seized whole impressions of the little yellow volumes. M. Samson was so spoliated—M. de Mirecourt's Samson, that is; M. Mirés experienced similar treatment. Sad to say, profane hands have been laid on the biographer's person, which has been borne off violently to Ste. Pelagie, and other strong places, there to lie for many quarters.

Still has the undaunted chronicler contrived to hold on his way, sending forth up to this present hour his little stream of piquant scandal and unique particulars. The journals have been thundering; critics and *feuilletonists*, bleeding and stricken sorely, have denounced this free lance to the four quarters of the empire. The work still goes bravely on, the little histories come out weekly as before; and M. de Mirecourt now promises, in addition, a journal wherein he may more conveniently do battle with his opponents; having, as he says, abundance of loose sheets and stray facts lying in his portfolio, infinitely curious and not made use of in previous biographies. These shall all see the light in the new journal. Havard has been disposing of his little yellow volumes by tens of thousands, and M. de Mirecourt, it is whispered, has reaped huge profits. There is certainly something seductive in their very aspect. The portraits are spirited, and have the air of likenesses; the type is brilliant, paper unexceptionable; the whole wooing irresistibly to binding speculations.

Under the circumstances, it is only natural that M. de Mirecourt's relations with his brethren should not be of the most harmonious character. At this present moment every man's hand is lifted against him; he is in a manner interdicted from fire and water. It is a combat *acharné*,—war to the knife. Through the medium of certain bulletins prefixed occasionally to the chronicles, we are made acquainted with the stages of the contest, and how it is faring with the combatants. They take occasionally a dramatic air, telling at one time how at that precise instant,—say four o'clock, p.m.—two law myrmidons have effected forcible entrance, and are busy below packing up for removal the whole impression of a particular *publiciste*, or *homme de lettres*; or that a gaoler had just paid him a visit in his prison of Clichy, bearing him word that the doors were open, and that he was free from durance. Here, too, in this *Chronique des Contemporains*, as he calls it, are given the smart shafts that are prelude to the fray, the letters and retorts, with De Mirecourt's cool criticism on the same. All are curious, and certainly a little astonishing; but especially so are his encounters with the greater leviathans, his duels with Alexander the prolific and Janin the *feuilleton* king. He had taken the latter in hand, and dealt with him very summarily, his sketch of the author of the *Dead Ass* being rubbed in with a startling personality and freedom of hand.

It seems that there has been a notion abroad that the great Janin is not wholly removed from little weaknesses of vanity, and partiality in the distribution of his praise and censure.

"You must fondle him," says the little yellow history, "and pet and coax the creature, and burn under his nostrils the incense of sweet flattery. You must scratch the poll of this parrot, which hops once in the week upon the perch of the *Débats*. Be sure to tell it that it is a little pet and a pretty thing, and has a beautiful bill and lovely plumage. Never insinuate that it has but the one tune for every Monday."

But if you neglect these delicate attentions, and are not ready to lay yourself flat upon the ground before this Grand Lama of the *coulisses*, you are utterly lost. Say good-by at once to fame and glory, not one ray of which will ever light upon your unlucky head. If you have only forgotten to uncover as he goes by, make up your mind to lie for ever in that dull limbo to which he consigns every genius that refuses to bend low before his round and majestic figure.

Ah, take it or leave it, Jules will tell you. 'Just listen to

my profession of faith. I do criticism, and must turn a penny by it. Then why complain? Do I put my hands in your pockets? No, thank God. But you will see me lurking, like some bandit, in a dark corner of the *Débats*, pen in hand and my words well charged with grape, ready to rifle managers, and levy blackmail on authors; stopping poor authors on the road, and making them give up their money or their life. O, keep your money by all means, gentlemen—but, good day to you, morbleu—that's all!"

M. Janin was blessed at one period of his life with an exemplary aunt, who supported him at her own proper charges for many years; which circumstance enables M. de Mirecourt to add a happily conceived note of the form suggestive. "It has been said," the note observes, "that she died utterly abandoned, without food or fire. This must be impossible. Janin could not have been so ungrateful towards the devoted friend of his infancy, to the benefactress who gave him her heart's blood even, who lodged, fed, and supported him through all his youth and early efforts."

So far M. de Mirecourt on the writer of the *Dead Ass*. But retribution will come presently, and the *feuilleton* king is already sharpening his tools for work. On the twenty-fifth day of December—a curious Christmas morning's entertainment by the way—he puts forth from that dark corner of the *Débats* the following smart *riposte*:

"Happy indeed are all you artists," says Janin, taking for his text the premature death of a certain young actress of the *Français*, "whom the poet glorifies with his poesy, the painter with his colours, the whole city with its applause. Happy artists indeed! Their every word is caught up, their features reproduced in a hundred shapes—by the burin, by the sun. If they fall sick, their illness is told to every fresh comer; and if they die, what deep regrets, what grief!"

All this while there are others, followers of the spoken or written word, who become the spoil of some wretched pamphleteer, preying upon their very lives. For such there is no hope of rest or mercy. There is a ruffian lying in wait for them hard by the Forest of Bondy—waiting with a poniard in his hand to strike them in the dark; who, when he sees them lying bleeding, flies with his bloody knife, which for the next eight days will serve him to cut the morsel of bread this glorious exploit has earned for him. At the end of that time he wipes his knife, and skulks back to the same spot to wait for another victim. He will strike him too, and then return exulting to his den, until some day one of the victims, in ripe humour for vengeance, shall have killed the creature with a kick in that part of the person *où le dos change de nom*, to use M. Tousez's phrase."

These are good set terms; but it will be noted that M. Janin has stolen that great bandit metaphor from his enemy, heightening it, however, with forcible details, much in the Callot or Ribera manner. There must have been high jubilee that Christmas morning among all good Janinists; the piratical craft being utterly shattered and gone for ever, and Jules the glorious triumphant. But within a very short span comes forth again the rover from his creek, refitted with sails set and colours flying, and pours a broadside into his enemy. After all, that wholesome counsel of avoiding encounter with certain sooty professionals, on the score of defeat or victory being equally fatal to cleanliness of person, suggests itself with singular force in this battle of M. Janin's; triumphant or prostrate, the result would be much the same to him. It is worth while hearkening again to the bold De Mirecourt returning fresh and vigorous to the fray.

"A sweet bit of Old Bailey eloquence," he begins. "But thou, mighty theatrical prosecutor! your quotation from Tousez is not happy. The man who attacks you boldly, face to face, brigand or biographer, since it pleases you to couple the two professions, can be struck himself only in the face."

You are dreaming, Janin, or else your rage makes your head wander.

The kick you speak of—no one knows it so well as you—is only administered to harlequins and pierrots in that particular locality. . . . But have no apprehensions. We have no idea of challenging you. You are not a man, only a magpie,—something that screams and chatters, and then flies off.

Who ever thinks of fighting with a bird? But you know well, Janin, we have let you off very easily. What piquant details we might have presented to our readers, had we been so minded! See—here are at least twenty letters upon our desk,

all accusing us of having left out an infinity of precious facts, all essential for a true picture of your life. Let us look through this correspondence together.

'Why,' writes one, 'not have mentioned Janin's macaw—that superb creature with its long tail, who disturbs all the neighbourhood with its cries? It is the very pendant of his master in his books. Why not tell us of his rage for old books, out of which, by the way, he picks all his learning? His love for handsome copies of his own works, which he has got expressly printed for himself on Dutch paper? When he wants to put his father-in-law, Huet, in a rage, he brings him off to a sale at the Salle Sylvestre, and bids up the first old lot that offers to an extravagant price. You have also forgotten to tell us how Mdlle. G— used to employ a man to follow the great critic every where, and make out a daily report of all his sayings and doings. One day Janin took the spy by the collar, and made him confess all. He was getting three francs a-day for this nice duty. "Hark you," said Janin, "you shall have six, but I myself shall write the reports." It was agreed; and from that time Janin set down to his own account the most extravagant exploits.' This letter, signor critic, comes from one of your most intimate friends! O friends, friends! they are more to be dreaded than poor biographers. Says another: 'Sir, your sketch of Janin pains me exceedingly. What! not a single word of Ricourt—poor Ricourt? It cannot be in the nature of things that you have never heard of that singular character. . . . Are you not aware that it was Ricourt—no other than Ricourt—that made Janin, made Rachel, invented Ponsard, and a host of others? Alack, what criticisms has not Janin written, without having ever seen the pieces, solely on the report of Ricourt! If a noble thought has ever strayed from Janin's pen, depend upon it it belongs to Ricourt. For years back has he been Janin's henchman and prompter.' To this, Janin, is attached a signature which would make you start. So we would advise you to keep silent for the future. Never allude to knives, or blood, or to wretches flying at men's throats. It is you that handle the knife every Monday morning. It is you who lie in wait for writers outside the Forest of Bondy, in that *feuilleton* of yours. There you find occupation in tearing to pieces their glory and their talents. For the last thirty years you have been spreading on your bread their fair fame and honest pride."

It will be observed what additional power the famous bandit metaphor has gathered since its last appearance. But it will be heard of again before long, reappearing heightened with even stronger charnel-house imagery. On one other Monday morning, M. Janin steps forth from his Forest of Bondy, and salutes M. de Mirecourt rhythmically as a man

"Sans foi ni loi,
Sans feu ni lieu,"

as a low rascal; in short, the born image of those Cartouches of the quill who fasten on respectable men to levy black mail, or else fatally blacken their characters. Then fetching out another morbid image—fit pendant to that of the bread and bloody knife—he thus despatches his enemy finally:

"At the end of all," says he, "being utterly worn out, covered with shame and contempt, exposed to the rain and winds of heaven, he steals a rope, and hangs himself from a beam in his own barn. In eight days' time the body is heard to fall to the ground from decomposition; and from sanitary reasons rather than from pity a scrap of winding-sheet is thrown over it."

The incident of the rope is quite akin to Doctor Samuel Johnson's rejoinder to a certain water-party on the Thames, reflecting so severely on one of that water-party's nearest female relations. So stands this very pretty quarrel, with whispered rumour of M. Janin's clinching his argument unhandsonely by appeal to the tribunals.

This way it was that the biographer fell out with M. Alexandre Dumas. It came to pass some ten or twelve years ago, when that ingenious writer was working at double and treble tides, busily spinning fiction for those great journals the *Siècle*, the *Presse*, the *Débats*, and many more, working so diligently that in the year 1845 alone, over sixty printed volumes were turned out of that strange workshop. It came to pass, then, that some prying soul be-thought him of a calculation. The prying soul was M. de Mirecourt, and his calculation simply this: It is certain that the most skilful copyist in the world, working steadily for twelve hours in the day, can barely finish sixty ordinary

pages of print, that being at the rate of five octavo volumes in the month, and sixty in the year; supposing always the unhappy scribe to be in a manner writing for his life, not halting for a single second. Now the world may take it for granted that M. Alexandre must have had other occupation besides romance-writing. There were his plays, visits, amusements, and *petits soupers*, to say nothing of the famous fusil and the great toy-house, or Monte Christo Castle. For these, one half at least of the twelve hours must be set aside, leaving thirty volumes for the modest product of the year's labour; still supposing it calligraphy pure and simple, sheer hodman's work, wrought *au grand galop*.

Having so happy a text, M. de Mirecourt proceeded with all speed to bury the hatchet, and sent forth presently a little book bearing title *The Firm of Alexander Dumas and Co.* Herein were set forth the whole secrets of that prison-house. How Macquet had furnished, as per order, plot, incident, every thing, to *Monte Christo* and *Reine Marçot*, the *Trois Mousquetaires*, and their bulky sequels; to the *Chevaliers d'Harmenthal* and *Maison Rouge* both; to the *Dame de Montsoreau*; in short, to all the most striking and effective of the Dumas *répertoire*. How Paul Maurice supplied *Ascanio*, the *Deux Dianas*, and *Amaury*, all complete, fitted with upholstery and decoration. How Fiorentino, the Italian, brought in the sparkling chronicles of Corricolo and Speronare. How the popular *Balsamo Memoirs* were openly filched from the *Revue Britannique*, and *Albine* from an old German romance. How Gérard de Nerval, Théophile Gautier, Emile Souvestre, with a host of others, have laboured for him at the innumerable dramas that bear his name. With these facts the curious have been for some time familiar. The world, too, has had its suspicions, and looks distrustfully on the great name as though associated with certain charlatan influences.

Such being the significance of *The Firm of Alexander Dumas and Co.*, it will not excite surprise that it was a little unacceptable to the great romance factor. It led to an interview between M. de Mirecourt and certain other parties, the history of which is unfolded very pleasantly in one of the little books. He is sitting one morning in his room, No. 15 Rue des Martyrs, when to him enter two fierce gentlemen bearded like pards.

"'M. de Mirecourt?' they say interrogatively. 'I am that person, gentlemen.' 'You are the author of certain articles in the *Silhouette*?' 'I am.' 'This is a matter that admits of but one solution. We are come to ask satisfaction in M. Dumas' name.' 'With all my heart, gentlemen. My seconds will be with you at any hour you please to mention. Your principal, it seems, declines further appeal to the tribunals.' 'Excuse us,' strike in the pards politely, 'we do not come from M. Alexandre Dumas père, but Alexandre Dumas fils.' 'O, in that case I have a different answer.' Here the bell is rung, and the *bonne* appears. 'Bring down Master Edgard.' Presently Master Edgard is brought in, a lad of some six or seven years old, the state of whose mouth and adjoining parts indicate that he has been indulging freely in jams. 'Gentlemen,' says M. de Mirecourt, putting forward the interesting youth, 'let me make known to you my son, who will take up his father's quarrel with at least as much spirit as M. Dumas the younger will exhibit in his own. My son will be happy to meet your wishes in any way.'

The pards are furious. "The joke is ill-timed," they roared together. "Excuse me; I have no other way of showing the absurdity of the situation. The author of *Henri III.* has a steady eye and steady foot. What hinders him fighting his own battles? Should I have the misfortune, I won't say to kill, but even to inflict a scratch upon his son, we all know what a tumult he would raise. He would have the whole public on his side. Just get me a letter from the great romance writer, authorising this duel, or better still, give my seconds your word of honour that you have his authority, and I agree. That is my ultimatum. Gentlemen, your most obedient." They departed without a word more, and never returned. From that day forth there was vendetta between the houses of Dumas and De Mirecourt. The latter goes out, hunting down his enemy pitilessly, thirsting, as it were, for his scalp, and

pursuing him with stray allusions through many of the yellow books.

The little embroglio with Madame Sand next deserves attention. It may be well conceived that the giving an impartial view of that lady's life and adventures would be a service of considerable delicacy, requiring nice tinting and shading off, which duty has M. de Mirecourt contrived to accomplish very satisfactorily. But madame is not content. She takes exception to M. de Mirecourt's portraiture, though, strange to say, she enters no protest against the awful effigy that hovers at the threshold of the book. In a letter to the *Presse*, she remonstrates with M. de Mirecourt in her own *spirituelle* fashion:

"Sir," she begins, "with all thanks for the handsome terms in which you have spoken of me, allow me to correct sundry mistakes into which you have fallen. I know, as well as the rest of mankind, the exact measure of importance to be attached to these lives of men of the day, which are founded on pure conjecture, and on supposition more or less ingenious, more or less gratuitous. My own, above all others, has but small chance of being correct, considering that I have not the honour of being acquainted with the writer, and that he has not received either from me, or friends that *really* know me, any sort of assistance whatever. These lives may have a certain literary value as pieces of criticism; but taking them as historical documents, they might as well have never been written. I can easily prove this by going regularly through the one that treats of my own life. There is scarcely a single fact set down correctly, not even my name or age. I am not called Marie, neither was I born in 1805, but in 1804. My grandmother never lived at L'Abbaye-aux-Bois. My father was not a colonel. My grandmother esteemed the Scriptures considerably above Rousseau's *Contrat Social*. At fifteen, I did not practise shooting, nor did I ride, being at a convent all that time. My husband was neither old nor bald. He was just seven-and-twenty, and had plenty of hair. I have never inspired with attachment an humble merchant of Bourdeaux. The 'twentieth chapter of a romance' is nothing but a chapter of romance. . . . The trait you mention of M. Roret is extremely honourable to him, and I believe him quite capable of it; but he could not have presented me with one thousand francs on the success of *Indiana*, for the simple reason that I have never had the pleasure of engaging in any transaction with him: whatsoever. Neither MM. Kératry nor Rabbe were ever invited by M. Latouche to pronounce upon *Indiana*. M. Latouche pronounced upon it himself; besides, he never had any kind of relations with M. Kératry. I never engaged a suite of apartments, or threw them open to my friends after the success of *Indiana*. For five or six years I always occupied the same little room, and received the same small circle.

I now come to the first of those facts which I am most anxious to disprove, making you heartily welcome to all the rest. Allow me to quote your own words, monsieur. 'In this intoxicating flood of success it was not generous of her to forget the faithful companion of her struggling years. Sandeau, wounded to the soul, set off alone for Italy on foot, and without a sou.'

1. M. Jules Sandeau never set off for Italy on foot, and without a sou. As you would insinuate that this was my fault, which supposes that he would accept of money from me after our disagreement, the last thing you would wish to convey, I do now assure you, as he will do also, if you require it, that he had plenty of means, supplied, too, from his own resources.

2. He did not set off wounded to the soul. I have letters of his, as creditable to him as to me, proving the direct contrary, —letters which I have no reasons for making public, knowing that he always speaks of me with the esteem and affection he owes me.

Allow me, also, to remind you that a certain lively anecdote, relating to one M. Kador—not known to me with that initial—is very pleasant, but utterly without foundation. Modesty, too, obliges me to inform you that I do not improvise quite so well as M. Listz, who is my friend, but not my master. He has never given me lessons, and I cannot improvise at all. The same feeling of modesty obliges me to tell you that we dine in very simple fashion at my table, and without all that elegance you so kindly give me credit for. As regards this, I am truly grieved to be obliged to contradict you; but I believe it will not do you very much harm, and that in choosing me for the heroine of your pretty little romance you had no other object than to display the skill and talents you really possess.

Receive, monsieur, &c. &c."

To her M. de Mirecourt ingeniously replies, eschewing with infinite wisdom the real matter of discussion. He was indeed no match for the clever lady.

Said M. de Mirecourt:

"Madame, you do me the honour of addressing me in the *Presse*, and you attack my humble little books with that omnipotent pen which has so stirred the reading world. . . . I am not altogether a child, madame; I am not even a young man, as you would seem to suppose. I have lived long, seen much, learned much. Before presenting my readers with this gallery of celebrated men, I was quite aware of what was in store for me. No man can lay his hand on living subjects without stirring the muscles and making the flesh quiver. No one can try and make his way into the secrets of a life without an attempt being made to put him away from the door.

Unhappily that cannot be done so easily. Celebrity is but a glass-house. We can look in at all hours, even though the doors are closed. You live in such a house, madame. I look in and see, and tell what I see. If you say that I have not seen properly, I can only repeat that my eyes are excellent. If you persist in maintaining that I am short-sighted, I can only bow without a word more," &c.

Next comes the most surprising incident of this curious passage of literary history. As was hinted at the commencement, the even tenor of his life has been much disturbed latterly. The unhappy chronicler has been leading a sort of Cain-like existence, every man's hand being lifted against him, and furnished with a stone against occasion serve. He is waging desperately a kind of guerilla warfare, as it were, from behind rocks and trees. Fierce diatribes, fines, decrees, have been showered plentifully upon him, so that he may be said to lead the life of a dog, or some wretched hunted hound. But the most cruel blow was to come from within,—from a traitor and deserter. Some two months since a little blue pamphlet stole into the world, born of one Peter Mazerolle, bearing title *The Firm of De Mirecourt and Co.* Here is ample and unreserved confession; every thing told with delightful candour, by one who lived beneath M. de Mirecourt's roof and eat of his salt. From him it is to be gathered that there is no such party as De Mirecourt, but there is Jacquot—plain Jacquot of that ilk; which offers to reviled Janin most sweet revenge and crushing retort for those sobriquets of paroquet and macaw, showered on him so plentifully. It is also here unfolded how the said Jacquot, when flaying the Sieur Dumas so pitilessly for sending forth books not his own under his proper style and titles, had all the while been pursuing the selfsame course, having collaborators, aides-de-camp, and other assistants of his own, to do the work. It is here revealed that of these hundred and thirty biographies, scarcely forty have been written by delusive Jacquot himself; that of these forty, Heaven only knows how few have not been stolen wholesale from old journals and forgotten books. That the collaboration was conducted much after this fashion: the informer going about questing, as it were, lying in wait for critics and literary people, decoying them into corners, and entrapping them into short histories concerning the subject then being written up. Or Jacquot would invite likely people to certain little dinners, or *petits soupers*, pumping them adroitly, while the collaborator took notes diligently under his napkin, these little piquant anecdotes going in for seasoning to the biography. Sometimes there came a dearth of anecdotes, and the biography languished hopelessly, this, too, after all the usual recognised sources had been tried. There was then nothing for it but to fall back upon such humble inventive talents as the writers might happen to possess. This our king's evidence confesses to with admirable *naïveté*; and to his happy fertility are owing some of the livelier anecdotes relating to the elder Dumas and his brethren.

After this, what is there left for unhappy De Mirecourt, or rather Jacquot? Clearly nothing, save to close his workshop, and expatriate himself with all speed; or else realise literally that picture of Janin's, wherein he is prefigured as purloining the cord wherewith he shall after hang himself until he drop.

The last thing in the world he is dreaming of. Never was the maison Jacquot et Cie. so full of faith and indomitable ardour. The journal before spoken of has been set up,

and comes forth once a-week, filled with those more awakening anecdotes hitherto kept back. Harken yet again, and for the last time, to M. Jacquot: "The gross treatment of the newspaper-writers has decided us on issuing a sheet that will protect our honour. There we shall have the right of replying to our enemies every eight days regularly. . . . So God protect us, and give us heart and courage!" Amen, M. Jacquot!

NICK.

A CHILD'S STORY.

THERE dwelt in a small village not a thousand miles from fairy-land a poor man, who had no family to labour for, or friend to assist. When I call him poor, you must not suppose he was a homeless wanderer, trusting to charity for a night's lodging; on the contrary, his stone house, with its green veranda and flower-garden, was the prettiest and snug-gest in all the place, the doctor's only excepted. Neither was his store of provisions running low: his farm supplied him with milk, eggs, mutton, butter, poultry, and cheese in abundance; his fields with hops and barley for beer, and wheat for bread; his orchard with fruit and cider, and his kitchen-garden with vegetables and wholesome herbs. He had, moreover, health, an appetite to enjoy all these good things, and strength to walk about his possessions. No, I call him poor because, with all these, he was discontented and envious. It was in vain that his apples were the largest for miles around, if his neighbour's vines were the most productive by a single bunch; it was in vain that his lambs were fat and thriving, if some one else's sheep bore twins: so, instead of enjoying his own prosperity, and being glad when his neighbours prospered too, he would sit grumbling and bemoaning himself as if every other man's riches were his poverty. And thus it was that one day our friend Nick leaned over Giles Hodge's gate, counting his cherries.

"Yes," he muttered, "I wish I were sparrows to eat them up, or a blight to kill your fine trees altogether."

The words were scarcely uttered when he felt a tap on his shoulder, and looking round, perceived a little rosy woman no bigger than a butterfly, who held her tiny fist clenched in a menacing attitude. She looked scornfully at him, and said: "Now listen, you churl, you; henceforward you shall straightway become every thing you wish; only, mind you must remain under one form for at least an hour." Then she gave him a slap in the face which made his cheek tingle as if a bee had stung him, and disappeared with just so much sound as a dewdrop makes in falling.

Nick rubbed his cheek in a pet, pulling wry faces and showing his teeth. He was boiling over with vexation, but dared not vent it in words lest some unlucky wish should escape him. Just then the sun seemed to shine brighter than ever, the wind blew spicy from the south; all Giles's roses looked redder and larger than before, while his cherries seemed to multiply, swell, ripen. He could refrain no longer, but, heedless of the fairy-gift he had just received, exclaimed, "I wish I were sparrows, eating—" No sooner said than done; in a moment he found himself a whole flight of hungry birds, pecking, devouring, and bidding fair to devastate the envied cherry-trees. But honest Giles was on the watch hard by; for that very morning it had struck him he must make nets for the protection of his fine fruit. Forthwith he ran home, and speedily returned with a revolver furnished with quite a marvellous array of barrels. Pop, bang—pop, bang! he made short work of the sparrows, and soon reduced the enemy to one crestfallen biped with broken leg and wing, who limped to hide himself under a holly-bush. But though the fun was over, the hour was not; so Nick must needs sit out his allotted time. Next a pelting shower came down, which soaked him through his torn ruffled feathers; and then, exactly as the last drops fell and the sun came out with a beautiful rainbow, a tabby cat pounced upon him. Giving himself up for lost, he chirped in desperation, "O, I

wish I were a dog to worry you!" Instantly—for the hour was just passed—in the grip of his horrified adversary, he shook himself, a savage bull-dog. A shake, a deep bite, and poor puss was out of her pain. Nick, with immense satisfaction, tore her fur to bits, wishing he could in like manner exterminate all her progeny. At last, glutted with vengeance, he lay down beside his victim, curled his tail about his legs, and fell asleep.

Now that tabby-cat was the property and special pet of no less a personage than the doctor's lady; so when dinner-time came, and not the cat, a general consternation pervaded the household. The kitchens were searched, the cellars, the attics; every apartment was ransacked; even the watch-dog's kennel was visited. Next the stable was rummaged, then the hay-loft; lastly, the bereaved lady wandered disconsolately through her own private garden into the shrubbery, calling "Puss, puss," and looking so intently up the trees as not to perceive what lay close before her feet. Thus it was that unawares she stumbled over Nick, and trod upon his tail.

Up jumped our hero, snarling, biting, and rushing at her with such blind fury as to miss his aim. She ran, he ran. Gathering up his strength, he took a flying-leap after his victim; her foot caught in the spreading root of an oak-tree, she fell, and he went over her head, clear over, into a bed of stinging-nettles. Then she found breath to raise that fatal cry, "Mad dog!" Nick's blood curdled in his veins; he would have slunk away if he could; but already a stout labouring-man, to whom he had done many an ill turn in the time of his humanity, had spied him, and, bludgeon in hand, was preparing to give chase. However, Nick had the start of him, and used it too; while the lady, far behind, went on vociferating, "Mad dog, mad dog!" inciting doctor, servants, and vagabonds to the pursuit. Finally, the whole village came pouring out to swell the hue and cry.

The dog kept ahead gallantly, distancing more and more the asthmatic doctor, fat Giles, and, in fact, all his pursuers except the bludgeon-bearing labourer, who was just near enough to persecute his tail. Nick knew the magic hour must be almost over, and so kept forming wish after wish as he ran,—that he were a viper only to get trodden on, a thorn to run into some one's foot, a man-trap in the path, even the detested bludgeon to miss its aim and break. This wish crossed his mind at the propitious moment; the bull-dog vanished, and the labourer overreaching himself fell flat on his face, while his weapon struck deep into the earth, and snapped.

A strict search was instituted after the missing dog, but without success. During two whole days the village children were exhorted to keep indoors and beware of dogs; on the third an inoffensive cur was hanged, and the panic subsided.

Meanwhile, the labourer, with his shattered stick, walked home in silent wonder, pondering on the mysterious disappearance. But the puzzle was beyond his solution; so he only made up his mind not to tell his wife the whole story till after tea. He found her preparing for that meal, the bread and cheese set out, and the kettle singing softly on the fire. "Here's something to make the kettle boil, mother," said he, thrusting our hero between the bars and seating himself; "for I'm mortal tired and thirsty."

Nick crackled and blazed away cheerfully, throwing out bright sparks and lighting up every corner of the little room. He toasted the cheese to a nicety, made the kettle boil without spilling a drop, set the cat purring with comfort, and illuminated the pots and pans into splendour. It was provocation enough to be burned; but to contribute by his misfortune to the well-being of his tormentors was still more aggravating. He heard, too, all their remarks and wonder about the supposed mad-dog, and saw the doctor's lady's own maid bring the labourer five shillings as a reward for his exertions. Then followed a discussion as to what should be purchased with the gift, till at last it was resolved to have their best window glazed with real glass.

The prospect of their grandeur put the finishing-stroke to Nick's indignation. Sending up a sudden flare, he wished with all his might that he were fire to burn the cottage.

Forthwith the flame leaped higher than ever flame leaped before. It played for a moment about a ham, and smoked it thoroughly; then, fastening on the woodwork above the chimney-corner, flashed full into a blaze. The labourer ran for help, while his wife, a timid woman with three small children, overturned two pails of water on the floor and set the beer-tap running. This done, she hurried, wringing her hands, to the door, and threw it wide open. The sudden draught of air did more mischief than all Nick's malice, and fanned him into quite a conflagration. He danced upon the rafters, melted a pewter-pot and a pat of butter, licked up the beer, and was just making his way towards the bedroom, when through the thatch and down the chimney came a rush of water. This arrested his progress for the moment; and before he could recover himself, a second and a third discharge from the enemy completed his discomfiture. Reduced ere long to one blue flame, and entirely surrounded by a wall of wet ashes, Nick sat and smouldered; while the good-natured neighbours did their best to remedy the mishap,—saved a small remnant of beer, assured the labourer that his landlord was certain to do the repairs, and observed that the ham would "eat beautiful."

Our hero now had leisure for reflection. His situation precluded all hope of doing farther mischief; and the disagreeable conviction kept forcing itself upon his mind that, after all, he had caused more injury to himself than to any of his neighbours. He remembered, too, how contemptuously the fairy woman had looked and spoken, and wondered how he could ever have expected to enjoy her gift. Then it occurred to him that if he merely studied his own advantage without trying to annoy other people, perhaps his persecutor might be propitiated; so he began thinking over all his acquaintances, their fortunes and misfortunes, and having weighed well their several claims on his preference, ended by wishing himself the rich old man who lived in a handsome house just beyond the turnpike. In this wish he burned out.

The last glimmer had scarcely died away, when Nick found himself in a bed hung round with faded curtains, and occupying the centre of a large room. A night-lamp burning on the chimney-piece just enabled him to discern a few shabby old articles of furniture, a scanty carpet, and some writing materials on a table. These looked somewhat dreary; but for his comfort he felt an inward consciousness of a goodly money-chest stowed away under his bed, and of sundry precious documents hidden in a secret cupboard in the wall.

So he lay very cosily, and listened to the clock ticking, the mice squeaking, and the house-dog barking down below. This was, however, but a drowsy occupation; and he soon bore witness to its somniferous influence by sinking into a fantastic dream about his money-chest. First it was broken open, then shipwrecked, then burned; lastly, some men in masks, whom he knew instinctively to be his own servants, began dragging it away. Nick started up, clutched hold of something in the dark, found his dream true, and the next moment was stretched on the floor—lifeless, yet not insensible—by a heavy blow from a crowbar.

The men now proceeded to secure their booty, leaving our hero where he fell. They carried off the chest, broke open and ransacked the secret closet, overturned the furniture to make sure that no hiding-place of treasure escaped them, and at length, whispering together, left the room. Nick felt quite discouraged by his ill success, and now entertained only one wish—that he were himself again. Yet even this wish gave him some anxiety; for he feared that if the servants returned and found him in his original shape they might take him for a spy, and murder him in downright earnest. While he lay thus cogitating, two of the men reappeared bearing a shutter and some tools. They

lifted him up, laid him on the shutter, and carried him out of the room, down the backstairs, through a long vaulted passage, into the open air. No word was spoken; but Nick knew they were going to bury him.

An utter horror seized him, while at the same time he felt a strange consciousness that his hair would not stand on end because he was dead. The men set him down, and began in silence to dig his grave. It was soon ready to receive him; they threw the body roughly in, and cast upon it the first shovelful of earth.

But the moment of deliverance had arrived. His wish suddenly found vent in a prolonged unearthly yell. Damp with evening dew, pale as death, and shivering from head to foot, he sat bolt upright, with large staring eyes and chattering teeth. The murderers, in mortal fear, cast down their tools, plunged deep into a wood hard by, and were never heard of more.

Under cover of night Nick made the best of his way home, silent and pondering. Next morning he gave Giles Hodge a rare tulip-root, with full directions for rearing it; he sent the doctor's wife a Persian cat twice the size of her lost pet; the labourer's cottage was repaired, his window glazed, and his beer-barrel replaced by unknown agency; and when a vague rumour reached the village that the miser was dead, that his ghost had been heard bemoaning itself, and that all his treasures had been carried off, our hero was one of the few persons who did not say, "And served him right, too."

Finally, Nick was never again heard to utter a wish.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

THERE WAS NE'ER ENOUGH WHAR NAETHING WAS LEFT (Scotch).—When all is eaten up, it is a token that the commons were but short. "There is not enough, if there's not too much" (French).—*Assez n'y a, si trop n'y a.* Beaumarchais makes Figaro utter this pretty hyperbole about love, which has also become a proverb, "Too much is not enough,"—*Trop n'est pas assez.* W. K. KELLY.

ITALIAN GIRL KNITTING.

By MAGNI OF MILAN.

It is very much the custom in Italy, as in all countries where the people depend mainly upon agriculture for a subsistence, that the females of a household should employ themselves in knitting for the benefit of their more active relatives, whose avocations call them out of doors—in field, farm, or vineyard work. While a girl is yet too young to go abroad with her father or brethren, as we lately saw in Mr. Eagles's "Il Ritorno della Contadina," she sits at the cottage-door or in the chimney-corner knitting assiduously, listens to the querulousness of the infirm and aged grandparents; overlooks the boisterous romping of the juniors, keeping them out of mischief; or, if in a lone house, prepares the labourer's meal, and afterwards takes it a-field at noon.

If she dwells in a mountain cottage, built of stone and mossed over, held by the family from immemorial time (that is, immemorial to them), she may sit on a rock before the door under the vine-arbour, and see far below the droves of black and long-horned cattle tumultuously rush along the distant roads on the Campagna, above which hangs a purple haze from dawn till night; or behold the solitary traveller far off creep along mile after mile over the seemingly endless, dusky, and sullen plain that has presented to him day by day the same flat unchanging horizon, till at last he hails delightedly the mountain land upon whose very front, perhaps, may be discovered, while yet a thousand feet below, the glittering white walls of the cottage, brilliant against a belt of sombre pines upon the hill above.

L. L.



ITALIAN GIRL KNITTING. BY MAGNI OF MILAN.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX.

A STORY OF THE SHAFTESBURY PLOT.

By G. W. THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER II.

THE STAG AT BAY.

It was scarcely more than eight o'clock; the dew still lay gray upon the grass, over which they cantered, laughing and singing, beneath the tall trees, some of which were already destined for the axe. The wind had arisen, and seemed chasing the shadows before them, as the quick slant sunbeams coursed over their path, swift and silent as if scared by the sound of the horses' hoofs. The birds hushed their song too as they approached, or flew with startled notes down the hedges. The rabbits leaped away amid the furze; and the hare limped off over the long bare fallow.

After a time, turning to the right from the avenue, they entered a long sandy lane, shut in with hedges; and from thence, over a high upland of downs, on to the edge of the covert, which was their destination. Before them lay a broad country, of dark plough-land, green meadows, and wheat stubble. The horizon stretched far away, like a broad purple sea, amid which the white farms lay like white-sailed

barks, the spires cutting the sky-line like the tapering mast of some huge craft the hull of which escaped the eye.

The morning was fresh and bright, and the wind piped merrily amid the tangled rigging of the dwarf oaks that edged the covert within which lay the wild stag, whose doom was already decided. Overhead the white piles of clouds floated like ships under a press of sail through a glassy sea of blue, which turned here and there to amber, as if washing the roots of some golden island as yet out of sight.

Many were the greetings that met the ears of the party. "Good morning, Sir Robert; and how's the rheumatism?" "Pretty Mistress Mabel, all the pleasures of summer attend you." Or it was, "Sir Robert Darcy, I greet you well; and, Miss Mabel, the summer's sun smile on you." Or, "Brave Sir Robert, well met on this glorious anniversary." And Sir Robert flung out his hands to them all, and sang, and shouted, and quoted proverbs, and talked of Edgehill; while Mabel looked at her glove-buttons, and played with her whip, and smiled, and darted arch looks, and won half a dozen hearts, and sent home old gouty justices—those at least who were bachelors—to drink her health, after the third bottle, from a jack-boot, and with other fantastic feats of gallantry now very justly passed into oblivion. And as the party, every moment gathering in number, the riders not merely in scarlet,—for they were chiefly old officers,—but in all de-

scriptions of gay colours, cantered up, rode along lanes and past farms, slowly following the huntsman as he moved forwards to the second cover, it was an exhilarating sight to see the children run out, and comely maidens in straw-hats, throwing flickering latticed shadows over their pretty sun-burnt faces, hurry to open the gate, with a "God save ye, gentlemen, and send you good sport!" and none without a special greeting for Mabel, who would stop behind for a moment with all sorts of kind inquiries after bedridden grandmothers and crippled fathers, and then gallop off to join her impatient father, or some old Cavalier-gallant with a long black patch saddling his nose, from whose long-winded compliments she had broken, perhaps, somewhat abruptly. But though none felt more keenly than Mabel the charm of the sportsman's expectation, she had been dowered with a sense of many pleasures more subtle though less palpable.

That summer-morning her imagination, though she never wrote a verse in her life, and certainly had as yet not read many (for such beings as poets had no part to play in Mr. Wilson's gloomy cosmogony), was filled with sounds and senses that hurried in mingled sweetness through her mind, leaving no image, but merely a vibration of music but just suspended, or that perfume of Paradise that surrounds us when we wake slowly from a dream of unattainable happiness.

She heard the larks singing in clusters as they stormed heaven's gate, or tried to outrun the returning sunbeam, or to nestle in that low white cloud that, all brightness itself, overshadowed their nests, and then, drunk with the madness of song, fell back from the sun they could not reach with all their ceaseless strivings. She marked with no straining effort,—for her love of nature was a beautiful uneducated instinct,—the vast striding shadows passing over the young wheat as if they were wandering round the world; every sound of the wind was full to her of unformed words, and music hinted at sweeter than was ever heard on earth; and she laughed as the butterfly hovered round her cheek as if he took it for some rare flower. Then with a pretty pettishness she would beat her glove with her whip, and say: "Forsooth, this stag is very slow in rousing;" and the next minute, remembering a scrap of the Horace-lesson of the morning, would hum it to the old French air of "La Vendange."

"I don't like your cursed French words," said a horse-dealer, who was heaping a lover's praises on a certain 'bit of a mare,' and almost persuading Sir Robert into a purchase; "and I don't like the people, or none of their lingo."

"Give us 'My father was born before me;' that's the tune, Mabel," said Sir Robert; "and don't buzz in that way, like a bee in a bottle, but out with it; for zounds, there's no one here with so pretty a pipe."

"Fie, father! what, before all the field? And besides, 'My father was born before me' is a jig; and I only know minuet tunes."

"I think, by the plenitude of this solar light," said an old brother-soldier riding up at this moment, and shaking Sir Robert ferociously by the hand, "as we used to say at court, I never saw this little lady of thine look so charming."

Mabel, who had, of course unconsciously, just turned her head to watch a lark rising, now suddenly flirted round, and greeted the old friend with girlish warmth; for in those days cold prudery was not thought a necessary voucher for maidenly purity.

"Ah, ah! Tom, none of thy old court compliment, or you'll turn her giddy head. 'Tis a pretty thing enough," he said, fondly chucking his daughter under the chin, just as if she was a foal he was buying; "and these roses don't lose their colour in a shower like a court-madam's."

"Stars and planets!" whispered a young bystander to the horse-dealer; "but the Whigs of Oxfordshire can show nothing like that."

"Kick me," said the horse-dealer, rather disgusted with Sir Robert, who had broken off on hearing the filly was by the Troutbeck runner out of Rapid Jack; "you should see

Miss Lucy Bellsizes! why, she'll drive her father's coach-and-six full gallop round Compton Park."

"Well, but I thought—"

"Well, there was something unpleasant about young Churchill."

But we leave their conversation to return to stout Sir Robert, who, affable, a good boon companion, a brave old soldier, a sound Tory, and above all, what was of more consequence in such a company, a superb rider, whom no fatigue—even now in his sixtieth year—could weary, and no fence daunt, was already surrounded by a dozen friends. Never before was seen such pulling at gloves, and shaking of hands, and touching of whips, mingled with such curses at straggling dogs and jibbing horses.

"Quite a stranger, Sir Robert; and your fair daughter here, I vow, a complete vestal. Is Crow's Nest turned into a nunnery?" said a stiff-throated gentleman in spectacles, rather leaning to the Whig persuasion, and no very cordial friend in consequence of Sir Robert, whom, however, he respected as of gentle blood and an old stock,—almost as old as his own,—for proud men do not like a prouder race. "We saw nothing of you at the race-ball; and there was Lady Wildfire running every where to find this charming young lady here. Are you growing precise, eh, Sir Robert, eh?"

"Reasons, Mr. Wildfire, reasons. Mabel was not unwilling," he chuckled, "to go, you may bet a jacobus. Egad, when you find a Darcy quarrel with mince-pies and plum-porridge, and rail at custard, hang him for a d—d Trimmer; he's none of those fellows who won't sit down to eat a stolen goose, but nevertheless trot off snuffing a psalm on a stolen mare, as Tribulation Barebottle does in the play. Do you remember what Rabelais says?"

"Now don't quote that naughty book, there's a good papa," said Mabel, laying her hand gently on his.

"That's where it is; this daughter of mine won't let me have my own way; she rules me like the Associations did the seven counties. Is that old knave Troutbeck here to-day?" he said, abruptly turning with a frown upon his honest face to the stiff-necked friend, who had dismounted to tighten his saddle. "What? I can't hear what you say with your head under that flap."

"Mr. Troutbeck, I hear, has gone with sixty of his tenantry, armed back and breast, to meet the Earl of Shaftesbury, who is coming at the head of four thousand men of the London Protestant club to attend Charles Stuart at the Oxford parliament, that opens to-morrow; and pray God we be preserved from Popery and bloodshed."

"And a pretty way to prevent it, to let old Tony bring down his clubmen, with their cursed blue ribbons and leather lungs, to shout down all good men who love God and the Church of England. And harkee here, Mr. Wildfire; you're of a good old family, and have suffered as I have for the right, but to prevent quarrelling, pray call the king the king, and not Charles Stuart."

"And may I also beg of you, Sir Robert Darcy," said the Trimmer, with a starched smile, "to denominate that true Protestant the Earl of Shaftesbury by his full cognomen of Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury?"

"What!" said Sir Robert Darcy, digging his spurs in his horse, and pulling him almost on his haunches, just to give vent to his indignation. "What! Anthony Ashley Cooper Earl of Shaftesbury and his gracious Majesty in one breath! Out upon it, if I wouldn't lay him by the heels, and Oates too, and the whole of the crew! There, there, there, Mabel, never mind me. Egad, it sends the blood to my head, and fills me full of those old songs; for what does the old proverb say? 'He is a fool who cannot be angry.' And he broke out, much to Mr. Wildfire's indignation, with

"Farewell, Say and Seale, and hey,

Farewell, Say and Seale, and ho,

And those sons of Ayman

Shall hang as high as Haman,

With the old Anabaptists they came on,

With a hey trolly lolly ho."

"He's a fool who cannot be angry," he growled again.

"But he's a wise man who will not," said a merry voice, as a horseman rode up and took Sir Robert's hand; "and there's a proverb clenched. In these times," he said, whispering in his friend's ear, "we want plaisters and not blisters; even a brave man should not wilfully offend his enemies. Here's a mutual friend here you little expect; let me introduce you."

But before Sir Robert could clap his merry-eyed but prudential friend upon the back, a clump of horsemen, rather more soberly dressed than the other gallants of the field, and some of whom had had their backs turned to Sir Robert, broke up as he approached, and, to the utter astonishment of all, Mr. Troutbeck and his son were the leaders of the troop.

But as these two nonconformist gentlemen are likely to play a somewhat important part in our story, we will interrupt the scene for a moment, even at this critical period, to describe the new actors who have just entered abruptly on the stage.

The elder of the two, who was clad in a sombre coat, unadorned by lace, except on the cuffs, was a morose-looking sallow man of about fifty, who, disliked by the world, had consoled his pride by turning round and hating mankind upon strict Calvinistic principles. His eyes were hard and cold, his features had no life or pliability, and his mouth was drawn down by habitual melancholy. In stature he was tall and thin, and stooped slightly, as if from long sedentary habits. If report was true, Mr. Troutbeck was a dangerous man, an enemy of the Government, a member of many secret societies; and his enemies said, even of the notorious "Calves' Head Club,"—a club that, among Tories of this age, had acquired as disgraceful a notoriety as the noted Hell-Fire Club did among quiet people of a century later. He was said to be a correspondent of Shaftesbury, a leader of the disaffected of the county, an attendant at secret conventicles, and an applauder even of the bloody tenets of the Fifth-Monarchy men. To add to the incongruities of his character, although in his own county cold, reserved, and difficult of access, he was said to be a sociable visitor of the London coffee-houses, an occasional attendant at court, one who knew Algernon Sidney, and attended the meetings of the Royal Society. Sir Robert he looked upon as a decaying gentleman, hardly worth regard, but for the oldness of his family,—a claim which his pride acknowledged, although with some reluctance.

But gray November and golden June are not more dissimilar than this unloving plotting sire and his son, who rode beside him, not on that pale horse that made the peasantry call his sire Father Death, but on a chestnut stallion, full of fire, and curveting in all the measured antics of the *manège*. He was a frank-looking open-browed young man, of some five and twenty; clear-eyed, and with a slightly sarcastic smile always playing round his mouth, which was yet firm and clamped at the corners, matching a full and prominent chin. He was rather pale, and the red had retreated a little to the centre of his cheek; his crisp brown moustaches were twisted up from the lip. He wore no wig; but his thick clustering hair fell in dark masses on to his shoulders, almost hiding the plain broad lace-folds of the snowy Steenkirk, that contrasted with the deep green of his velvet hunting-coat. His broad-brimmed hat was ribboned with green; his high boots, and heavy hunting-sword with its silver hilt hanging from a purple fringed sword-belt, gave him more the character of a Cavalier than a young Whig huntsman.

As the gentlemen raised their hats, with a few short cold greetings and stiff salutes, a keen observer might have observed that Mabel slightly coloured, and grew suddenly anxious to disentangle a knot in Black Jack's mane; while the young man's eyes turned towards her, and rested there, as if rather by instinct than will.

"I had heard you were gone to attend this meeting at Oxford," said Mr. Troutbeck to Sir Robert; "for we coted by the way two gentlemen from the court, who asked us the

nearest way to Crow's Nest; but I heard them say, as they rode off, there was not much chance of your not being a Trimmer, for they heard that you kept a nonconformist chaplain, and had ceased going to the race-balls."

"And I heard," said Sir Robert, much elated by the news, and cutting the air with his whip, at the bare thought of turning Trimmer, "that you had ridden to join Tony and his 'prentices, to go and shout 'No Popery' with our good king's bastard."

"We ride a troop of sixty," said Troutbeck, drawing himself up to his full length; "and join the earl at the cross-road by Williton; boot and saddle after dinner, and a few Protestant toasts."

"One fool makes many," that's all I say," said Sir Robert; "and you may take it to snuff if you like,—you, or any man. If the old days of buff and Cavalier come again, if I won't melt down every spoon, ay, and my lady's silver fan here present; egad, and pawn my last acre, and cut down my last oak too, for the good old cause. And though I haven't three hundred men at my back, as I once had, before Whiggery ate into my land, I can still mount half a dozen; and half a dozen true men can make twenty Round-heads,—don't take offence,—turn tail; for blood and heart is not lost with fields and farms, no, nor bought with them; and your paltry Grecian pillars, what are they to an old avenue that no man can buy?"

"I don't come here to quarrel," said Mr. Troutbeck, his lips whitening with rage; for a dozen Tory gentlemen were laughing round him, to hear what they called 'Sir Robert's ballragging the old mummy of a Whig;' "but my door can be found at any time by any friend of yours."

"A challenge, a challenge!" roared a dozen squires' voices. There was no knowing what might have happened, for the two parties were beginning to knot and pair, when a loud blast of a horn was heard; and the next moment, half a mile distant, a stag of ten was seen for a moment crashing through a low bushy copse, and the next breaking out across the champaign country beyond, with a few of the foremost hounds hard at his heels. In an instant the disputants forgot their feud,—forgot king, crown, covenant, and Whiggery,—and galloped off like mounted demoniacs in the direction of the yelp, that came by starts upon the wind. Not the last among them was Sir Robert, restored in a moment to perfect serenity and happiness, leaving Mabel, if she could not reach his side,—which she generally did,—to follow, guarded by Roger, whose watchful eye never lost sight of her for a moment; although, when he heard Sir Robert at words with the "old Whig," he had, it must be confessed, pushed into the ring, to strike a blow again beside his old master if the need came.

Conspicuous in the flight was the horse-dealer, driving his steed at extravagant leaps in order to show its mettle and enhance its price, although with great probability of breaking its neck before he achieved a sale. "The pace is too fast for music," old Roger said, when he saw Mabel's cheek glow with excitement as she cleared a hedge like a swallow, and joined him in the charge. Behind them old Troutbeck and a few of the staid men could be seen following at a leisurely pace, rather like spectators than abettors of the sport. Above all sounded Sir Robert's horn, cheering on the dogs, and urging them to the attack with all the energy of the old soldier.

Young Troutbeck rode moodily beside his father, his laced cocked-hat drawn over his eyes, appearing, from frequent whispers, to be restrained from joining in the chase; but fate destined him, however unexpectedly, an important share in this day's achievement. The stag, cut off from escape in the direction of the Troutbeck woods, "took to soil," as hunters call it, in a small stream which wound amid the sloping meadows some six miles distant. The Troutbeck party, striking across the country, to be in, if possible, at the death without fatiguing their horses by the chase,—for they had other work on hand,—were among the first who arrived at the water, where the stag of force, with

sweeping antlers, of ten tines at least, was standing at bay, eyeing the furious and baffled dogs that lined the river-bank.

In an instant the Troutbecks, and a few stragglers who had now joined them, leapt from their horses, many of them, especially one fat justice, at the great risk of never mounting again; for getting off a horse, if you are at all of the Falstaff build, is something like abdication, a difficult thing to retract.

"Make in at him," cried half a dozen voices; but no one seemed inclined to be either drowned or gored.

"I care not a straw for a stag on dry land," said the horse-dealer, who had come to display his horse, not his courage; "but I can't abide them cattle on that *terra infirma*."

"What's this, what's this,—a camp-meeting?" said Sir Robert with a sneer, as he burst into the ring, having been delayed by a stirrup-leather breaking, and saw their checkmated position. "Swim in, and prick him out with your sword, and never mind the old woman's saying,

'If thou be hurt with horn of hart, it brings thee to thy bier;

But barber's hand will boar's hurt heal, therefore thou needst not fear.'

A man who has got four inches of fat on his brisket can't be hurt very much by a prog with a buck's horn. Here goes, man!" and Sir Robert was actually tugging at his immense jack-boots in order to wade into the stream with less impediment to free action, when the deer, with a furious splash, scramble, and bound, leapt upon the bank, escaped a dozen blows of hunting-swords made at it, gored one dog, trampled another, and galloped off not a hair the worse, dripping as it went, and tossing its broad antlers as if in scornful delight at its triumph.

This time young Troutbeck was something more than a spectator. Stung by Sir Robert's taunts, which Mabel had heard,—for she had by this time joined the baffled party,—and vexed by a fall which he received from his foot slipping on the moist clay of the bank just as he cut at the fierce and dangerous prey, he had even been foolish enough to be offended at the horse-dealer, who had laughed and whispered to a friend, as if implying that the fall was well-timed. But the horse-dealer, being of a cold temper and essentially prudent, stammered out a hasty apology, and slunk off for fear of any further quarrel. In a moment the young horseman's brain was fired with the thought of a disgrace with which he now imagined himself, in the fumes of his pride, to be forever tainted. In a moment, with his untired horse, he had distanced Sir Robert, and was close upon the heels of the stag, and some distance before the huntsman. Three dogs, staunch and swift, had already "set him up" at the foot of a withered fir that, barked and bleached, stood like a skeleton at the entrance of a grassy glade. Troutbeck tried at first to gallop in roundly, but was afraid of hurting the hounds that were trying to get at his throat. A noble spectacle of courage under adversity was that royal stag, his dark dun hair steaming, his eye glaring, his foot spurning the turf, as he stood beneath that withered tree, with his face firm set against a world of foes, hope cut off, yet still heart-whole and undaunted; round him, like so many creditors round a debtor in sanctuary, barked the hounds. One tawny-muzzled dog of more than usual courage lay with its nose between its paws waiting for an opportunity; the rest yelped, howled, and raved, while keeping at a prudent distance from the sweep of those terrible antlers, already tipped here and there with crimson.

In a moment the deer broke through the dogs, and making at Troutbeck, tore his horse's side close to his thigh. This escape made him more wary, desperate as he was; for he heard the hunt rapidly approaching, with Sir Robert at their head, fretting at being outridden by a "whining young Whig." Firm, and of ready apprehension, the young huntsman leapt from his wounded horse, tied him by the bridle to a neighbouring tree; then cheering the dogs to a rush, so as for a moment to draw the deer from the pine-trunk that protected him, he leapt in and ham-

strung him with a single sweep of his heavy hunting-sword, then leaping on his back, cut his throat with a second blow from a hand as sure as it was quick.

When the first rider came up, and Sir Robert had sounded the mort, or death-signal, they found Troutbeck bestriding the fallen deer that still quivered with life. His hat had fallen off, and his hair blew over his eyes. One hand held the red hunting-knife, and the other, dripping with blood, held the antlers in its firm grasp. The Whig party were loud in exultation at the bravery of their young hero; the Tories loud in depreciation of his rashness at the hazard. Some shouted applause and waved their hats; others whipped off the hounds and shrugged their shoulders. Sir Robert wound his horn to summon stragglers, and said nothing.

"Wasn't it bravely done?" said Mabel, putting her hand on his shoulder, as her father drew somewhat back from the exulting crowd, that pressed to shake hands and congratulate the young huntsman, who was examining his horse's side with great anxiety.

"Pretty well for a Whig," said Sir Robert testily, turning away his head; "but, 'zooks, the thing's done every day.

'We're not the only person durst
Attempt this province, or the first.'

Don't go shouting in that way, Roger, as if you'd the falling-sickness. Haven't you seen me do this very thing a score of times; besides, didn't Swapem tell us the young psalm-singer slipped down at the brook to escape goring. 'All's well that ends well,' is true enough; but 'Well begun, is half done,' is truer still. I say the lad's no mettle, and hasn't ridden to-day as a gentleman should; slinking about like a schoolboy at his old father's back, who's as black-hearted an old Puritan as ever sat on the bench."

"You lie," said a low stern voice behind them. It was Troutbeck himself. "It is not for this slander alone that I demand satisfaction," said Mr. Troutbeck, leaping from his horse, and calmly drawing his sword, "but for a growing insolence, that I see nothing but blood-letting can cure."

"It shall never be said that a Darcy was slow at that game," said Sir Robert, giving his horse to Roger, and bidding him ride home with Mabel, who neither screamed nor swooned, but clung to her father's arm, and in a low voice poured passionate entreaties into his ears.

"There, there, girl! Now, for God's sake, don't disgrace me. I know you would be an orphan; but still I cannot let my name be stained for twenty times worse than that; and there's your uncle at Paris, and he's an old man. Mr. Troutbeck, I'm at your disposal. We need scarcely measure swords; we're too old for such fencing-school tricks. The sun is in neither's favour, and we're both in boots—a plague on 'em. Room, gentlemen, room!"

By this time the whole hunt were around them, wrangling, encouraging. "There's always been bad blood between them, and there was with their fathers before them," said one. "A cold-blooded upstart," said the Tories; "a proud old ribald," said the Whigs.

"I claim the privilege of meeting Sir Robert Darcy," said young Troutbeck, putting his hand on the shining blade of his father's sword; "the insult was to me."

"I have already told Sir Robert," said his father sternly, "that I draw my sword to avenge twenty years of foul-mouthed insolence, and not the mere petulance of a baffled huntsman."

"D'ye hear that," said Sir Robert, beating the ground with his foot. "Adzooks, and haven't I been outwitted of my land, gentlemen, acre after acre, by this old plotting fox—my patrimony torn from me by crafty deeds."

"Lead the lady away, my son," said Mr. Troutbeck. "This is no sight for women's eyes; and we may not both go hence alive. There shall be one enemy of liberty less on the earth to-night, if God nerve this arm."

"Don't let him touch her," said Sir Robert furiously. "A Roundhead shall never come near a daughter of mine."

Roger, take home my daughter. Mabel, God's blessing on thee!"

Before she could reply, the duel had begun. Mr. Troutbeck, contrary to expectation, fought impetuously; and Sir Robert coolly and contemptuously, parrying with careless ease a succession of furious and hasty lunges, scarcely seeming to be willing to risk an attack on a thinner and more active man till he was in some degree wearied out.

The audience grew red-faced with shouting applause as Whig or Tory effected a thrust or parry of unusual dexterity. On a sudden Sir Robert assumed the aggressive, put in three swift thrusts, and then, receiving a slight flesh wound in driving off his enemy's sword, passed his blade through the fleshy part of his adversary's shoulder, who, staggering back, stumbled against a molehill, and fell heavily to the ground, amidst roars of approval from Sir Robert's Tory friends.

"My old trick, my old trick," said Sir Robert. "I knew I should have him. A Whig is never prepared for a new move; and that last stoccato of his was weakly put in." As the crowd of friends were gathering round the fallen man to see if he was able to renew the combat, a richly-dressed horseman came up puffing and blowing, his arms working, and his whole bearing full of full-blown bustle and importance; while a thin sallow ferret-faced man rode on a small pony close at his side, with a blue bag swollen with papers dangling like panniers on either side.

"Quite against the law, gentlemen," said the country justice; for such was the new arrival.

"3d Elizabeth, cap. 36," whispered the clerk.

"3d and 4th Elizabeth cap. 56 is against you, gentlemen," said the justice courageously; "and I must beg you to disperse. Sir Robert, I am astonished to see a gentleman of your years. Mr. Troutbeck, a person of your gravity,—you surprise me. Do not compel me, do not accelerate me into reading the Riot Act."

"3d and 4th James I."

"Eh, what? O yes, 3d and 4th James I., I am informed—"

"And 2d Car. I."

"And 2d Car. I. prohibit all riotous assemblies, and make all such gatherings treasonable. Don't drive me, gentlemen, to sign a mittimus."

"There's no occasion for statute-law," said Mr. Troutbeck, as the crowd opened and showed him pale and with his arm bound up; "nor any of your exertion of arbitrary and tyrannical power. I cannot lift my sword again to-day; but there'll come a time—there'll come a time." And so saying, he rose, assisted by his son, mounted his horse, and rode slowly in the direction of Troutbeck.

"One less for old Tony's procession," said Sir Robert, bursting into *Hudibras*:

"Alas, what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron."

But he drew it on himself, and was never a good neighbour. I'm sorry, though, I decried the young fellow's stroke; 'twas well done: but never mind. Now Roger, join in the chorus:

"A hound and a hawk no longer
Shall be tokens of disaffection;
A cock fight shall cease
To be breach of the peace,
And a horse-race an insurrection."

"Allow me to congratulate you, Sir Robert," cried a horseman, advancing from the crowd, "on your success over the old Whig, as I hear he is. I have seen something of sword-play, but never saw a thrust in tierce better put in. I am the bearer of a message from his grace the Duke of York; and I and my companion here, Colonel Claverhouse, having sought you at Crow's Nest, found you were out hunting, and came on hither. I am Mr. Churchill of the Second Life Guards. Allow me to introduce to you Colonel Claverhouse, just arrived from putting down disturbances in Scotland, and who is dying to be acquainted with so well known and gallant an officer as Sir Robert Darcy."

CÆSAR WITHIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SYDNEY FIELDING," ETC.

THERE is a distinctive peculiarity about really great natures which causes them always to wear an aspect victorious. Amidst whatever strokes of misfortune or affliction may chequer the course of their lives, they are always self-possessed, amiable, and invincible. And this does not spring from the indifference of apathy, or a careless and unreasoning defiance of fate; but from a noble patience and philosophic heroism, which rise superior to chance and circumstance, and take from even the bitterest reverses a warning and a stimulation. In such persons is manifested the finest development of human nature, a maturity of moral growth, a perfect manliness.

The distinction stands apart from what we are accustomed to speak of as "special gifts," and indeed arises not only from moral excellences, but very frequently owes much of its existence to physical advantages. Where the distinction exhibits itself in a purely moral form, and without the auxiliary of physical perfections, it is so much the more grand and notable. Talent and genius are not its necessary accessories; it is as much exemplified amongst those who climb the mountain's side with dire plodding and labour, as amongst the lucky ones who, with pinions like the immortals, arrive at the summit by easy and brilliant flights.

O, happy they who possess this enviable constitution! who, amidst all vicissitudes and trials, rise superior to despondency and despair, and nobly maintain the Cæsar of self-possession enthroned within! who, beneath the bitterest strokes of misfortune and disappointment, can still support a sweet temper and a hopeful and unconquerable spirit, and lead their own captivity captive!

But alas, how few of us possess this strong and robust moral health! How few among us who do not find the evils of the passing days almost more than they can bear! Were it not for that merciful provision which causes us to forget our sorrows, to awake to each succeeding day with new thoughts and feelings, how intolerable this life would be to the great majority of mankind! Worthy old Sir Thomas Browne has wisely remarked in his beautiful *Religio Medici*:

"Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us."

Is not this true of the generality of people? Do we not find our sorrows heart-breaking and unbearable at first, and do they not soon pass away, leaving "but short smart upon us?" Do we not groan beneath every calamity that falls to our lot, imagine it to be a special trial, believe that all incentive to further exertion is crushed within us, and yet, a few days later, upon the slightest lucky turn, are we not ready to smile and declare that all is for the best? The cruel reverses that bowed us to the earth last year, do we not find it possible to regard them with equanimity now, and indeed feel ourselves quite unable to recal the acuteness of suffering that overwhelmed us then? The melancholy Cowper wrote,

"The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have pass'd away."

And surely if the poet—at once one of the most gifted and melancholy of men—could enjoy the deliverance that each to-morrow yields to its yesterday, those more happily constituted should never repine.

Again, the worthy Sir Thomas Browne remarks:

"To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses, not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions."

True, indeed; and if we could only bear well in mind the transitory nature of all things in this life, and what will

form its inevitable termination—to all alike, to Dives as well as Lazarus—it would help us to acquire that dignity of temperament alluded to—an unceasing faith and trust in the omnipotent wisdom of the great Governor of the universe, and the inseparable accompaniments, patience, courage, and self-respect. For, as every man's thoughts and speculations are turned to that region of hope, the future, some of them must necessarily extend to the life beyond the present; and they are the best and the greatest among us who can calmly front and steer through the troubles and crosses of this world, fortified by the sweet and heroic virtues of the Christian, and by the glorious promise of the Christian's faith.

One of the most touching stories of patience, industry, and undaunted struggles with incessant and multiplying difficulties ever known, has lately been presented to the world in the *Memoirs of Charlotte Brontë* and her sisters. The whole great heart of society has been set throbbing by the most solemn and affecting narrative contained in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. What a series of pictures it presents from first to last, the whole culminating in interest, peculiarity, and power to touch the heart, until the catastrophe actually wrings the soul with agony! And all the while the moral of the book, of the lives it portrays, is of the highest order, illustrating, almost in every page, the beauty and dignity of some of the foremost Christian virtues. Amidst all the records of their cheerless home, their domestic miseries, their constitutional afflictions, their poverty, their many attempts to improve their position, their many disheartening failures, their patience, energy, and persistence, until at length success was won, but not, alas, until the grave was yawning for the tenderly-constituted heroines,—amidst all, the Brontë sisters rise and shine, through all defects, like spirits of virtue and genius. The world bows its head, and does sincere and loving homage before the youthful and much-tried trio. Never was the beauty of patience, industry, and persistence in duty more finely exemplified, than in the lives of these young ladies, at once strangely gifted and strangely afflicted.

The biography of Robert Hall is another fine story of a brave and heroic soul leading a life of ardent devotion to duty, amidst difficulties and afflictions the severest and bitterest. He, too, stands grandly up, amidst all the dark and painful features of his story, his gaze on high, his footsteps for ever in the difficult narrow path,—Cæsar enthroned within—his own captivity led captive.

Melancholy, despair, indulgence in grief, cowardice and weakness beneath affliction or misfortune, are nearly allied to sins; and, indeed, if severely and acutely examined, will be found to bear some relationship to blasphemy, as implying a censure of Providence, and a denial of the wisdom and mercy of God. We are here not for our own sakes alone, not to promote our own comfort and indulge our own feelings alone; but, in our course of probation, to render all the allegiance in our power to the grand attributes of our faith, to offer due homage to the Creator and Saviour by a worthy and useful ordering of our lives, and by doing our utmost to serve our fellow-creatures. I have observed that the happiest people in the world are generally those who are most useful in their sphere, who are always ready to do a neighbour a good turn, and also that such people invariably evince as much sagacity of mind as kindness of heart.

Among the many noble contributions of Addison to the *Spectator*, there is a paper on "Cheerfulness," in which the subject is so beautifully, so loftily treated, that one's mind is more refreshed, elevated, and encouraged by reading it, than by listening to a score of sermons:

"An inward cheerfulness," says the great essayist, "is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine will in His conduct towards man. A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he

looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally rise in the mind, when it reflects on this, its entrance into eternity; when it takes a view of those improvable faculties which, in a few years, and even at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness. The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive. . . . We find ourselves every where upheld by His goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being whose power qualifies Him to make us happy by an infinity of means; whose goodness and truth engage Him to make those happy who desire it of Him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity. Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us; and establish in us such an even and cheerful temper as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please."

Let the timorous and despondent read these fine and vividly-expressed thoughts, and take heart again. They form but a fragment of the essay; and though they are by no means the best,—there being a rare equality of merit throughout the whole performance,—they are good specimens, and, we trust, will tempt the reader to study the composition in its entire form for his own pleasure and profit. All the compositions of Addison teem with this bright and wholesome philosophy. We rejoice in the surety of their immortality, in the certainty that our posterity, generation after generation, will profit by them; they are calculated so expressly to strengthen, ennoble, and sweeten the nature of every reader, and they are written so pleasantly, and yet with so much force, that few who read can fail to lay them to heart. Addison himself was one of the most beautiful characters that ever trod this earth,—a true Christian gentleman, genial and elevated, through every phase of his life, in every line his genius prompted. And be it remembered, that he—this cheerful and placid one—no more escaped his trials and sorrows than his fellow-creatures; but amidst them all, however severe and bitter, he always turned a serene and hopeful face to the world. His career was one of constant vicissitudes of fortune up to the few last years of it; but the self-respect and dignity of the Christian gentleman never failed him. When, in 1710, upon the overthrow of the Whigs, and the accession of the Tories to power, he suddenly found himself deprived of place and pension, and at a time when he had just suffered large pecuniary losses,—and when, moreover, he stood most in need of fortune's favours to promote his suit with the Countess Dowager of Warwick,—he quietly accepted his fate, and turned his thoughts upon procuring a subsistence by his old profession of tutor.

"He told his friends," writes Macaulay, "with smiling resignation, that they ought to admire his philosophy; that he had lost at once his fortune, his place, his fellowship, and his mistress; that he must think of turning tutor again, and yet that his spirits were as good as ever."

Most notably he was one of those who can lead their own captivity captive; who could, under whatever straits, be Cæsar unto himself.

Especially to young men,—and, above all, to those whose maintenance through life will depend upon their own labours,—should the cultivation of a spirit of self-reliance and unflinching trust in Providence be recommended. Disappointments and reverses fall to every lot. Nor man nor woman ever passed through life unscathed by these. It should, therefore, be our grand object to study how to bear them in a manner becoming to the proper elevation of human nature, both in the sight of God and our fellow-creatures. If we fail to-day, let us not be altogether cast down; let us still preserve a courageous heart, for we may succeed to-morrow. If our enterprise meets with checks

and difficulties, still let us not desert it and give way to despair, but knock again and again, remembering that constant droppings will pierce a rock, and cherish our perseverance and patience. Let us consult the pages of the *Biographical Dictionary*, and note how the greatest men have invariably been the hardest workers, and how nine out of ten of them have had to encounter tremendous obstacles, only achieving success and fame by dint of incessant labour and unconquerable determination. If our labours fail to secure their due reward, still we shall enjoy that delicious self-approval which honourable industry always begets; and even if cruel straits and difficulties fall upon us, we shall have the respect and sympathy of our fellow-men, which, by the way, the idle, discontented, and apathetic never obtain. There is an excellent maxim, which says, "If we pursue good with labour, the labour passes away, but the good remains; if we pursue pleasure with evil, the pleasure passes away, but the evil remains." Let us make our election, and work to the highest purpose we may, never permitting the abdication of the "Cæsar Within."

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day."

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM.

MONSIEUR Charles Marcotte de Quivières has written a graphic and amusing volume, which he has entitled *Deux Ans en Afrique*. A translation of this (with the consent of the author and the publishers, who reserve their rights) into English would obtain, I think, a decided success amongst our numerous lovers of light reading and entertaining sketches of foreign life. Almost all its episodes are brief; and I detach one of the shortest, just to give the reader an idea both of the difficulties that painters have to contend with, and

HOW A "HOLY FAMILY" IS SOMETIMES COMPOSED.

While I remained in the environs of Hyères (says M. de Quivières) I occupied rooms in an old chateau called Léoubes, said to have been built by Queen Jeanne. It was a delicious retreat, completely isolated. The only stranger who ever joined our patriarchal table was an honest curé of the neighbourhood, who came to say mass in the chapel on Thursdays and Sundays. This chapel reminds me of past transgressions, which I may as well confess at once.

During a stay which I made at Toulon in 1842, my sister's mother-in-law begged me to compose a grand altar-piece for the chapel of Léoubes, which was then undergoing restoration. She fixed upon the subject. She wanted a St. Joseph, a Virgin, and the Infant Jesus, and a crowd of angels' heads, in the style of Murillo. That, and nothing else, would please her.

When she had made her conditions, I laid down mine. In the first place, I made a strong opposition to the little angels' heads, which were likely to give me a deal of trouble. Madame insisted; she stuck hard and fast to the angels.

"You will arrange all that," she said, "in such a way as not to be obtrusive in the picture. You can put them out of sight; you can screen them with something."

I accepted the commission, which would bring me in a musical mass, the benedictions of a great number of devout persons invited to the re-opening of the chapel, and an unlimited extent of plenary indulgence. I set to work. I had reserved the right of selecting my own models. One of my sister's nieces, with rather strongly-marked features of the southern type, had one of those pure and calm countenances which was just the thing to inspire my pencil. She consented to sit for the Virgin. My sister had lately presented me with a nephew, a plump, fresh, and rosy boy, who seemed to have come into the world expressly to figure in my picture. I was therefore provided with my Infant Jesus.

But where was I to find St. Joseph? I was anxious to produce a conscientious work. I wanted my composition to bear the stamp of a truthfulness in conformity with the idea which certain persons have conceived of a family composed of a virgin who is the mother of a child who is not the son of his reputed father, and of a father who is not yet the husband of his wife; the whole, nevertheless, forming but a single and the same family.

While perplexed with these deliberations, I passed my left hand through my beard; and, on accidentally glancing at a looking-glass opposite, I perceived—St. Joseph, who appeared to be buried in deep reflection on the difficulties of the situation. I snatched up my crayon, and rapidly sketched, without stopping till I had finished, my St. Joseph, who perfectly combined all the conditions required for the personage of my picture. I had a father, a virgin, and a child, all belonging to the same family. As to the angels' heads, after having drawn, rubbed out, made and remade two or three around my group, I at last decided to screen them behind a palm-tree, whose branches entirely hid them from view. The background of the picture was a romantic site close to Léoubes; so that my "Holy Family" had altogether the air of a local production.

The old lady's turn to inspect it came. Scarcely had she set eyes on the picture, when she worked herself into a pious rage.

"What have you been doing there?" she cried; "the portrait of Zoë? I can never allow that. I love my granddaughter very much, but I will never consent to go down on my knees before her. It would be the height of impropriety. Alter that head."

In vain I insisted, explaining to her my notion of a Holy Family, and reminding her of my conditions; she would not hear a word.

"No," she said; "I never heard of such a thing as that a grandmother should go down on her knees before her own granddaughter."

I was obliged to yield; and I promised to make some alteration in my Virgin.

"And my angels," she continued; "where are they? I cannot see them any where."

"But that point was settled between us," I said. "It was agreed that the heads should be placed in such a position as not to be seen. Very well; you don't see them. They are screened behind the palm-tree, although they are trying hard to peep through its foliage."

I had a hard task to convince her; but as I had yielded in the matter of the Virgin, it was only fair for her to make a few concessions in respect to the cherubim. In short, my picture, magnificently framed, was ceremoniously carried to Léoubes; and a grand musical mass, accompanied by a distribution of medals, consecrated the holy work of the great master. In spite of this sort of canonisation, I can scarcely help laughing when I look at my own portrait in the costume of St. Joseph; and I confess that I now experience, in respect to myself, the same scruples that grandmamma felt touching her granddaughter. I really cannot make up my mind to go down on my knees seriously before myself.

E. S. D.



THE FAMILY COIN-CABINET.—GOLD NOBLES.

In my capacity of amateur numismatist to a pretty extensive circle of friends, I was called upon the other day to explain

the Latin legend of a curious old gold coin, of which the possessor was unable to make good sense in his attempted translation. The coin was one of those fine old pieces of money so graphically termed "broad pieces," after the introduction of the more modern coins produced by the mill and screw process, which, being thicker than those made by hammering, were of course less "broad." It was, indeed, one of the earliest specimens of the "broad-piece" class, being a "half-noble" of the reign of Edward III.

After the departure of the Romans, no gold had been coined in England,* with the exception of the small experimental issue of gold pennies of Henry III. till the reign of the third Edward. The Plantagenet stem seemed to have attained its full height and strength in the person of that prince; and the thorough blending of the long antagonistic Saxon and Norman races at that period, both in manners, customs, and language, was productive of a knitting of the national vigour and character, of which that of its prince formed one of the most striking illustrations.

In the year 1344, it was determined to issue a gold coinage, and one too that should be worthy of the growing greatness of the country. The young king's claim to the throne of France, and his brilliant successes in the prosecution of his claim, had greatly raised England in the scale of European nations; and the development of her national wealth had kept pace with her military renown. It was, as stated, in the year 1344 that the famous gold nobles were issued; but a smaller gold coinage of pieces termed florins had been previously essayed, which, however, neither satisfied the people nor the sovereign. It was therefore determined that the new issue should be superior to any gold coinage in modern Europe up to that time. These determinations were fully realised by the issue of nobles, half-nobles, and quarter-nobles; the full noble passing for 6s. 6d. The noble of the first issue weighed 136 grains troy, and was consequently of the value of about 24s. of our money.

The device of the obverse, unlike the characterless heads of the previous coinages, was a striking design, formed by the full figure of the king standing in a ship, a shield with the quartered arms of England and France on his left arm, and holding a straight sword erect in his right hand, as shown in the engraving No. 1. This device is supposed by some antiquaries to have been adopted in commemoration of the great naval victory obtained over the French fleet on Midsummer-eve 1340, when the two French admirals and 30,000 men were slain, and 230 of the largest vessels captured. Others, however, suggesting that a ship was a Roman emblem typifying "the state," consider it probable that the king at the helm of the ship of state may have been intended by this device. Others imagine that the British sovereignty of the seas is alluded to; which, however, is an hypothesis scarcely tenable, as Edward's claim to that sovereignty was not asserted till the year 1359, fifteen years after the first issue of the nobles. The legend which surrounds the device is well wrought in finely-formed

* The few rare specimens of Saxon gold cannot be considered in the light of an issue.

A GOLD NOBLE OF EDWARD III.



Gothic letters, and stands, EDWARD·DEI·GRA·REX·ANGL·Z·FRANC·D·HYB, in some cases still more abbreviated. Supplying the letters omitted, it reads, EDWARD(VS)·DEI·GRA(TIA)·REX·ANGL(IÆ)·FRANC(IÆ)·D(OMINVS)·HYB(ERNIÆ) ("Edward, by the grace of God King of England and France, Lord of Ireland"). The inscription sometimes reads, "Lord of Ireland and Aquitaine." As the mode of distinguishing kings by numerals following the name was not then adopted,* it is rather difficult to assign the silver coins of the first three Edwards to their respective issuers; no such difficulty, however, occurs with the gold, that of Edward III. being the first that was issued. Another peculiarity in the inscription is the introduction of the words "Dei gratia," which then appeared for the first time on

the English coinage,† probably in allusion to his pretended accession to the throne of France, to which inscriptions on subsequent gold issues also refer.

With the establishment of the gold coinage a complete revolution in the legends of the reverses of the coins was effected, some text from Scripture—very frequently from the Psalms—being generally adopted, to the exclusion of the name of the place of mintage, which, however, still kept its place on the silver coinage. On the nobles, the motto or legend on the reverses of the first issue was, as shown on the specimen engraved, IHS·AVTEM·TRANSIENS·P·MEDIV·ILLORVM·IB; which, supplying the abbreviations, should read, JESVS·TRANSIENS·PER·MEDIUM·ILLORVM·IBAT ("Jesus, passing through the midst of them, went away").‡ This passage had been long before adopted as a talisman of preservation in battle, and also as a spell against thieves; and has therefore been deemed a most happily selected motto for the first issue of valuable gold coins. It was no doubt considered highly appropriate, as it was continued on the nobles of succeeding reigns; and afterwards on the *rials*, and other coins, by which the original nobles continued to be represented.

The half-nobles of Edward III. had at first the well-known passage from the 6th Psalm, *Domine ne in furore tuo arguas me* ("Lord, rebuke me not in Thine indignation"); which in some cases was "blundered," as the numismatists have it, by the engraver, the *ne* being left out, which of course entirely changed the sense of the passage. It was this "blundered" legend which had so puzzled my friend.

The second illustration is a gold rial of the reign of Elizabeth, one of the last representatives of the noble, on which the device of the king in the ship is still continued, though in this case the sovereign is necessarily represented in petticoats. The coins of James I. were the last exhibiting this device, and by the mill and screw introduced in the reign of Charles I. a better executed coinage soon prevailed. The picturesque old broad pieces, however, remained in circulation as late as William III., and were much sought by goldsmiths and others for gilding purposes, as being of purer gold than the modern money.

H. N. H.

* Except in the case of the silver penny of Henry III.
† With the exception of the disputed groat of Edward I., which is possibly a coin of the third rather than the first Edward.
‡ See Luke iv. 30.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XIX.

HENRY LINTON.

PAINTED BY JOHN PHILLIP.

THE SALUTE.

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THE SALUTE.

By JOHN PHILLIP.

THE urbane and gallant lounge before us has been enjoying his evening cigarette,—and with true Spanish delight in the luxury of the *dolce far niente*, has been happy all day, doing nothing but listlessly stroll on the shady side of El Prado, if the locality of the picture be in Madrid, varied with an occasional game at dominoes with some equally energetic personage—a game which most Englishmen think dull and childish, but, “*Que voulez-vous?*” it passes the time, and that is all they desire. We suspect, however, from the pattern and texture of the nondescript garment which serves the purpose of a coat with the gentleman, that the scene is rather in Cadiz; for these are evidently derived from the noble race of the Arabs, whose long dominion in the south of Spain has left deep traces upon their successors, a race inferior to themselves. In Cadiz be it. So we guess he has reclined since his *siesta* at full length somewhere by the harbour, which is the fairest of the fair, and indolently let his eye range about the most glowing bay; knowing little and thinking less how over those golden waters the fleets of many nations have ridden, nations of whom his ancestors were lords paramount. If he thought of this at all, can we think it was without shame to know how his country's glory has departed?

Haply as the sun sank he thought a dance would be an agreeable finish to a day whose morning was idle, whose noon a doze, and whose afternoon spent in indolently watching the clouds, the sea, and the smoke of his own cigarette. Upon the thought he rose, shaking himself so that his dress fell about him like a king's robe, and then sauntered magnificently along. He strolls through several streets, traversing blazing sunshine and black shadow,—looking like a fire-fly in the light, and like a beetle in the shade: down some of the streets he caught glimpses of the harbour, blue as heaven; down others glanced into a murky district, filthy and wretched beyond parallel in any capital but Constantinople. On the one hand, what nature gave, and on the other, what man has made of it. Onwards he went to a certain market-place, where, by a fountain amongst the fruit-stalls, he knew he should meet a damsel who would also at that hour be looking for a partner. There she is, good reader, fan in hand, shawled, ear-ringed, her hair almost blue in intensity of blackness, and, like himself, heartily idle. Garmented in all tawdry finery, she is half an animal (though a fine one); for see her coarse flat nose, her foolish forehead, and gross mouth. This is the picture, then. He, with the grace of a true Spaniard, taking off his hat, inquires, “Will she dance?” Of course she will; the end of her existence is dancing, her thoughts are only of dancing; she was born but to dance, and dance she does. So we will leave her, with the prospect probably of joining in the humane amusement of a bull-fight, as suggested by the placard upon the wall.

We have endeavoured to lead the reader's thoughts to the subject of this picture in order to bring before him what seems to be the painter's object in depicting an example of the manners of one class of the Spanish nation,—fancying, doubtless, that at some future time, when all these things have changed, this record of his pencil might have value with men.

Something of this sort has evidently been in the mind of the painter; for we have observed a systematic and consistent choice of subject in his pictures for some years past. He has chosen Spanish character to delineate, and taken, as the predominating motive of his works, that phase of it which we, for want of a better word, call humour. In a technical sense, these labours are most admirable; the rich broad vigour of colour, the power of telling the tale which he constantly evinces, and his remarkable gift in rendering expressions proper to the subject, are such as to place him in a position very high indeed amongst the painters of this age who can in any sense be said to exhibit original and powerful minds labouring to a set end.

L. L.

A VISIT TO CARTHAGE.

By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

How many people of mature years, having read the Roman history in their youth, and having carried away from that austere field of learning many noble legends, and not a few theories of social life, have any clear idea of what they would see if they went to the site of the city of Hannibal?

A general impression appears to exist that the very place of its foundation is uncertain, and that all vestiges of the great maritime metropolis of antiquity have passed away. Nineveh has rendered up her tale of burnt bricks; and the gigantic basements of the temples of Baalbec are still an inscrutable amazement to modern engineers. To the traveller who stumbles amidst the forest-tracks of Central America, the richly sculptured monuments of Mexico record a primeval civilisation whose lineage is unknown. Thebes and Memphis yet rear their massive columns from out the drifted sand. Rome has her Mamertine prisons, half-built, half-scooped from the living rock; her Cloaca Maxima, her Servian ramparts, yet attest the public spirit of the early Tarquins; and torches let down into the foundations of the Capitol reveal the huge steps of that secret staircase trod by senatorial feet two thousand years ago. The Parthenon, now shattered in its fair proportions, stood nearly perfect on the Acropolis until the century before last. Not until 1687, when it was used as a powder-magazine by the Turks, at the time of the city being besieged by the Venetians, could the Temple of Pericles and the shrine of Minerva be said to be fairly ruined. But Carthage, which was a great city when Rome was but a herdsman's village; Carthage, the daughter of Phœnicia, whose lineage stretches back into the dim morning-twilight of time; Carthage, the wealthy, the ambitious, the luxurious, she who sent out armies to the fields and galleys to the great waters, and whose founder was a priestess-queen,—what is she now? I will tell you, for I have seen her:—a wide grassy plain, slightly raised above the level of the blue Mediterranean; an uneven, desolate, dangerous plain, covered for miles with lumps of ruin, mere cairns of stone tumbled together, where the traveller must pick his way with heedful steps, lest he fall unawares into some yawning chasm,—the cellar or the water-cistern of a Carthaginian house, or perchance the very dwelling itself, lying far beneath the level of the accumulated soil; a mere gulf of blackness and death to the unwary. And this is Carthage.

I had come from Algiers, coasting eastward along the north of Africa in a French steamer, which stayed some hours at each principal port,—at Bougia, at Philippeville, at Bona, and finally at Tunis. The steamer was advertised to leave Algiers on Tuesday, the 10th of March; but the Mediterranean had lashed itself up into such a state of fury that the captain did not dare put forth. In twenty-four hours the sea, though still running heavily, had so far subsided that we started; but what occurred during the next twelve hours deponent sayeth not, being only able to cast occasional hurried glances at the mountainous borders of Kabylia, their snowy tops seen through driving mist. Much of Kabylia is still unconquered by the French; though lying in the very heart of the colony, its rocky fastnesses protect its warlike mountaineers, who boast themselves the aboriginal unsubjugated race, whom neither Roman, nor fiery Arabian Moor, nor glory-loving son of Gaul, have yet enslaved beneath their yoke. The Kabyles are in many respects the best of what may now be roughly termed the native races. They congregate in villages, and do not live a nomad life. They dwell more in huts than in tents; and they display a remarkable aptitude for handicrafts and manufactures, fashioning and even engraving gun-stocks and barrels; for they are workers in metals, like Tubal Cain of old.

Early on Thursday morning we had left the shores of their territory, and landed at Bougia, once a large Roman city, and still retaining, in its fragments of massive wall and one

perfect arch, the trace of Roman occupation. A great many monkeys are said to inhabit the hills at the back of the town, and we saw two tame ones playing in the garden of a private house. Midday, we steamed off again; and at dawn on Friday found ourselves at Stora, the little port of Philippeville. The latter town lies also at the water's edge, some three miles off; but for some reason it is not safe for boats to run up to it. It has never been a Moorish, but was once a Roman site. There are immense cisterns high up behind the town, which have been roofed in by the French and restored to full efficiency. There is also a fragmentary amphitheatre, whose stone seats and semicircular wall form part of the playground of a boys' school; and before the church stands the statue of an imperial Caesar, nameless and noseless, but supposed to be Hadrian. Every relic of antiquity possessing real interest has been sent off to France.

At Philippeville I had to remain nearly two days, for the steamer goes no farther,—if I remember rightly, it turned north for Marseilles,—but on Saturday came another, which started in the evening for Bona; for the plan of Mediterranean steam communication is always that the vessels travel by night, halting by day to pick up passengers and merchandise and to unload stores; for of course all the luxuries, and many of the necessities, of life are brought from France. I remember how red the sunset was that night over those wild African hills, the richness of the wayside flowers, as the kind consul drove me himself to Stora by a road that wound close to the edge of the beautiful bay.

At Bona, next morning, there was plenty of bustle, Sunday though it were. There is a large Arab population, and it seemed to be market-day for them outside the town; inside, the bells were ringing for early mass, and all the French were abroad. One of the ship's officers, a certain M. Pijon, who had travelled in the east the year before with Mr. Holman Hunt, very kindly took me on shore to see the long line of a Roman aqueduct at the back of the town.

We passed a large party of barelegged creatures in bernouses, chaffering round a sorry white horse, which was "going, going, gone" for a sum of money equivalent to 5*l.*; others were buying and selling edibles, and all the strange bodily gear in which half-savage nations delight,—articles made of leather, and cord, and coarse coloured cloth, of such shapes and sizes as no European could invent for a prize. As a dead contrast, I remember trying to find some readable literature in Bona to while away the many days of sea-travel that yet lay between me and Italy, and that I could get nothing but immense, yellow, double-columned French novels, with pictures of very fine gentlemen on their despairing knees to very fine ladies in Parisian salons. It was at that wild and wonderful Bona, on a Sabbath morning, the clear chime of the Catholic bells rising above the Arab clamour, that I came across *Marguerite, ou les Deux Amours*, by the fair and witty Delphine Gay, the Corinne of France, afterwards Madame de Girardin; this was a story of a fair young lady who was sought in marriage by two equally devoted lovers, and who, reversing the sad plight of Captain Macheath in the *Beggar's Opera*,

"Could be happy with neither away;"

and being finally married by the most obstinate of the two, heard that the deserted man had shot himself, and died *herself* on her wedding-day—"of worry," says the unromantic English reader.

It was likewise at Blidah, famous for its orange-groves, under the spurs of the Atlas, that I came across *Ruth, par Madame Gaskell, auteur de Marie Barton, etc.*; while the military band was drumming and fifing with might and with main all sorts of wild and warlike melodies, uncongenial enough to the clacking mills of Manchester, or the purple hills of peaceful Wales. Nowhere does the penetrative power of literature appear in more impressive contrast than in the French colonies of Northern Africa. As I looked round the place, where Jews, Arabs, and *militaires* were sitting in pairs upon the benches, I felt a great temptation

to buy *Ruth* there and then, and present it, with its African perfume of orange-blossoms, to "Madame Gaskell," and was only deterred by the idea of dragging the volume over sea and land for some 1500 miles, ere it could reach its English destination.

Another great contrast of these African towns is seen in the shops for the clothing of the different sections of the population. In one magazine are bernouses, leather shoes of bright red and yellow, rope girdles, coarse cloth jackets inlaid with gaudy stars, and Jewish coifs and stomachers rich with gold thread. Round the corner is a little French *modiste's*; Paris collars and ribbons, light kid-gloves, lace, coloured silk-handkerchiefs, and a handsome French baby, sitting up as good as gold, in splendid bibs and tuckers, its wide open eyes taking accurate note of the phenomena of French colonisation in Algeria.

But I am wandering a long way from Carthage, from which I am yet only a "day's journey." But it is a very different day from that of the Patriarch; being the evening and the morning of a very good French steamer. We left Bona at noon, passing on our way to the boat many parties of Arab women, stalking about in a ghastly blue costume, swathed up from head to feet, only *one* eye peeping out to enable them to pick their way over the rough alleys.

Leaving the harbour, we sailed past the site of ancient Hippo, where lived and died one of the greatest Fathers of the early Christian Church—St. Augustine. Some huge ruins, apparently those of water-cisterns, yet remain, and a tomb which bears the name of the saint; but his body is believed to be at Pavia in Italy. It is recorded that, on the siege of Hippo by the Vandals under Genseric, St. Augustine prayed to God that he might be taken away before the city fell into the hands of the enemy. Whereupon he was cut off during the siege by a violent fever. This was in the year 430.

We left Bona at noon, March 16th. The day was calm and lovely, and never shall I forget how twilight fell that evening. The heavens were divided as into two opposite camps of light and darkness, sunset and night, with a sharpness of division at the zenith wholly unknown to our northern latitudes; and when Venus rose, she cast a long track of light upon the sea. It was nearly the date of the brightest night of her brightest year, and I sat on deck till the heavy dews fell drenching round me, and the western glow had faded into the blue gloom. When at length I went below, I found all the officers and ship's passengers assembled round Herr Max Böhrer, the famous German violinist, who was unpacking his beloved instrument much as a mother would lift her child from its cradle; and there he sat and played "Home, sweet home," "Yankee Doodle," "Partant pour la Syrie," and "God save the Queen," till full night fell upon the shores of Africa, and shrouded the wild hills from even the man at the helm. When I awoke, we were at anchor in the Bay of Carthage.

AN OLD MAID'S ROMANCE.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.

IN every life—even the quietest, even the least disturbed and eventful—there must surely be some little vein of romance, some golden vein in the earthy ore, if we might be permitted to trace it in the sunshine. I do not like to think that any of the thousand throbbing, hoping, fearing hearts I meet can be all clay, all indurated selfishness; the hardest, most unpromising people, for aught we know, may have acted long romances in their own proper persons, and have grown cold and passive after them to a degree that would lead one to believe they had never felt.

There was Miss Fernley of the Bankside, for instance, a maiden lady of immense antiquity, whom we used to visit when I was a little girl. She lived in a large, genteel, red-brick house, enclosed in a stiff garden, with a great iron gate guarded by grim stone lions on either side. Miss Fernley

was precision and neatness personified, but her parlour was intolerably dull and gloomy; moreover, it was infested with three of the surliest cats I ever knew, and a parrot, the most vixenish of its race. I remember with awe the solemn tea-parties, to which all the children of her acquaintance were annually invited. Depression fell on my spirits as the gate clanged behind me; by the time my bonnet and cloak were taken off I was rigid; and when I was sat down on a stool, at a considerable distance from the fire, but within reach of the cats, I was petrified into stupidity for the rest of the night. Miss Fernley delighted in me accordingly; she was accustomed to say to my mother, that "I was such a quiet prettily-behaved child;" and in consequence she often sent for me to spend the afternoon on Saturday half-holiday, giving as a reason that she liked company. She was a kindly, ceremonious, old lady, with no idea whatever of amusing a child. Every time I went she gave me an old brocade-satin bag filled with ends of worsted and silk for tapestry-work; these she bade me sort out into packets according to colour; and when she had done that, she let me alone until tea-time. Once I abstracted from its shelf an illustrated copy of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, in which Apollyon was represented as a handsome Crusader in scale-armour, standing on prostrate Christian. I did admire Apollyon, he was so grand, and had such wings; but an audible remark to that effect caused me to be immediately deprived of the book, and in all subsequent visits at this period my attention was divided between the end-bag and the cats.

Miss Fernley's parlour never underwent any change. If one of her pets died, it was replaced by another of the same sex and colour. All the cats were king-cats, and gray,—and they did spit sometimes! The wainscot was painted drab; the straight-backed, slender-legged chairs always stood primly up by the walls; the heavy sofa preserved its angle by the fireside as if it were fastened to the floor; and the discordant old piano was for ever open. I used to perform upon it a line and a half of "Paddy Carey," the only tune I knew without music, every time I went. Later in life, I did the "Caliph of Bagdad" and the "Battle of Prague," to Miss Fernley's delight; and I remember her once singing to me, with the remains of a very sweet voice, "The Woodpecker tapping," and a little Spanish air.

There were two circular portraits in this room of Miss Fernley's brothers, both in uniform; the elder had been drowned at sea, and the younger killed at the battle of Talavera. She loved dearly to talk of these two brothers, when once she had begun to be confidential, and would quote a great deal of poetry in her narrative of their histories; I believe she grew to love me for the interest with which I always listened to the oft-told tales. It probably never occurred to me until some years later to think whether she were a pretty or an ugly old lady; she was tall, thin, stiff; scantily dressed in silks of a uniform cloud-colour, with a lofty-crowned cap with a good many white bows; she wore a frill of fine rich lace about her neck, and ruffles at her wrists when nobody else did, and had a particularly precise and almost courtly air—I should say she was proud; and one bit of ceremony always observed by me to the day of her death was, never to sit in her presence until invited to do so. She made many remarks on the manners of her young friends, and always said that familiarity was vulgar.

The way I became acquainted with the life-romance of this gray, lonely, old lady was as follows. She invited me to take up my abode at her house for a week when I was about sixteen, to be company for three madcap girls, her nieces, and daughters of the younger brother whose portrait decorated the dismal parlour. Their exuberant spirits were very trying to Miss Fernley; they outraged the cats by dressing them up in nightcaps and pocket-handkerchiefs; they taught the parrot to be impertinent, broke the strings of the old piano, whistled as they went up and down stairs, and danced threesome reels in the hall, to the great scandal of the primmy old serving-man and serving-woman.

One long wet day their pranks went beyond all bounds; they wanted to act a play in the drawing-room, and to bribe them from their intention, Miss Fernley gave them the key of a great lumber-room, and bade them go and ransack the chests of ancient apparel therein contained for amusement. Up we all accordingly went. Out upon the dusty floor, with screams of laughter, the wild girls tossed armfuls of garments of all degrees of hideousness and antiquity; startled sometimes by a moth fluttering out from the heaps, and arrested often by the sight of some article of attire more curious than the rest. One of them—Letty, the youngest—lit upon a sacque of crimson silk, and immediately cried out that she would dress up, and astonish Aunt Jeanie. Her costume, when completed, was rather incongruous; but a quaint old mirror against the wall showed her a very pretty, if fantastic figure, draped in the crimson sacque, with amber-satin petticoat, and a black Spanish hat, with a plume shading down over her golden hair. Lettie Fernley was a bright-complexioned Scotch lassie; and as she walked a stately step before the glass you might have thought her a court-beauty of fifty years ago stepped down out of a picture-frame.

Meantime the eldest sister had been pursuing her investigations into the depths of a huge black trunk, and drew forth a packet of letters tied round with a faded rose-colour ribbon. "What have we here?" cried she; "a mystery, a romance; somebody's old love-letters!"

In an instant Lettie, still in the crimson sacque, was down on her knees by her sister, full of vivid curiosity.

"Gently, gently," said the other, turning aside her impatient fingers; "let us consider a moment before we disturb old memories. What hand traced these discoloured characters? Is the hand dust yet, or only slow and heavy with the dead weight of age?"

"Have done with your speculations, Minta, and let the letters speak for themselves," interrupted Lettie eagerly.

Minta loosened the string, and divided the packet carefully. A piece of printed paper fell to the floor: it was a column cut from a newspaper; the story of a great battle, and an incomplete list of killed and wounded.

"Let us lay that aside till we seek a clue for it,—till we see whose name on that list is connected with these letters," suggested Minta; and we all approached our heads close together to read the faded yellow pages. The first letter was written from a vicarage-house in Cumberland, and bore date half a century ago; the writer was one Francis Lucas. We had never heard the name before; but we conned the lines lingeringly and with interest, for they were such as all hearts echo to—warm, loving, tender.

"Francis Lucas, whoever you may have been, one thing is sure," said Minta, as she read; "you were a gentleman and a true knight of dames. I can picture to myself the blushing face that fifty years ago bent over these lines, and laid their sweet promises away in a heart as worthy as your own."

We paused long over that letter; for its speech was so full of life and love and hope, that we were loth to put it away amongst the things of the past,—almost as loth as must have been the "darling mouse" to whom it was addressed: it still breathed the same old song of love and trust which is never out of date, and sounded as true as earnest passion ever does. There were seven letters with the date from that vicarage amongst the Cumberland Fells; the last spoke of a speedy meeting in words that thrilled all our maiden pulses.

"O, Francis Lucas, I hope you were happy with your 'faithful heart,'" cried Lettie. "I hope you live yet in a green old age together amongst those wild bleak hills."

The next letter was written after an interval of two months, in May 17—. Francis Lucas was then a volunteer in the army in Flanders; and his bright glad words reflected the high courage which he knew "would make his darling love him more." Those were his words. There was but one other; it was very short, written on the eve of battle, and it was the last.

"O, Minta, I could weep for that 'faithful heart,'" said Lettie, with tears in her eyes. "Look at the list now; it is no longer a sealed page to us; there is his name,—'Francis Lucas, killed.' There the story ends."

"But the 'dear mouse,' the 'faithful heart,' who is that?" asked Minta, turning the yellow paper over, while Lettie idly twisted the ribbon that had tied the letters together,—*"who can it be?"* The moisture cleared from our eyes slowly; more than one great tear rolled down my cheeks.

"It is Aunt Jeanie, Aunt Jeanie!" suddenly exclaimed the second sister, who had read in silence. "You remember, he says 'darling Jean' in the first letter."

"Aunt Jeanie," echoed Lettie. "O, I wish we had not been so curious; it was very wrong of us!"

"But who could have thought there had ever been a love-story in her quiet life?" said Minta. "How beautiful and how nice she must have been! I dare say she might have been married over and over again."

"I am glad she was not; I shall like to think of her as Francis Lucas's 'faithful heart' better than as the richest lady in the land."

"And so shall I; and O, Minta, how we have plagued her! Help me off with this red thing," said Lettie, pulling at the crimson sacque. "It would be profanation to go to her jesting, after what we have just found out. Dear Aunt Jeanie! If she has had a faithful heart, she must have had a suffering one too."

The door opened softly, and Miss Fernley looked in. "Children, you are so quiet, I am sure you must be in mischief," said she, in her gentle voice. She came amongst us, and looked over Minta's shoulder as she sat on the floor with all the papers scattered in her lap; stooping, she took up the strip of newspaper, and gazed at it through her spectacles; I saw her lip quiver, and her hands tremble.

"Where did you find these letters, children? You should not have opened that black trunk," said she hastily. "Give them to me; have you read them?"

"Yes, Aunt Jeanie," replied Lettie penitently. The old lady took them from Minta's hand without another word, and left us to our researches; but we had seen enough for one morning, and quickly restored the old dresses to their dusty receptacles, and left them to the moths and the spiders.

When we descended to the parlour, rather subdued, and ashamed of our curiosity, we found Miss Fernley rummaging in an ancient Japan cabinet; she brought out two miniatures, and showed them to us; one was Francis Lucas, a young gay-looking soldier, the other was herself. The latter bore a marked resemblance to Lettie, only it was softer and more refined in expression. Then she told us her love-story,—how she was to have married Francis Lucas on his return from that fatal campaign, and how she had consecrated to him, in life and death, her faithful heart.

"O, Aunt Jeanie, I may be like you in the face, but if I were to live to be a hundred I should never be as good or as kind as you are!" cried Lettie as she finished. And this was the romance of old Miss Fernley's youth.

ANCIENT SCOTTISH SUPERSTITIONS.

I.

Few countries are richer than Scotland in old legends and the lingering memory of ancient superstitions. Ireland, Brittany, the remoter parts of Hungary, and the wild districts of Spain, are all fertile sources; but Scotland is equal to any of them, both in richness of material and in picturesque arrangement. We propose to sketch out a few of the most striking instances of what was once believed and practised in Scotland—that land of mingled credulity and logical acumen; where the critical faculty comes in as an aid to superstition, and where men demonstrate mathematically the necessary properties of a chimera.

Of course a belief in the power of the Evil Eye stood prominent among the articles of ancient northern faith. Kirk, minister of Aberfoyle, thus formularises that belief:

"That also some are of so venomous a Constitution, by being radicated in Envy and Malice, that they pierce and kill (like a Cockatrice) whatever Creature they first set their Eyes on in the Morning; so was it with Walter Grahame, some Time living in the Paroch wherein now I am, who killed his own Cow after commending its Fatness, and shot a Hair with his Eyes, having praised its Swiftess (such was the Infection of ane Evill Eye); albeit this was unusuall, yet he saw no Object but what was obvious to other men as well as to himselfe."

A certain woman, looking over the door of a cowhouse where another woman sat milking, shot the calf dead, and dried up and sickened the cow, all by the "venomous glance of her Evil Eye;" and the murders committed in this manner by witches and warlocks were almost as numerous as those performed by means of charms and elf-arrows. In 1616, a poor old woman, one Janet Cock, was indicted for "over-looking" Jeane Forrest's child; and in the same year, Janet Irving was brought to trial for having suffered Satan to teach her the use of that fatal power. It was proved and sworn to that her infernal master had told her, "if she bore ill-will to any body, to look at them with open eyes, and pray evil for them in his name, and she would get her heart's desire;" it was also proved that she had translated this before into deeds, and had actually caused the death of many by overlooking. She was burnt as a witch on that sapient count. But this was almost invariably one of the "items" in those disgraceful dittays for witchcraft to be found in the Justiciary Records. The evil eye was one of the prescriptive possessions of a witch, and never failed in proof. For remedies or preservatives, the most favourite were: "the foure-nooked claver;" a cross made of the elder-tree, and affixed to stables and cowhouses; branches of the rowan, or mountain-ash, which, adorned with heather and flowers, had been carried thrice round the fires of Beltein, or Baal's time (of which more hereafter), then hoisted on to the roof of the dwelling-house; or a portion of that consecrated branch, cut, peeled, and wound with a thread, then fastened to the lintel of the cowhouse; charms and spells of rude prose or ruder verse; horseshoes and foxes' heads (in Aubrey's time, there was a horseshoe on most houses at the west end of London); amulets worn round the neck, and prayers said fasting. These were the counter-agents to the evil eye most in vogue, and of course found wonderfully efficacious.

Another superstition of fatal results, not confined, however, to Scotland, was that of the murdered dead bleeding at the presence or the touch of the murderer. Andrew Smeaton was taken up in 1636 for the murder of a man found dead in Belnalow Moss. He was held innocent; not on any legal proof; but because, at the request of his master, the Laird of Abercainie, he not only simply touched the corpse, as all the rest of the assembly had done, but "lifted him up, and embraced him in his arms, and willingly offered to remain a space in grave with him." As no blood followed on this contact, Andrew Smeaton was held guiltless of the murder; which doubtless he was, poor fellow, though his acquittal might have been based on wiser grounds. In 1644, four men were drowned by the upsetting of their boat in a calm. Marion Peebles, a "noted witch," was charged with having changed herself into a porpoise, and under this form of having wrecked these unfortunates. Proof conclusive was obtained when at her touch "one bled at the collar-bone, another in the hand and fingers; gushing out blood thereat to the great admiration of the beholders and revelation of the judgment of the Almighty." Another noted witch, Christiane Wilson, was at variance with her brother. One day, in 1661, he was found dead in his own house, naked, and with "a bloodless blow" on his face. Christiane was suspected of having murdered him; partly because of her careless carriage on hearing the news of his death, partly because of her refusing to see and touch the corpse, according to custom, and as the rest of the townspeople had done.

At last, after much confusion, the baillie and the ministers haled her to the dead man's house; and as she touched the corpse, she prayed that, "as the Lord made the sun to shine and give light into that house, so also He would give light in discovering that murder." As she spoke, says the record, the blood gushed out upon the dead man's body, and dyed her fingers lying on it. On this evidence she was arraigned. This was the same Christiane Wilson who, when she was being carried off to prison for a witch and a murderess, was suddenly lifted off the pillion and flung into the stream by a furious blast of wind, though the sky was cloudless, and no storm followed this satanic demonstration. This fall of poor Christiane from her horse was included in the dittay as one of the counts against her, and as proving her witchcraft. In 1688, Sir James Stansfield was found dead in a stream. He was interred somewhat hastily, but soon after was exhumed for a post-mortem examination. After the examination, his son Philip, who stood on one side, helped to lay the corpse back into the coffin. Perhaps he was nervous, surely he was awkward; be that as it may, the incisions on the side next to him were strained, and blood fell on the young man's hand. He was instantly arrested on a charge of parricide; and on his trial it was argued against him that this accident "was the disclosure of some occult crime by the will of Providence." He was executed February 15th, 1688. Johan Norkott died in 1628. Some time after her death, rumours of foul play crept about; and at the suit of her young child, her husband, mother, sister, and her sister's husband, one Okeman, were arrested on the charge of murder. The body was exhumed for the ordeal by touch.

"The body being taken up thirty days after that party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants being present, were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okeman's wife fell upon her knees, and prayed to God to show a Token of her Innocency, or to some such purpose; her very words I have forgot. The appellees did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which before was of a livid and carrion colour, began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise on it, which increased by degrees, till the sweat ran down in drops on the face. The brow turned to a lively and fresh colour, and the deceased opened one of her eyes, and shut it again; and this opening the eye was done three several times. She likewise thrust out the ring and marriage-finger three times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood from it on the grass."

Sir Nicholas Hyde tried these poor wretches, and doubted the legal validity of this miraculous testimony against them. However, he was convinced of the fact by the minister of the parish; and the father and grandmother of the child were executed, professing their innocence to the last. Okeman was acquitted, and his wife was spared because about to become a mother. Again, Janet Rendall was convicted of having slain a certain man by sorcery, because when she came into the house where the corpse was laid out it bled, "as a sure token that she was the author of his death." There was not a shadow of proof against her but this; and her only possible mode of murder was by sorcery, seeing that she had not visited him in his sickness, nor had she held any communion with the family. She was executed on that charge and on that proof.

Distempers could be given, cured, and transferred, by means of witchcraft and spells. The touch and the look were both as powerful for blessing as for banning, though it mattered little to the "assisa" in which direction their power was used. The king's touch was especially miraculous; and this was the only instance in which that power was held to be from God, and not from Satan. But folks had not learnt then to regard royalty as ordinary humanity. Arise Evans, the celebrated seer, was sorely troubled with scrofula. He dreamt that the king's touch would cure him; so rushing up to Charles II. as he passed through St. James's, he rubbed his scrofulous nose against the royal fingers; "whereat the king was disturbed, but the patient was cured." Yawning, breathing, and licking, were all potent remedies, but all subordinate to the touch. Chris-

tiane Gow, by yawning and breathing over one William Mylne, he "being deidlie sick, and the winding-scheit laid at his head to be put on him, the said diseased persone maid him that he instantlie becam whole and weill." And it was a frequent practice to bewitch body-linen so as to cause or cure disease. The seventh son too, if born in wedlock, and with never a daughter intervening, had peculiar powers that way. Aubrey's friend, young Sam Scot, could cure almost any disease when quite a lad, but the power weakened in him as he grew older; and other instances are to be found, names, dates, and residences all duly set forth, as "guarantees of good faith," and as challenges to contradiction and inquiry. Saliva had also singularly sanative properties. If cows fell sick, and their milk dried up, where so good a remedy as that used fasting? "Nay, when three ears of barley, previously spit upon, were thrust into the mouth of one [cow] almost suffocated in the mire, the animal quickly recovered." For blindness it was an especial specific; but blindness was cured by more than one method. An incipient cataract was once healed by a little water found lodged in a certain hole in a certain marble tombstone, which the patient had dreamt would work the cure; and "May-dew was held a great dissolvent" for this malady. The king, of course, could heal blindness, either by his prayers or by his touch; and warlocks and witches could do the same. Patrick Lowrie, after having struck a woman stone-blind by his enchantments, restored her sight as he had withdrawn it. The same Patrick also cured a child by "taking a cloth from its face, which he hallowed and crossed with his hand; and returning in eight days to cover it again with the cloth, the child slept two days without awakening, when one of the eyes formerly blind was found to be restored." This was about half a century before Valentine Greatrakes began his career as the "Irish Stroker," and about a century and a half before Mesmer and his disciples set all Europe in a flame by practices founded on the same principles as those of the poor convicted wizard Patrick Lowrie. Certain wells and springs were of course efficacious in restoring both sight and general health, if resorted to on proper occasions and with due ceremonies. St. Fillan's Well, if bathed in, or its waters drunk, on the 1st of May and the 1st of August, and if previously thrice encircled, would heal all complaints whatever, but especially distempered eyes and insanity. The water of a well at Struthill also cured insanity. The fountains of the chapel of Craikquerrelane, on the hill of Lochgreven, would cure any disorder on earth, if used on St. Patrick's eve; and if sickly children were carried on the first Sunday in May to St. Anthony's Well, near Maybole, they need not be taken much care of afterwards: the well would do all. Immediate death or recovery followed a draught from a well at Chader, in the island of Lewes; and the Dow Loch, in Dumfries, not only healed all maladies, but bestowed the gift of prophecy as well. But south-running water, coupled with silence and a wet shirt, could do more than all. To the prophetic glory of the hydropathic school there are multiplied instances of witchcraft, proven by cures wrought by wet shirts steeped in south-running water. Other ceremonies were added, certainly; but though the blood of a red cock mixed into a certain bannock; though the dead silence to be preserved while carrying the healing water, the charmed circling of the well thrice and the going widershins round it once (*widershins* means, 'contrary to the way of the sun'), the straw which was burnt at the four corners of the patient's bed; though all these ceremonies and adjuncts were doubtless of the greatest possible benefit, as likewise the lumps of salt and the fairy-stones cast into the pail or stoup,—still we are inclined to place the most trust in the south-running stream and the wet shirt *pur et simple*. But it was a dangerous remedy in those unwashing days. A jury of, it is to be presumed sane, Scottish men convicted a woman on the charge of "washing the inner nuke of her plaid and aprone;" and it was made a capital offence to have bathed a sick man several times after sunset in the sea, by which unhallowed bathing he was

healed. In 1674, the kirk-session of St. Cuthbert's resolved, that "none goe to Leith on lambmes-day, nor tak their horses to be washed that day in the sea." Von Preissnitz would have had bad innings, had he fallen into the hands of those worthy sessionists.

Salt and wheat together were excellent charms for animals. Some of each, if bound in a cloth to a cow's horn, would preserve her from disease; and salt and wheaten bread, put together into a cow's ears, would make her a good milker. Salt was laid on a corpse to drive away Satan, who has a mortal enmity to that condiment. It is thrown into the churn to exorcise any demons who may be in hiding there; and it is also mixed with the milk first taken from a cow after calving as an anti-satanic spell to preserve both mother and young.

Diseases could be transferred as well as given by sorcery or enchantment; transferred to the brute creation as easily as to the human. A cat, washed in the water which had just before washed a sick man, received the disease, whatever it might have been; and Katherine Grieve cured Elspeth Tailyeour by casting her sickness on her calf. Helen Home's disorder was taken from her and laid on Janet Clark, her servant-maid, and then "it was cassin vpone ane lamb;" and dogs or cats often intercepted the diseases sought to be thrown by sorcery upon their mistresses. Agnes Sampson, the grave matron-like "grace-wyffe of Keith," was convicted, amongst other similar crimes, of having first taken Robert Ker's sickness on herself, then of transferring it to Alexander Douglas; and a certain woman shook all her maladies into a hank of yarn, whereby James Liddel lost his life, he being the first to cross the threshold after the morbid yarn had been lain as a trap for the unwary incomer. Baptista Porta speaks of this power of transfer; but he asserts it as a natural fact, not as a miraculous or satanic agency. He says that a duck laid on a diseased part receives the disease and dies; and that a dog can be made to draw off the malady of his master and fix it on himself.

But all ancient sanative superstitions were not mere idle imaginings. Some had a dash of rationality in them. If Abracadabra written in a triangle would not be now held as a specific against ague, and of superior potency to quinine, —if the blood of a red cock might be advantageously exchanged for a course of steel, and the bite of a mad dog be dealt with by actual cautery better than by "rebus, rubus, epitepscum," written on a piece of paper to be swallowed by the dog or the man,—still the virtues of the "fox-trie" (fox-glove), of mercury, of the "oyle of worms," of a combination of black wool, olive-oil, and eggs for a cold; of a black hen's eggs and "aqua vitæ" for weakness,—were virtues real in fact, if somewhat exaggerated in degree, and modern science has not discarded them. We do not think we should put much faith in a draught from the horn of a living ox, repeated nine times, as a cure for our baby's hooping-cough; nor hope for marvels in the same malady by putting her, with certain ceremonies, nine several times in the hopper of a grinding-mill; nor should we believe in the special efficacy of grain against which she had been weighed three successive mornings—at least not so far as the weighing went; and we think we should prefer chloroform and extraction to writing three times,

"Mars, hur, abursa, aburse,
Jesu Christ, for Mary's sake,
Take away this toothache,"

and believing that when these three spells were burnt the toothache would go. Also we think that more certain remedies for children in hectic fever, and for patients in consumption, might be found than putting them thrice through a circular wreath of woodbine, cut during the increase of a March moon, and with the interval of twenty-four hours between each gymnastic; and that blue woollen thread, grey woollen thread, woollen thread drawn through holy oil, green yarn, &c., made into a circle, through which the sick person was passed, might advantageously give way to cod-liver oil,

rhubarb or magnesia, or brandy and opium, for the sundry diseases which these charms professed to cure. Still all was not moonshine; there was a substratum of truth even in the midst of these hygienic eccentricities.

E. L.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX.

A STORY OF THE SHAFTESBURY PLOT.

By G. W. THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER III.

THE TWO AMBASSADORS.

"COLONEL CLAVERHOUSE," said his companion, bowing coldly, and keeping his stern unmoving eye fixed on Sir Robert, "is proud of meeting one who has bled for that good cause which seems now again endangered."

"Adzooks, gentlemen, both," said Sir Robert, flinging abroad both his hands at once, "no court *congés* with an old trooper, who can only beg you to come and take a poor Cavalier's refreshment at his broken-down house of Crow's Nest. Egad, I wish Mabel was here. Did you meet a lady and a groom as you skirted the Ravenhill woods?"

"We did, indeed," said Churchill, kissing his hand to an imaginary goddess; "beautiful as Diana, and queenly as Hippolyta. My friend here, who has a poetical vein, Sir Robert—"

"I a poetical vein," scowled Claverhouse, but did not speak.

"Says," said Churchill, quite undaunted, "that the flowers sprang up from the foot-prints of her horse, while the sunbeams seemed to run before her like heralds of her coming."

"Pretty court language, but thrown away on a poor squire's daughter. Your news from his Grace."

Breaking abruptly into this conversation, Claverhouse, in a few soldier-like words, informed Sir Robert that his Grace the Duke of York being alarmed, not for his own sake, but for his Majesty's, at the rebellious procession of the Green Ribbon and other Protestant clubs, headed by Shaftesbury and the heads of the Whig party, has made an effort to muster all the Tory gentlemen of Oxfordshire who are of approved loyalty and stanch adherents to Church and king, and who are begged to attend the opening of the parliament with as many blue-coat men and tenants as they can muster, armed back and breast, and carrying pistols in their holsters. "The lands of Crow's Nest we find, by an old return of the troubles, furnishes sixty horse?"

"It did," said Sir Robert with a sigh. "But now, thanks to that Whig scoundrel I just pinked, my own servants are all I can mount."

"You're steel of the true temper after all, I see," said Claverhouse with a cold smile. "But to be frank with you, Sir Robert, I expected a far different response; for I heard you were but little better than a Trimmer, and even kept a Puritan chaplain."

"So I do," said Sir Robert with a wince; "it's more from charity than choice. But, egad, I keep him down, and make him drink loyal—at least—that is—he's a good sort of man."

"Try him with the oath of allegiance," said Claverhouse; "that is the best touchstone in these times; and then—"

"My friend Claverhouse," said Churchill laughing, "is exceedingly anxious to introduce several new systems of torture into England; and is determined, if the boots do not become popular with English judges, to join Kirk at Tangiers, and devote the rest of his life to exterminating the Moors."

"Churchill, you know the limits of my patience; so keep your wit for La belle Hamilton or the blushing Bagot. If my feeling of duty seems cruel or ascetic, that is between me and my God. I have not devoted my life to the study of dress-wigs, Martial's gloves, *ragouts*, or *chatelains*; on the fidelity of such gentlemen as Sir Robert Darcy, the *de jure* succession may depend."



CANAL AT ST. OMER. BY E. MORIN.

"Now don't be angry, Claverhouse," said Churchill. "I yield to no one in a sense of a soldier's duty; but we may surely sometimes stand at ease. You're always seeing great political consequences in Bab May's treading on the tail of the king's spaniel, or in Chaffinche's combing his flaxen wig."

"And you," said Claverhouse, "must have earthquakes or volcanoes, sieges or battles, or you think the world standing still."

But as during this short conversation, which was carried on in a low hot whisper, Sir Robert was attentively observing the two messengers of the court, we may as well briefly give the result of his experience.

Churchill, the younger of the two, may perhaps be better known to our readers under his more celebrated name of Marlborough. His features were bold, his eye keen, and his presence commanding; yet report deemed him at this time a mere voluptuary of the court, remarkable even then for parsimony, and tarnished by several acts of meanness. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and wore his cocked-hat pinned up with a large crimson rosette. His companion, a few years later immortalised as Dundee, was of a pale complexion; his features of great beauty and delicacy; his mouth small but firm; his face almost Grecian in the perfection of its oval. He wore no scented wig like his companion, but his own dark brown hair, that fell flowing to his shoulders; a short musketoon hung at his saddle-bow, and his saddle was high-peaked, and of the military fashion. His eyes, the worst part of his face, were cold and melancholy, and his mouth sad and sarcastic. A keener observer than Sir Robert might have shuddered to see a man who, in the stern asceticism of his ambition, would go through the world pitiless and cruel, though he had to wade in blood up to the lips.

"Beautiful excrescence of earth, intended by nature to pay debts!" said Churchill, looking up at the trees of the avenue through which they were now riding.

"Ah, ah, very well, sir, very well!" said Sir Robert, giving him a tremendous thump on the back, that set him coughing, and drove the powder in a cloud out of his wig.

"Killigrew is witty," said Claverhouse with a sneer, "though he does play the buffoon; but yet the buffoon is as good as the fop."

"You're too bitter," said Churchill in a whisper; "but, egad, that old gentleman's clap on the back was my best punishment for stealing the joke."

"An excellent good spot for defence, if the Whigs ever rise," said Claverhouse, his eye kindling as he rose in his stirrups, and pointed to the old hall in the distance between the trees. "A double ravelin there, with a traverse or high breast-work;—or a redoubt would stand well on that knoll where the three beech-trees are, though the pass would be shallow."

"A true young soldier," said Sir Robert, eyeing him from top to toe with an eye of admiration. "Crow's Nest had the honour, sir, of being for six months an outpost of the Oxford garrison; and in that time we repulsed no less than five attacks of Haselrig's men with only forty Babeaters and ten musketeers of Moyle's brigade. Once they fired the barn with a grenade, and another time put a petard to the kitchen-door and blew it in: but we soon rallied; and played upon them from the upper windows with pistols, and with culverins from the top of the clock-tower roof, though Meldrum had sworn to bring me into London alive or dead. But it's always the same,—one Cavalier to three Roundheads. 'He who fears death lives not;' as Hudibras says:

'Their words

Were sharp and trenchant, not their swords.'

So when they sent in the trumpet, they found me sitting on a powder-cask in the hall, and holding a black flag that we had carried off in a sortie; a broken drum near me full of white cockades for night-attacks, and a smoking musket leaning against my barrel. 'Base slubberdegallion,' said I,

'go back to thy masters, and tell them that we'll stew all our buff coats for soup before we surrender!' And egad, it was all a trick; for that night they broke up, and this house you see here was never taken after all."

"We shall never hear the last of this," whispered Churchill, who had been for some time betraying marks of uncontrollable ennui, fingering guitar-tunes on his scabbard, humming French airs, and otherwise diverting himself.

"A brave man's story can only be dull to the thoughtless," said Claverhouse between his teeth, as they rode into the courtyard.

"No apologies, gentlemen; no apologies. I see you whispering together. The chine of beef's ready, and the claret is longing to see the daylight. An old soldier cannot allow two young troopers to boot and saddle without spilling some sack or a little burnt wine. 'No pottage is good without bacon,' the proverb says; and I say, a fig for a meal without wine. And here's my daughter, come to bless God her father's got off scot-free; and she will add her wishes to mine to detain you; unless times are altered; young soldiers do not often refuse requests from such mouths."

Of the gallant compliments paid to Mabel; of her modest pleasure at the homage of the gay Churchill and the cold Claverhouse, heightened by her joy at her father's escape, which she had long ago known, for she left Roger to watch the result; and of the old knight's campaigning stories,—we will say nothing. Suffice it, that after a hasty collation, the two gentlemen mounted their horses, with the understanding that Sir Robert and his four men would be ready, armed, at the park-gate at ten o'clock of the morrow, prepared to fall into the king's train as he passed on his way to Oxford.

"Gallant gentlemen both," said Sir Robert, as they rode off. "That proud lad is the riper man; yet the gayer fellow is no worse soldier. But it will be a busy evening with me, girl; for I must look up my best back-and-breast piece, and the Damascene gorget I wore at Edgehill; and Roger must brush up the crimson housings with the gold-lace fringe; for I must turn out as a Tory gentleman and one of an old family should do, to guard his king from a pack of noisy rebels, who would set up another Commonwealth, if Shaftesbury were but another Cromwell."

With these words the old knight hurried off to execute a series of multifarious duties; namely, to see his dogs fed, his hawks ditto, his armour cleaned, his pistols furbished, and his saddle-cloth brushed; not forgetting, however, amid all his occupations to inquire for Master Wilson, who had not attended as usual to say grace when dinner was served up in the hall; luckily, perhaps, for him, as the toasts were chiefly "Down with Tony," and "A strong rope instead of a green ribbon."

Mabel's first impulse on returning home was to inquire for her tutor. The old housekeeper, Mrs. Rachel, supposed he was poring over those everlasting books. Pretty Betty tossed up her head, and said he was moping as usual up in his room in the clock-tower. Roger was sent to call him. No one answered. Mabel grew anxious, and tripped up in search of the indefatigable student. *Tremor cordis* was upon her; she did not know why. She felt a strange vague apprehension, the more terrible from its causelessness. A sense of approaching evil hung over her. She stood still a moment at the foot of the worn brick-steps leading up to the often-visited room; she could hear many sounds,—the swallows chattering under the eaves, the great iron pulsation of the clock above, the distant noises in the court, her father's voice whistling and cheering his hawks, and even the muffled throbbing of her own heart. The sunset-light fell red and soft upon the whitewashed wall, still dented here and there by the marks of Puritan bullets. She listened; there was no sound,—not even a leaf of a book turning, a pen scratching, or a foot shuffling on the matted floor. Should she call her father?—there might have been murder.

Half-ashamed of her fears, and remembering that she was a soldier's daughter, Mabel ran up-stairs. The door was ajar; should she push it open? It creaked bodingly; the wind moaned sadly and desolately through the key-hole. She entered; the room was empty. The light cane-backed chair stood at the same place, with the crutch-headed cane leaning against it; the old quarto Horace still lay open at the ode they had read that morning; some dried wild-flowers lay on a shelf; rows of folios basked on the floor, leaning against each other for support, some marked for reference. Mabel could not help looking behind the arras, as it waved, apparently without wind, to see if any one were concealed behind its screen. She opened a small bureau; it was empty. Mabel was about to leave the room, to inform her father of Mr. Wilson's strange disappearance, when a volume of Calvin that lay on the table arrested her attention, for a strip of paper projected from between the covers. She drew it out. It contained only these words, evidently the last farewell of the fugitive:

"MY DEAR CHILD AND BELOVED PUPIL,—Bernardus Viscontinus doth say, that Hypericon, or St. John's-wort, gathered on Friday in the hour of Jupiter, when it comes to its effectual operation, that is to say, about the full moon in July, suspended or borne about, or hung at the neck, mightily helps digestion, cheers the heart, nourishes the brain, and drives off all fantastical spirits: Farewell on earth."

When Sir Robert heard of the flight, he ordered Roger to saddle Black Jack, and make inquiries for twenty miles round. Roger insisted on searching the ponds because, he said, "Master Wilson was melancholicus." The housekeeper always thought it would come to that; for he had lately refused her succory pottage, and taken to extreme fastings. Betty had always said he was a witch, and she was sure of it; for she had seen, three days running, a black mouse run round his room while she was sweeping, and he bade her not harm the little creature. And hadn't she seen at Daventry the Rev. Mr. — drive a devil out of a young man with the falling sickness, who afterwards confessed he had five familiars in the shape of dun chickens?

Sir Robert was up next morning before cock-crow, when the busy rooks were only just awaking one by one, and croaking drowsily here and there high up in the mist of a summer-morning. The hawks whistled from their perches when they heard his voice, shook their wings and fluttered; the dogs rattled in and out of their kennels, and the horses neighed greetingly from the stables; the red-haired stable-boy had to be squeezed into a tight buff jacket, made for Sir Robert when he was at Westminster School; the gardener had to hide his spindle-shanks in enormous jack-boots, with broad flaps of stirrup-leather.

It wanted about an hour of the time of meeting; and terrible was the amount of work still to be done. Roger could only find two odd spurs; the gardener's stirrup-leather broke; and Sir Robert had lost one of his Edgehill pistols. At this crisis, as Mabel was tying on her father's crimson scarf, as well as his fuming, singing, and perpetual motion would allow her, a horn was heard sounding three times at the extreme end of the avenue; gradually the sound came nearer; and the next moment a gay carriage-and-six, with outriders, and running footmen carrying the usual sticks of office, drove rapidly up to the gate.

"It's his majesty, by St. Peter!" said Sir Robert, observing the royal arms on the panels, and hastening to the hall-door to receive his illustrious visitor. Can that be the king that steps out, shakes his wig into order, looks at himself in a small pocket-glass, then bows three times till his wig touches the door-steps; while the servants laugh and chatter, and the coachman bends from his box to hear what he says? The new visitor, king or no king, takes no more notice of Sir Robert, but anxiously superintends the unpacking of several small valises and chests, crying out various directions in a shrill important voice:

"Antoine, ser, prenez garde, canaille! Zat sauce zall be

ruined if zu zall disteerb heem. Jacques, fripon, break zat flagon, and it vill bring you to the échefaud—vat you call gibbet."

"Zooks, what's all this? Do you take my house for an inn?" said Sir Robert.

"Sare," said the Frenchman, putting on a conical cap of white linen, shrugging his shoulders, and thrusting down his hands in his pockets, "I am Monsieur Ortolan, cuisinier français, zat is, French cook to his majesté; and am come to prepare a small collation for his majesté, who will be here tout de suite. (Vieux bête Anglais!)"

"There, there, he says something more. Run for Mabel, Roger; it's something about the king and a relation."

"Don't be flustered, your worship," said one of the running footmen, leaning complacently on his stick, and whispering to Sir Robert with a side-glance at Monsieur Ortolan, who was unpacking a case of silver stewpans, polished like mirrors, and of a dozen different sizes; "it's only the way of them furriners. His majesty is going to luncheon here on his road to Oxford."

The hall was now strewn with chafing-dishes, bags of charcoal, cases of essences, stewpans, trussed fowls, and various long-necked bottles of propitious appearance. In five minutes Monsieur Ortolan was attired in a white dress, with his case of spoons and knives by his side, absorbed in the manufacture of various fricassees of delicious odour, timing every thing with a stop-watch, taking snuff with an air of great nonchalance, and occasionally looking at the walls and ceiling with an insolent shrug of affected pity.

"Lor' a mussy on his messes!" said the cook, indignant at being expelled from her own dominions; "if he only knew how to cook a good honest joint!"

"If I can cook ze cotelette, if I can cook ze soupe Néapolitaine,—mon Dieu, if I could make ze dying man eat! Antoine, apportez-moi ze poivre. Le vieux soldat, qu'il est en colère! Pah! ah, ah, coquin, ah! I will teach him to respect his majesté's officer de cuisine."

"What does the wizened old fellow say, Mabel?" said Sir Robert, looking at him with mingled curiosity and wonder. "I see his jaw going like an ape's with the ague."

"Plait-il, mademoiselle, que vous êtes charmante. Qu'est-ce qu'il dit, ce vieux monsieur-là? Il est farouche comme tous les diables, n'est-ce pas?"

Acting as prudent interpreter between her father and Monsieur Ortolan, Mabel soon discovered that he had been sent forward, according to the king's usual custom when his visits were sudden and unexpected, to save Sir Robert any annoyance by preparing a hot luncheon, in order that he might rest before his public entrance into Oxford, and await a strong escort of Life Guards, under Colonel Claverhouse, who was to join him at Crow's Nest; the attitude of the mob who swarmed the road being unusually threatening and alarming.

Mabel ran to put on her silver-lace gown, and begged her father to resume his black-velvet coat and his—

"No, no, girl," said he; "proud as I am of receiving his majesty this day under my roof, I will receive him as a soldier, and not as a courtier; egad, if I don't feel as gay as a hawk that's just whistled off the fist." And he began, much to Monsieur Ortolan's amusement, to shout, "The king shall enjoy his own again!"

"Only look at them messes, Sir Robert," whispered Roger; "they aint fit for a dog to eat."

"They turns my stomach," said the housekeeper, who had been stalking about with upturned nose and folded arms.

"An Englishman would be ashamed of hisself," said Roger, "for spoiling good beef in that heathenish—I call it heathenish—way. Lord, Sir Robert, do you remember how we cooked that horse-steak on a ramrod after Edgehill; and how it was done to a turn?"

There is no knowing what series of campaigning stories this might have led to, had not at that moment a second horn been heard, and the next instant two coaches, at-

tended by a few outriders, dashed up the avenue, and drew up at the door.

The door of the heavy gilded coach flew open, and with a hearty laugh the merry monarch stepped forth, depositing a long-eared spaniel upon the ground, gave it an affectionate kick with his royal foot, and took off his hat, as Sir Robert sank upon one knee, and welcomed him as "an old Cavalier soldier to his poor house of Crow's Nest." Who but knows the swarthy deep-lined face, full lip and mouth, heavy eyelids, dark upturned moustache, and black periwig of Charles, the worthless good-humoured *bon vivant*? He was dressed in deep-blue satin, looped back at the cuffs to show the full ruffles of his wrist. Round his neck was a cravat with long ends of the richest Flanders lace. He wore the blue ribbon of the Garter; the George, set with diamonds, hung under his left arm. His stockings were of the finest pearl-coloured silk, and his shoe-buckles glittered with crystals. Behind him came Arlington, with the black patch saddling his nose, that Killigrew so often laughed at, produced originally by a pistol-wound received during the civil wars; his uncurled light wig falling on his shoulders, remarkable for a certain stiffness of manner, that made him the butt of the gayer part of the court. Then arm-in-arm walked the Earl of Rochester and Sidney Godolphin; the former not the licentious wit, but the son of the great Lord Clarendon; his handsome piquant features contrasting singularly with Godolphin's double-chin, high broad forehead, and massive features, always bland and calm, and attuned to that courtly smile that had raised its master from a page to the Treasury bench. Cautious and calm, he offended no party; clear-headed and incorruptible, he was equally useful to all. "Sidney Godolphin," said Charles, "is never in the way nor out of the way." Prudent and cool, he detested factious men, and was a Conservative from necessity of temperament; grave and reserved, he might have passed for a bishop, had it not been known that all his spare moments were spent in horse-racing and cock-fighting.

His friend Hyde, quick and penetrating, a fervent Tory and experienced statesman of the Cavalier school, might have made an excellent prime minister but for his arrogance and violence of temper. His consistency, however, in such a corrupt age, made Hyde seem respectable.

Last of all, his head bent as if absorbed in meditation, came a mind that far transcended either that of the king or his two companions. This was Sunderland, the secretary of state, the wildest diplomatist of that abandoned age, when statesmen were without principle and women without virtue,—cold-hearted, keen-eyed, restless, insatiable, sold to France, a lukewarm republican in theory, a lukewarm royalist in action, a microscopic observer of character and life, but with a less comprehensive glance than Shaftesbury. He was a distinguished writer himself, cunning, supple, shameless, free from all prejudices, and destitute of all principle, courted and feared by all parties, in the royal closet potent, at the council-board taciturn, in the House of Lords a mute and sneering listener to the brilliant and philosophic Halifax and the adroit and ready Shaftesbury. Fascinating, yet insincere, he was the fair-spoken Belial of his century's politics; and had an utter contempt for such visionaries as Algernon Sidney, whose purity seemed to him Quixotic.

But leaving for a moment these statesmen, let us describe the hall into which Sir Robert ushered his guests, and on whose ponderous table, thanks to Monsieur Ortolan, a dainty luncheon was already smoking.

It was a lofty room, the ceiling covered with square panelling, with coats-of-arms painted at the intersections. The floor was paved, but covered here and there with mats, and where the king sat in Sir Robert's state chair, with a small Turkey carpet. The walls were panelled with oak, and studded with stags' horns, foxes' brushes, and a few pikes and old matchlocks. At one end stood a perch, on which rested four hawks, two long and two short winged, adapted for the striking either heron or partridge. Over the vast fireplace hung a tapestry of fox-skins. In one corner

of the room, on a heap of straw, was a litter of puppies; in another a bunch of hunting-poles. From the chimney-piece dangled a string of hawk's bells and a long twisted whip; while on a shelf above was an old felt-hat full of pheasant's eggs, and on the window-ledge a pack of old cards and a pipe, besides a book of Chronicles and a work on farriery. A low door at one end of the hall opened into the chapel, a spot now seldom used; the pulpit of which served Sir Robert as a convenient cupboard in which to keep a cold chine of beef and a pasty for a "snack" between whiles.

THAMES ROWING.

A CLEAR summer morning, deep in July, was the first occasion of my going on the water this year. The sky was intensely blue, and dappled with little cloudlets that floated over its firmamental depths white and lustrous as the swans that are scattered about the blue-reflecting bosom of the river.

Getting into the beloved boat again, it is noticeable that she appears to have grown crankier since the winter;—such a thing is use,—whereas seven months ago it was the simplest thing in the world to enter this feather of a boat; yet now, that interval passed without practice, it is with some nervousness that I part from the landing-place in a vessel whose entire weight is under fifty pounds, while her length exceeds twenty feet. The boat, in fact, is of the class designated by a distinguished critic on art, "a floating chisel," with the further assertion that it possessed no beauty whatever. To me this preremptory decision is absurd. I see immense beauty in a wager-boat; firstly, because it perfectly fulfils its function of extraordinary swiftness (and the perfection of fitness to function I hold to be the prime essential of beauty); secondly, when examined out of the water, the eye will immediately recognise an elegance of form about such a boat, unless, indeed, we are bound to receive only curves which are portions of circles of small diameter as beautiful, excluding the forms of many leaves and many fish;—from the swiftness of which latter have been taken the moulding lines of the out-rigger, or wager-boat. Also, such a boat, when in the water, is beautiful to me because there is a sort of analogy and keeping, so to speak, between its horizontal parallelism of line and the similar character that distinguishes the place of its service—the river; thus in the same manner a bluff-bowed boat is beautiful at sea, because partaking of the characteristic forms of the waves, and of those rounded shapes which water-worn rocks assume as the result of and best protection against attrition by the waves. To say that the apparent insecurity of such boats detracts from their beauty, is simply an augury of a want of knowledge in the observer; as, to those who know how to manage them, these vessels are by no means insecure. The same thing might be said of the form of man himself, who appears top-heavy, until we learn his power of adjusting the centre of gravity; the swan, a universal type of beauty, seems in danger of going down bow-foremost, without our knowledge that the weight and power of counter-balance which his feet possess beneath the water is sufficient to rectify this.

Thus thinking, I dispute that fiat on the beauty of wager-boats; while the feeling which results from their use is extraordinary,—for the royal effortless power exerted, and the speed which a skilful rower attains in them, surpassing as it does any other rapidity which man can gain by his own muscular power, is a perfectly human victory. Having been up in a balloon, and travelled on a locomotive at the rate of sixty miles an hour (the swiftest method of progression), we boldly assert neither of them to be comparable for delight with the result of a man's own efforts—rowing in a "floating chisel." Floating chisel, indeed! We should like to put the critic into training, and make him row on the Thames for half an hour, getting over six miles of water, as he might do in a floating chisel. We know perfectly well

that speed is a small result, maybe a poor thing, when gained; but that is a question which does not affect the beauty of the instrument for its accomplishment; and it might have occurred to the critic that some people will prefer to go fast, although he desiderates slowness.

When last on the water its whole character was gloomy and monotonous decay; the full stream that flowed along like oil, the heavy gray sky, the trees, whose leaves fell from them in showers,—all combined to give an air of sad and breathless desolation, very depressing to the mind, and fully in keeping with the utter loneliness of the water. Now every thing is bright and sheeny; the wavelets ripple crisply in the morning air, like the clear smile of a young girl; and the trees, which were fast growing stark and bare, seem fairly overlaid and heavy with leafage; they rustle drowsily under the hot noon, seeming to take a *siesta*, and shift themselves uneasily in the heat. The thinnest dress, and the lightest pair of sculls, suit best this burning day. Despite the intensity of the heat, my progress must be swift, having to overtake some comrades previously started, and in their company witness one of those great festivals of the river—a rowing-match. The light boat rushes through the water easy, steady, and swift; cuts a path that ever closes in a hissing track behind from under the polished and keel-less bottom. The rigid iron outriggers groan with the stress of each stroke, and the fairy craft leaps at every effort like a flying deer. Onwards, onwards, leap upon leap, for mile after mile is the speed kept up, until I have recovered so much time that it is advisable to rest and let the tide (which is at the spring) fill the river. Here is a shady place under some trees, a usual cooling place of mine; into it, and float stilly upwards as the water flows. This place feels chilly after the heat and exertion of rowing, and has within it a murmuring and hissing sound that is like the clustering of myriads of bees, yet not an insect is to be seen; indeed, the noise is too much of a hiss and simmer for the drony sound of wings. There is no wind to cause it; it is too universal to be from any thing concealed in the grass, or I might fancy it came from some of the beetle tribe. Neither in the air, nor in the trees, nor amongst the grass upon the bank, and yet encircling me in all directions, the sound can but come from the last place one would look for it—the water; and so it is indeed; for all around are bursting incommensurable millions of bubbles, that rise from the clay-bed of the river, rustle to the surface in a tiny tract of light, and explode each its little life into the common air. I can see them clustering like strings of pearls around the chinks in the earth below.

The tide, being of the spring, rises high against the bank, so that it is easy to look upon the meadows. There, nestling among the flooded grass, is the little Cyclops, the Darling! the Daisy! Hail, Margarita! Salvi! Salvi! I take off my cap to you, Queen of the Meadows; that last stroke of the scull sent the ripples thronging about your stem, and you nod to me the most affable salutations. I may err in this, however, and the action be defiant, and yourself

"A silver shield with boss of gold,
That spreads itself some fairy bold
In fight to cover."

Thus Wordsworth names you; but let the reader recall the poem and see which of that shower of similes is the truest; or take the flower, and make a thousand more. Let him cast himself on a bank of them dog-like, roll over in them, scatter them above him in handfuls, or bite them if he will.

I must pull onwards; so, Queenling, *au revoir*! What, not a kiss of the hand to me, your first visitor, your only lover this day! Who else shall heed you when the tide falls? On the next flood only the moon shall look upon you; will she "take off her veil of light" as I my cap? Will you wait for the lover of another day? I trow well that to-morrow those little triplets of crimson shall be shuddering together like the fingers of a frozen hand. Ah, little one, I knew you for a prude despite your rose-tipped fingers. Adieu.

The moon, that shall be the only greeter of that jilt of a daisy, looks always sweetly on the river; the very thought of it recalls a night I spent some miles above here, which I will attempt to describe. It was not a full orb such as shall this night smile that flirt of a flower out of countenance, but a dying luminary of the third quarter. A silvery lustre hung about the horizon's edge, which broadened until the brief-reigning planet arose,—paced her short arc,—made the earth like her own face,—spaces of blackness and bright light;—soon declined again, and sank beneath the poplar-tops; faded behind the willows on the stream; glinted upon their motionless branches for a while; then paled away to naught but a faint radiance that sank,—sank, and vanished from the sky, leaving the night, the river, and the land to the stars' silent ministrations. And well were they performed. Then I lingered through the dark; the stream lapsing languidly upon the boat's side, and the long sighs of wind seeming to be night's hushing breath bidding me not wake the echoes that the solemn darkness stilled. I woke them not; but drifted, drifted, by village and hamlet and solitary house, silent and sleeping; now among a fleet of swans that shimmered in the darkness, now into the mysterious depths of blackest tree-shadows. What nights were those! Saw I not giant Orion hang his great shield on high, mystic Aldebaran lustrously shine, and Ophiucus glitter like a taper? Thus I watched,

“—— till the bear had wheel'd
Through a great arc his seven slow suns.”

The Thames is, of course, not without strange specimens of humanity peculiar to itself; one has just passed me, pulling steadily in a funny; a man known as the “Flying Dutchman,” a sobriquet well deserved, not for the swiftness of his rowing, but from the fact that, at whatever hour one is on the water,—morning, evening, or noon,—sure as the tide runs, you meet this man; a stoutish, decent, white-haired individual, who steadily sculls along with unhasting even stroke. I can certify that at all hours, and in all places, and, what is more strange, on all occasions of being on the water, I have seen this person. Going down the river to Greenhithe, steering a six-oared boat in the mazes of the Pool, I was startled by his appearance, pulling steadily round the bows of an ocean-going steamer. Far above the locks, when under the elms at Wargrave, I have seen him sweep easily along. Morning, noon, and evening, did I say? I aver that once, just before dawn, having made fast to a tree on the north side of Twickenham Ait, I was knocking off the neck of a bottle of milk-punch, when hearing sounds of sculls in the misty darkness, I cried, “Look ahead!” to which a mild monotonous voice replied, “All right.” And then I saw *him* sweep by, pulling steadily stroke over stroke. Indeed, I was amazed; the sight cost me the bottle of punch, which slipping, plunged into twenty feet water, and became jetsom for the naiads; may it warm their chilly British blood! I am the only man who has heard him speak, that is one comfort. If he lives any where out of the boat, it is in a lone house up a rushy creek at Wandsworth, at the mouth of which he has been seen to hover. Such is the Flying Dutchman of the Thames. Rowing-men say he is condemned to scull eternally for having neglected to save a drowning man. If you ask a boat-master, he avers in an undertone that it is a judgment upon the sculler for having refused to pay for the boat in which he rows.

Swallows, here again! from what unknown valley under shadow of Atlas Mount are you returned? You that skim the placid river here so closely that I hear each bill snap upon its prey,—may have, nay, must have, seen the lion come to drink in tarns of Libyan hills; and near as you are to me, have as closely flitted by some canoe-man drifting (as I do) on a river flowing from southern hill-slopes which look on to the Unknown Land. Perhaps in the palm-groves of Lake Tschad your twitter has been heard; or you have swept its cane-brakes with glancing wing, and could tell if from the same hill flow both Nile and Niger.

Some time must pass before I meet my comrades and reach the racing-ground; let us beguile it with recollections of the aspect of the water at a very different time from the present, when it is so still that one might fancy oneself on a tideless lake, where the trees stand breathless and gasping, and there is a sort of hum about the earth simmering in heat, which the drowsy air drinks in; the birds themselves sing sleepily, and so calm is all about that I hear them on both banks. An idle dog looks at me from the shore, too hot and lazy even to bark. Not a drop of rain has fallen for weeks, until the very thought and hope of such is refreshing. Not a cloud is now above me; all the islands and swan-like clusters have vanished under the overpowering heat.

Then there were odd piles of fantastic cloud about, covering the clear spring-sky; and I noticed more especially one, lying along the horizon like a recumbent angel, resting upon an elbow, and seeming as if set to watch this plain, with lance planted slopewise before him. He had been motionless for an hour, till I almost fancied the faint heaves of air that shook the poplar-tops must have been his sleepy suspirations. But not so; angels never sleep. Just then I saw him raise his hand, and toss it backward for a signal. Instantly, far away on the other horizon, banners arose, appearing, uprising, legion after legion, like a host; they stream athwart the sky, followed by strange-shaped clouds (dreadful aerial engines of war, maybe); ere this array was half-way over the sentinel stirred, and seemed to put forth, first another arm, then wing after wing, when he sped onwards as leader of the advancing throng called to battle by some companion-watcher, whose southern post was the last of a chain extending from a great battlespace over the Atlantic plain. Ho! the need is urgent; for see, the war-engines are left behind, and every cohort levels itself more and more to fly the swifter, while the motion of their innumerable wings makes the poplars swerve backwards to the very root,—soughing. From the northeast, more and more, army upon army, and that level cloud with hillocky whitenesses upon it, which erst I took for an encampment, proves itself so indeed; for, see,—all the tents are struck, and the whole body marches hitherwards, black and portentous.

How strange that soundless march did seem,—millions on millions,—and all I hear is the loud wrestling of the trees and the lapping of the water, which the wind of the army's multitudinous motion dashes smartly against my boat! Silent, I said;—but what means that mutter-like shuddering sound? why do they from the encampment linger overhead, and draw together into a mass? O, I see! they were the reserve, and my watcher their general; for here he comes again in the higher regions of the air (indeed he did sleep, angel as he was, and should have been begone before), sadly smirched, not a plume remaining, rose-tinted as they were; nor alone either, for hither drives the whole South-West, big with rain too,—that spot went through my dress. On with my waterproofs, and let the boat drift while I see out the fight. Nor without partisanship; for it is the North and East against South and West—Winter against Summer—doing battle under the pale sky of Spring. There they come; my level flyers driven backwards, heap upon heap. The poplars scarce move now, but creak with an uneasy swing. More muttering; and rain-drops, like flights of javelins, hiss into the river. The sun is shut out awhile, and the battle goes on; wreaths of whitish cloud scud across low down,—forlorn hopes, probably,—all in tumultuous gray confusion. That rift to the north shows that the main body is broken. Close up!—Close up! make the darkness deeper for a last struggle. Too late; the faithless East is flying. Rolling mass upon mass, the black South-West has it; and far away they go, West and South and North and East, into the country of the invader. Opens out the bright sky again, bluer than before; the poplars toss again, and the aspens upon the bank turn up their white leaves to the sunlight, lispings and fluttering a joyous

echo to the river's plash. Just where the encampment stood, some of the South are erecting a triumphal arch; and there, where the forlorn angel lay, a city is rapidly building, which the setting sun shall illumine with crimson, vermilion, and burning gold, to honour the bridal of Spring.

If Sardanapalus built Anchialus and Tarsus in one day, —or boasted that he did,—what shall be said for the aerial architect yonder, whose materials gather to him out of the sky itself, who is heaping palaces a mile high, and laying their foundations forty miles from end to end; nay, for mere whim, and without a waft of air, he has brought for a background a whole range of mountains out of immensity, upon whose riverless sides the sun pours a flood of opal-coloured light, more lovely than the most gorgeous fantasies of Imperial Dreamland itself. How long has he been doing this? Why there!—the lower boughs of that green-black arbutus are still dropping jewels which had not parted from its summit when he commenced to labour, and now,—when the last globules glitter upon the grass,—Palaces and mountainous Pyramids and Arcades,—columned like Indian rock-temples,—stand as steadily as icebergs upon a lake, and are based upon as stable a foundation as either of the Assyrian's Mesopotamian cities.

In these remembrances of spring I have almost forgotten that this is burning summer, but must not forget my appointment, and the object of the excursion. A mile or so onwards is the racing water, and there are the men I have to meet. The race is just about to start. Now, best of readers, I am not going to describe this match, for the correspondents of the sporting papers did that with an enthusiasm unattainable by me; but shall rather put you into my own position, when seated in a racing eight-oared boat, on another occasion, and prepared to row for a prize.

I had been in training for some time, and attained to the utmost tension of muscular strength and vital power, feeling like a young Adam, every nerve being braced to the height of clear sense, like a musical instrument brought to concert pitch. The rowers and the boats were ready at the starting-place. We sat steadily, each man with his oar backed at full stretch, ready to dip and pull at sound of the signal gun: I held my breath anxiously, and the light wind shook a loose neck-ribbon against my cheek. Bang! went the gun, and with an instantaneous consent the eight oars touched the water, the lengthy boat leapt into swift motion in a second, and, amidst a shout from the spectators, the competitors flew onwards. Although the river-banks were lined with men manifesting their interest by yells and shrieks, yet that cry at starting was all I heard; excepting when the regular beat of the oars, and their sharp roll in the rowlocks, struck my ears, or a call from the coxswain of "Steady!" was audible above the sort of fierce devouring rush which the sharp-nosed boat made in cutting the water. Naught was the effect which my strength appeared to produce upon the boat while merged with that of the other seven rowers. The gesticulating crowd seemed to waver as we flew by; and it was not until after rowing some minutes that I found we had passed all the boats but one, and of this were but half a length astern. I could see the efforts of the crew as they strove to keep the lead. Gradually we slipped past; first being abreast of the midmost rower; then of No. 3, who sat immediately ahead of him; then No. 2, and at last a mighty stroke brought the boats exactly level with each other. Perceiving this, our opponent "put out," partly recovering the advantage; then we also strove, regaining it. We passed them and stole ahead; they fell back, and our boat fairly tore through the water,—it seemed like riding on an arrow; the cleft stream parted in a bright fan on either bow, while the wind of our own progress was like a fresh breeze. Regular, steady, swift, and strong, onward we went, thinking the prize our own. But our antagonist unflinchingly toiled behind, and I could perceive that his skilful coxswain was gradually edging our boat out of the force of the tide; on rounding an angle of the bank, this told against us, and he, cutting sharply across the chord of the arc we had made, shot more

than a length ahead; an advantage we could not regain, so close to the winning-post as we were. They won, and fairly won, the prize. Such is a boat-race; but I could never tell you of the fierce effort, the exhilaration, and the feeling of strength and might, which one feels during its occurrence.

The great match I had come to see was over, with the usual amount of noise, rejoicing, and disappointment; and I quitted my companions to row higher up alone, enjoying the glorious day now fast sinking into stilly afternoon. I went onwards some miles in silence, rested for refreshment till the tide turned, and began easily to scull homewards; when one of those little showers which break even the fairest day compelled me to rest under the branches of an elm hanging upon the water. The rain over, a smart breeze sprang up, and compelled me to row close to the bank, for the fretful river chafed pettishly, leaping into the boat. But what drenched and wretched figure is this, rowing as it were out of a willow whose pendent branches sweep the stream? By Leander, my excellent friend T—! Says he, "A smart shower that, Fritz; where were you?" "*In nubibus*," I reply, and row on; with a remark not complimentary to my veracity, he dashes after.

Now this man, a good creature otherwise, is one of those dreadful bores, a logician, who calls himself a transcendentalist and a political economist of the rankest growth; who is so argumentative that I do believe he would reason the Widow out of the propriety of giving her Mite. A mortal I dread, so fly from with all the speed of my swift boat. He dashes after; for awhile I keep ahead, the long powerful sculls flashing momentarily over the water like the pulsing tips of a hovering hawk's great wings. But he is the stronger and heavier, and before my more trained power of endurance can tire him out will catch me for his prey. A little farther onwards is an inlet under trees, into which I can dash, lie shadowed, and let him overtake me. Crash among the feathering boughs, wet from the shower, grind upon the shingle I go; then pause breathless and still. Heedless and hasty, he plunges by, driving the nose of his boat under water, passes, and I am free this day from his pitying smile at my ignorant want of logic and irrational feeling. Victoria, Victoria! the race is not with the swift!

I disentangle myself from the boughs, glorying in escape. But, woe is me! "Don't halloo till you're out of the wood," says the proverb. Back he comes, suspecting the trick, and I am caught. Pitying reader, I can tell you no more; he puts me,—*x*, the unknown quantity,—into his mill, till I come to a doubtless just conviction of having been born a fool; he sticks to me all the way to Chelsea again, and sees my boat hauled up at Coates's, arguing the while; then, with a conceited smile, says, "Good day." Good day, indeed! sheers my week's holiday in half, and talks of good day. All I get out of him is the bitter conviction that

"I must learn logic some of these days." F. G. S.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.—This is an exact rendering of an ancient Greek adage, which is repeated with little variation in most modern languages. The Italians say also, "A tree often transplanted is never loaded with fruit,"—*Albero spesso trapiantato mai di frutti è caricato*.

W. K. KELLY.

THE ADELPHI ARCHES.

A PASSING wayfarer down the Strand may have noticed certain dark archways on the south side; he may have noticed, too, if topographically observant, that the Adelphi buildings stand on level ground, whereas the streets on either hand slope abruptly down towards the river. Those yawning mouths lead to long avenues, ramifications of damp vaulted passages, which constitute altogether the *Adelphi Arches*, lately the subject of much comment. The

next time he is in the neighbourhood, let him enter, and explore the labyrinth to its furthest recesses; let him, indeed, do this twice—once in the day-time, and again by night; for night alone can reveal the scenes of existence which that labyrinth discloses.

Reader,—you and I, who are fortunate enough to have a home, and who perhaps, on some occasion when jaded with long wandering, and hungry, have solaced ourselves each step we took by thinking how soon we should be there, how the creature comforts of supper would soon be before us, and how soon we should commit ourselves to the solace of care-killing sleep,—think what our condition would be without a home, without a supper, and without a bed. Some thirty thousand such there are every night all the year through in this great hive of bricks and mortar to whom an archway,—some place whither they may escape from the elements, and from the noisy turmoil of life without,—stands in place of home. The railway-arches come in for their share, and the dry arches of bridges; but all sink into insignificance by comparison with the labyrinth of vaulted passages which we are about ideally to explore.

The entrance is steep and slippery; always damp, even when the weather is dry. Vainly the neighbouring sewers yawn and gape up through their grating prison-bars to catch whatever of slush and impurity may chance to pass their way. The Adelphi Arches have an insatiate maw for filth. Down the flowing pollutions come, and in they roll. As you cautiously tread your way, each passing footfall reverberates like the clanking of fetters. If you speak, your words come back again like voices of whispering ghouls, with which, indeed, it takes no great stretch of imagination to picture the labyrinth as peopled. This is our preparatory exploration: it is by day, the human creatures who people its recesses by night are wandering. Though midday, the arches would be quite dark were it not for the gas-lights sparsely distributed here and there along the walls, or hanging from the roof. You shiver with cold though you go there in the dog-days. Wandering onward, the sound of wheels meets the ear, and presently through the gloom you perceive a cart approaching; it is filled with ice: for, besides the long vistas of open archways, there are others branching off from the main road, let as warehouses. A bottled-beer purveyor uses one, several confectioners make ice-cellars of others. From one of the latter the cart rumbles away, and is returning to the shop with ice-slabs from Norway or Wenham Lake. The Adelphi Arches are naturally cold, but these ice-cellars make them colder still; the blood in your veins almost threatens to freeze as you pass near them.

Having made our primary exploration by day, let us vary the scene, and learn what the Adelphi Arches have to show us in the dead of night. The clock strikes twelve as we enter. Groups of tired wanderers are flocking in, and taking up their stations as fast as the police will allow them. But now and then one of Sir Richard Mayne's pretorian guards paces his subterranean rounds and disturbs the refugees.

Listen! what is that?

"Beds, beds, beds, a penny a night, a penny a night! Vater, soap, and fire for vitt'ls! All for a penny a night. Now's yer time, ladies and gentlemen; now's yer time."

Wherever a few pieces of money are gathered together, even though they be copper coins, there, in this great mart of speculation, will business be done or attempted.

"Beds, beds, beds! a penny a night, a penny a night! Soap, vater, and fire for vitt'ls!"

The individual from whose noisy throat these cheering promises come is a touter sent out by a Jew from the back-slums of Covent Garden. That Jew keeps a lodging-house for travellers, not quite fitted up in accordance with the act of parliament anent lodging-houses; but the Jew keeps clear of informers. He and the informers best know why.

"A penny a night, a penny a night! Any more ladies and gentlemen as wants a bed for a penny?"

To many of the wandering outcasts who are beginning

their career, to whom the Adelphi Arches are new, and the Jew's touter is a stranger, the promise of a bed for a penny comes like a peace-bearing herald from the world—their enemy. To others the same words are gall and wormwood. Many are without a penny; or, if they have one, desire to save it for the morning's loaf. About half a dozen find a penny each, and accept the conditions. Some pay at once; others, more suspicious, reserve the precious coin until they see with their own eyes what they are to get for it.

"A penny a night! a penny a night! Any more ladies and gentlemen vot wants a night's lodging, vith soap and vater, and fire for vitt'ls in the morning, all for von penny?"

But the number of penny lodgers seems fully made up; no more candidates appear to be forthcoming, when occurs the strangest scene of all.

"Vot lady or gent," inquires the touter, "would like to have a night's lodging for a fardin?"

"I, and I, and I," exclaim the former penny candidates.

"Stop a bit," says the touter, beckoning them away. "Is it reasonable for to suppose that any gen'leman or lady can get a fust-rate feather-bed, vith pillar to match, vith soap and vater, and fire for vitt'ls, all for a fardin? Vy, the soap's vorth all the money." (So, indeed, it would be, if used according to the necessities of his ragged *clientèle*.)

"Then don't get chaffing us, governor; we're tired, so come along."

But the touter's work is not yet complete. He knows how to extract more coins from those seemingly empty pockets.

"Now if four ladies or gen'lemen vill subscribe four fardins, and toss,—vy there's a bed for the von vot vins."

He who thinks that every notion of sport and speculation must depart and vanish from regions of misery like those we are exploring, is mistaken. Perhaps there are no conditions of humanity so low, no fortuitous groupings of humanity so hungry, depressed, and jaded, but that hopes and fears remain; degrees of betterness and worseness marked on the dial-plate of existence, revealing a moment of happiness sparkling from amongst the dusky hours of misery, or a moment still blacker than the rest. Ay, there is ambition, hope, solace, trust in some lucky revolution of Fortune's wheel, even under the Adelphi Arches. Many a marquis scheming to be a duke, many a merchant planning increase to his wealth, has looked up to the longed-for crowning-point of his aspirations, and down to the shipwreck of his hopes, with no stronger emotions for the time being than those experience who contribute their farthings to win the golden chance of a bed for that night.

A ragged group assemble under one of the gas-lights. The bed-touter has a sort of rough wit; a talent which got him his place, and which helps him to keep it. He sets forth in glowing language the Elysian delights of his employer's lodgings, until smiles are evoked upon countenances so wan and worn that you would have supposed they could not smile. The touter's eloquence is not fruitless; pockets are fumbled, and rags are shaken, secret ways leading out of pockets into the tangled recesses of shreds and patches are probed with claw-like fingers, until farthings come forth. The destiny which rules over the Jew's beds is thus made apparent. The touter tosses a farthing. "Heads," cries one of the first group of four. "Heads it is." "Tails," cries a second. "Very sorry, it is heads," says the touter; "stand aside." In this way each group of four is weeded, until one remains; to that one the night's lodging belongs. On her or him the Adelphi fates have for that night been propitious.

Thus group after group are disposed of, until the first handicap is played out. Gambling is contagious even here. Many of those who have lost their first chance discover other farthings, and make another handicap. Again the distribution of beds is repeated. At length the touter departs with his recruits; and the Adelphi Arches, weeded of their prosperity, are tenanted by the very dregs of the dregs of London misery.

What voice is that which comes from the far depths

of the cavern? A baby's? Yes. That crouching female figure, from whose pallid face the last drops of life-blood seem to have departed, is a mother. That baby's voice fills these dark regions with shrill echoes, but they do not seem to pierce the darker labyrinths of the mother's heart. There she sits, crouching and statue-like; but on approaching nearer, I see her bosom heave; I hear choking gurgles in her throat; I note the convulsive twitching of her fingers, more telling than noisiest grief. Hers is the deeper agony, too deep for words. 'Tis the old tale, perhaps. That mother may have been happy once, hopeful, loving, trusting. But she seems to have quaffed the cup of suffering to its dregs. She is tempted now, and the river is near. To-morrow you shall see placarded in front of the police-offices a statement to the effect that the bodies of herself and her infant have been found in the Thames.



SOMETHING NEW ABOUT THE CANARY.

It is far too much the custom among us to keep our little pet-birds confined to their small cages; and we are apt to express wonder if, under such circumstances, they are unwell, moody, or indisposed to sing. The wonder is that, so treated, they ever sing to us at all. As for their being in good health, that is generally owing to the natural vigour of their constitution; no thanks to the thoughtfulness of their masters and mistresses. But *all* bird-keepers are not thus thoughtless. Many throw open the doors of their little prisoners' cages, and let them have the range of a room; and very delightful it is to see them roaming about in the full enjoyment of liberty. Their voices, how sweet! their antics and mimic performances, how grotesque and amusing! But I am about to tell of something even better than this. What if I propose *letting our favourite Canaries have their full liberty in the open air?* This may be done readily, under certain circumstances; and with extraordinary results, as I shall show. To view a Canary in all his glory, he should be sprightly; in full activity, and not restricted to space. No bird enjoys freedom more than he; yet how seldom is it granted him!

A friend of mine, residing not more than some sixteen miles from this great metropolis, has at the present time a whole colony of Canaries *living and breeding in the open air*. They are "free" as the air they breathe, unrestricted in their flight, thoroughly domesticated in their habits, and tame as any heart could desire them to be.*

I have long asserted, and *proved* it in my *Book of British and Foreign Song-Birds*, that the Canary is a hardy bird. When on the wing, he can endure *any* amount of cold, and winter anywhere with the stoutest of our native birds. In confinement it is different; deny him exercise, and he suffers like his owners.

I will now describe the spot where this fairy bird-land lies concealed from the prying eye of the public. I have seen it often, and revelled in the sight quite at my leisure. On entering the picturesque mansion, the eye is arrested by an extensive and charming view from the window. Seated,

* I hardly need say that I am no stranger to what *may* be done with birds in a flower-garden. Thirty years' experience with nearly 400 choice pets—all of them rare songsters too—have suggested no end of interesting experiments "in the open air."

or rather embosomed in its own grounds, from the windows downwards there is a verdant lawn, extending by a gradual slope to the margin of a large open park—there being no interruption to an almost unbounded prospect. Immediately contiguous to the dwelling-house is an ample shrubbery, beautifully laid out, and comprising trees and shrubs of all kinds. Here the birds nest, and hold their conferences. This shrubbery extends all round the house. To the left, immediately beyond the flower-garden, and in a shady corner, is a sheet of water overarched by trees. Here the cattle resort to drink; here, too, the birds assemble to enjoy the cool breezes, when the blazing sun banishes them from the park and open fields.

Such is the spot where dwells this happy family of

Canaries. Here they live, day and night, in perfect liberty; here they build their nests; here they lay their eggs and rear their young; here they play; here they sing.

Sometimes a nest is found in a Wistaria, immediately beneath a window. Look at it if you will; pass your finger over the back of the sitting mother: it is no offence. When the young are hatched, and three days old, look at *them* also if you will: the parent is pleased, and her offspring are fearless. So among all the trees and all the bushes. I speak from actual experience. It is a most amiable sight to behold these pretty creatures, of all hues and all colours, feeding their young. And how the papas make the welkin ring with their floods of melody!

Here let me remark, that the musical powers of the Canary, heard in an open park or shrubbery, are novel as they are beautiful. When thus "free," he is heard to perfection. Birds in confinement are under restraint. They sing, it is true; but their song is monotonous. It lacks the energy and spirit of a roving bard.

These birds are free of the house; they eat at table, fly on the young ladies' shoulders, and make themselves "quite at home" with the household. Moreover, their food, in choice variety, is placed for them in a very large cage on the lawn, which they enter by certain small openings. Would you detain them, a slight invisible cord, skilfully touched by a gentle hand, bars every point of egress; they are your prisoners!

For a succession of years has this colony existed and thrived; and many a treat have I had, while contemplating what may be accomplished by only a little tact and a kindly disposition.

I have been invited, while on a recent visit to Dorchester and Weymouth, to establish a similar colony at West Lulworth next summer. Trees are to be planted there, shrubs raised, and all sorts of preparations are to be made. It is a most lovely and picturesque spot; and if the savage gunner can be held in check, and his bloodthirsty propensities arrested, such a Canary Island as I shall establish in that cove will be one of the world's wonders.

It may be asked, What about *the cats*? "Thereby hangs a tale," which needs not be unfolded *here*. Canaries and cats (vermin) cannot "live" together. Let this suffice. *Au reste*, there needs only a suitable site, a snug retreat away from a public road, a quiet neighbourhood, and kind neighbours,—you may then have Canaries living and breeding in your own grounds.

WILLIAM KIDD.



SPECIMENS FROM RECENT EXHIBITIONS: NO. XX.

PAINTED BY H. S. MARKS.

BOTTOM ENACTING PYRAMUS.

3 NO 57

BOTTOM ENACTING PYRAMUS.

By H. S. MARKS.

Who does not remember Bottom, the inimitable Bottom, whose hungry zeal made him desire to act a whole play by himself, and who truly said that his chief humour was to be a tyrant?

This is he, as Pyramus, upon discovering the mischief "that fearful wild-fowl, your Lion," had done to the garments of Thisby the tender, his lady dear. He might have been Thisby himself, and torn by the Lion; nay, wished to be the Lion, with unpared nails, to roar "as gently as a sucking-dove," and tear Thisby, and cause himself, as Pyramus, to weep. But even he could not divide himself into three characters,—Lover and Lady and Lion,—so was perforce content with that of Pyramus, "the sweet youth and tall."

Playing Pyramus he is, happy in his glory, placed before his fellows, and singly filling the scene. He had had his interview with his other half, his would-be self, his Thisby, and was pledged to meet her at Ninus' tomb in the moonlight of that Assyrian night. Lion and Moonshine had had their say, when Pyramus (Bottom) enters again to us, the torn mantle of Thisby catches his sight, and he begins to "condole" in this measure:

"Come, tears, confound;
Cut, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop:—
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead,
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky;
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
Now, die, die, die, die, die."

We have before us Mr. Marks's idea of Bottom and his acting: his dull eyes, and his mouth without compression of the lips, betraying the conceited habit of a mind at once domineering and weak; the coarse, lax, and flabby cheek forms with these a grotesque contrast to the grandeur of the high-crested helmet, whose side-wings are in sarcastic allusion to the ears he wore when he was "translated." The stage-tradition that the character of Bottom should be played without a beard is in keeping with his own inquiry as to what coloured one he should best play Pyramus in. He was certainly one of those little fussy mortals who laboriously scrape nothing from their chins,—whom nothing but flattery will make satisfied with a thing,—such delightful flattery as was administered by that diplomatist Peter Quince (he ought to have been a minister of state) when deciding that the part of Pyramus should be played by Bottom only because he was a "most lovely gentleman-like man"—"a sweet-faced man." Upon the administration of this sweetmeat, our "bully Bottom," as he was called, subsided into Pyramus, and has rehearsed and played it before the world's inextinguishable laughter since that day.

Look at the way in which he holds the sword, as if it were a tool of his handicraft—a shuttle of his loom. Look at his other hand, which the habit of labour has made to resemble a paw, the fingers separating themselves in purposeless distension. Look at his legs, and the shambling, gait they indicate,—at his feet, which are like paddles, worthy supporters of such a corporeity. They were a curious set, this Bottom and his companions; but we must not forget that it was all well meant for loyalty, and that for Theseus's sake their parts were "conned with cruel pain."

Let us with Theseus thank him and them, and, for Bottom especially, hope that the intention was accepted as a service; or, in the words of Francis Flute, that the duke thought so well of him, that he hath not "lost sixpence a-day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a-day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a-day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a-day, in Pyramus, or nothing." L. L.

ORIENTAL AUTOBIOGRAPHY.*

THE book of which we have given the full title below is perhaps the most important book of the season, and will for many seasons remain a most important book. It is an autobiography of a Mohamedan,—not of a Mohamedan only, but of a Mohamedan gentleman;—a gentleman with all the advantages of birth and education; an orthodox Mohamedan, with his mind yet liberalised by intercourse with Europeans, preferring, indeed, his own customs and creed, but not ignorant of those of others. Such a work is of the greatest value. We know ourselves better by knowing him; our own religion better by learning his; our own nationalities better by understanding those of Asiatic peoples. We have underrated their minds, their manners, their beliefs. We have not seen any of those things so clearly as they are made to show themselves in this most entertaining of volumes. Nor have we had an opportunity of properly apprehending how we appear to the view of orientals,—those, we mean, of the enlightened castes, and whose minds are as free as ours to admit all manner of knowledges. That opportunity this remarkable work presents; and let us avail ourselves of it in a conscientious spirit.

The work commences with the pedigree of the author, beginning with Adam and ending with the Shekh Lutfulláh—ninety generations. His father, Shekh Muhammad Akram, was a Mohamedan of the Sacred Order, a descendant of Shah Kamáluddín, who was a great saint of his time, in the province of Malwa, being the spiritual guide as well as moral preceptor of Sultán Mahmúd Khilji. From the liberality of this sultan the family inherited certain mausolea, a mosque, three hundred acres of land, and a pension; rights which were enjoyed until A.D. 1706, when, after the reign of Aurangzeb, the Maráthas having possessed themselves of the province, confiscated both the lands and the allowance, leaving, however, from the former about two acres for the support of the writer's great-grandfather. "Thus," adds he, "was a family which for a period of nearly three centuries had enjoyed affluence reduced to a state verging on destitution. To use an Eastern metaphor, the light of the day was withdrawn, the shadows of night had gathered around them."

Lutfulláh himself made his "first appearance in this world of wonders in the ancient city of Dháránagar, in Malwa, on Thursday the 7th of Rajab 1217 A.H., corresponding with the 4th of November 1802 A.D." He was brought up from the age of four years by his mother, then a widow. Their place of residence was liable to attack from the Pindarees. At the end of a year his poor mother had exhausted the jewels of her dowry, on the sale of which she had subsisted during a period of dearth, pending which his uncle's means were insufficient to provide necessities. Lutfulláh was a mischievous boy. He caught frogs and slily put them into the ladies' work-baskets. At five years of age he proved too troublesome to be kept at home, and was sent to school. He was a ready pupil, and in six months knew his Kur'án "as well as any mullá," and all the prayers of Islám by rote.

Being removed from the Alkoranic school, Lutfulláh next received instruction in Persian and the Arabic grammar. He became also a poetical student, and by the age of eight he had read through the works of Sádi. About this time he was saved by a benevolent Brahmin from drowning; a death contrived for him by his nefarious cousins. This accident led him to reflect on the subject of religion. His mind was startled by the prevalence of polytheism, and the various opinions held by Christians on the doctrine of the Trinity and the person of their prophet. He contrived, however, to establish himself in sound Muslim principles,

* *Autobiography of Lutfulláh, a Mohamedan Gentleman, and his Transactions with his Fellow-creatures; interspersed with Remarks on the Habits, Customs, and Character of the People with whom he had to deal.* Edited by EDWARD B. EASTWICK, F.R.S., F.S.A. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 65 Cornhill.

and by the age of thirty "he knew what he was, and how to perform his devotions to his Creator." He begs, however, to observe that he is still ignorant of his first origin, and of what he is to be on his being transferred to the undiscovered country "from whose bourne no traveller returns." Our readers will perceive from this brief citation that Lutfúlláh is a reader of Shakspeare: quotations from him, indeed, frequently recur, as also from Burns, Lord Byron, and others.

He speaks of the appearance of European adventurers when they first alarmed the people of the East. It was, among other things, affirmed that they

"Had no skin, but a thin membrane covering their body, which made them appear abominably white. They were perfect in magical art, which made them successful in all their undertakings. They did not believe in our blessed Prophet, and they called themselves Christians; but would not act upon the laws of the sacred Anjíl, which holy book they had changed in several places to serve their worldly purposes. Most of them still worshipped images, and they ate every thing, and particularly things forbidden by the holy Moses, and this in spite of the order of the sacred Anjíl (St. Matthew, v. 18 and 19); nay, they did not spare human flesh when driven to extremity. They had made three Gods for themselves instead of one,—the only Omnipotent Supreme Being,—contrary to their first commandment; and, most absurd of all, they attributed to the Almighty God the having wife and children; and by the same token they called their prophet and themselves Son and children of God. Such reports were the topic of almost all conversations, and many other things were said against them, and only one in their favour,—that they were not unjust; but in the administration of justice they never deviated from the sacred book of the ancient law of Solomon the son of David."

These characteristics are not unamusing; nor are his remarks on polygamy, which Lutfúlláh prefers to monogamy, though, like many of his countrymen, he never practised it. On an enlarged acquaintance with European society, and even after his visit to England, he maintains his Mohamedan notions on this point. Summing up the character of the English, he says:

"They are entirely submissive to the law, and obedient to the commands of their superiors. Their sense of patriotism is greater than that of any nation in the world. Their obedience, trust, and submission to the female sex are far beyond the limit of moderation. In fact, the freedom granted to womankind in this country is great, and the mischief arising from this unreasonable toleration is most deplorable."

Such is the picture which is drawn of us by Mohamedan intelligence. We recognise therein—we mean, the intelligence—a degree of purity, simplicity, and primitiveness,—qualities which particularly characterise Lutfúlláh's own creed and conduct. First comes the simple teaching of his mother, enforcing the belief in God, and directing him to refer all his actions to the superintendence of reason and conscience. We then find him shuddering with horror at entertaining for a moment the notion of the eternity of matter. This story deserves to be told *in extenso*.

"Previous to my settlement at Khaira I made a trip to Mandavi to satisfy my curiosity in seeing the sea for the first time in my life. On beholding the immense body of water, and its regular ebb and flow, I was struck with astonishment at the unlimited power of the one Supreme Being, before whom the whole of our universe is no more than an atom. Deeply engaged in such meditations, as I stood one evening at the seaside looking at the waves on which the large ships moved up and down, I began to think of the Jain tenets, according to which matter is eternal and self-existent; but before arriving at the conclusion of the blasphemous syllogism I was startled by a severe bite from a dog in the calf of my leg, who came slyly behind me, and, after punishing me for my crime, ran away like a shot. I followed him with my stick for a little distance to revenge the injury, but in vain; the animal vanished from my sight, and I returned home with very great pain in the leg."

As we have already suggested, the subjects of polytheism and idolatry also troubled him, and particularly the Brahminical practice of suttee. On this subject he wisely remarks:

"Religions pure in their origin in course of time beget superstitions. The religion of the Hindús in its origin is pure and

sublime, as will be clearly seen from the books of their Ved, or theological works, which were in existence about 1800 years before our era of the Hijra, or about 1100 years before Christ. They consider the only Supreme Being to be the self-existing ruler of the universe, styled Bramha. His first attributes are the following Trinity: Bramha the Creator, Vishnu the Preserver, and Siva the Destroyer. These attributes have each a peculiar image, as a medium required for the material being to think of the immaterial being, who is one creator of all the visible and invisible worlds. He is the Almighty, who rules and governs all His creation by a general providence, resulting from first-determined and pre-established principles. From so sublime a source of the genuine principles of their religion runs the pure stream of their law, which strictly prohibits all the crimes punishable by the laws of the present civilised world. Besides, suicide, infanticide, and sacrifice of all kinds, not only human but of any kind of animals, are ranked amongst the heinous crimes. But superstition and fables, and the selfish character of their priests, have in the lapse of ages produced immorality and corruption to this degree, that the generality of the Hindús of this time are no more than infidels in the high opinion of Vedantees or theologians."

He mentions in the same chapter the custom of a schismatic class of Mohamedans, who receive a certificate of the priest for every dead follower, addressed to the Archangel Gabriel, recommending a place in the blissful region suitable to the amount of the fees paid on such occasions, which document is carefully placed in the shroud of the deceased. In relation to this practice, Lutfúlláh tells an amusing story of Dr. C. D. Straker, the civil surgeon of Súrat for many years, who attended the mullá (or high priest) during a bad illness:

"When it came to the month of Ramzan (the Mohamedan Lent), the doctor told his reverend patient not to observe fasts until his recovery, as that act of devotion at that juncture would prove injurious to his weak constitution. But the crafty priest, in order to show his religious zeal, observed that the omission of an indefeasible duty, strictly ordered in his sacred book, must be the cause of a severe punishment in the world to come. To this Dr. Straker replied, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, 'No, no, Mullá Sáhib, don't you fear about that; I will give you a certificate, which, being shown to your brother archangel, will surely procure absolution for this necessary transgression on your part.' This remark of the pure-hearted Englishman produced a smile mingled with mortification from the priest; and the bystanders could not help turning their faces to laugh, especially two or three orthodox Mohamedan servants, who were obliged to leave the room to conceal their mirth."

Pure theism on the one hand, with a holy dread of every variety of superstition on the other, would, judging by Lutfúlláh's example, appear to be the state of religious sentiment most natural to the Mohamedan gentleman. He loses no opportunity of denouncing the mischief arising from popular ignorance and credulity. It is thus he speaks of the people of Kach:

"Infanticide, the most heinous crime of all,—a crime unnatural and uncommittable even by irrational beings,—is committed by men of this country, and that not by common people, but by the governing race of the land, who are Járájá Rájputs, originally from the Summa tribe of Sindh, who governed that part of the world in ancient times, under the title of Jám. These people must have brought this horrid custom with them from their original country. It could not by any means have been invented by the Hindús, who detest the very idea of the act. These Járájás think themselves so much higher than other Rájputs, that they consider giving their daughters in marriage would ruin their character. This absurd pride has hardened their hearts to the perpetration of infanticide to such an extent, that on inquiries I found the population of Kach to be five hundred thousand souls, out of which there are twelve thousand Járájás, and of these but thirty-seven are females. The country now fortunately falling under the control of the British, the late Ráo having been deposed for his vices, his son Ráo Desaljí, a minor, remained under care of the English government until he came of age, during which time many reforms were effected."

As an interpreter of languages, Lutfúlláh became attached, in various capacities, to the English government in India, and on every occasion expresses his admiration of it. This relation of Lutfúlláh to ourselves it is which makes him so desirable an acquaintance, and renders an inquiry into the basis of that relation especially interesting. Sus-

pending any remarks on that topic to the close of our article, let us dwell yet awhile on Indian customs. Here is a picture of the Ghirnár mountains and their inhabitants:

"This range, though inferior in loftiness to other mountains of India, is very pleasant to sight, being fertile and verdant every where. It is held sacred by all the Hindús according to their legends, whence the ancient name is Rewtachal. One of its branches, extending towards Pálitának in Goelwár, is decorated with Jain temples of various sizes, and regarded by that class of the ancient Hindús with great veneration. The mountains abound with game of every description, from the royal lion to the quail. Going about in this wilderness, one sometimes happens to see a Hindú monk, whose zealous austerity prompts him to give over all, and devote his life to the worship of the Deity uninterrupted by worldly people. He lives upon the vegetable productions of the place, makes fire by rubbing two pieces of wood against one another to warm himself in the cold nights, and keeps his body rubbed over with ashes, which thin cover keeping the pores closed renders him independent of artificial covering. After ten or twelve years' life in this state he becomes like the wild beasts, and runs at the sight of man. The people in this part of the world have a mistaken idea that these devotees are cannibals, and devour man's flesh if they can get hold of a single unarmed person; but this is not credible. One morning, as I marched with my scholar, we entered into a long conversation upon the subject of spirit and matter. Being deeply engaged in this very interesting topic, he left his party in charge of a subordinate officer, and desired me to accompany him, at a little distance from the road, to talk more fully and with less interruption. So we turned our horses to the left of the party, and walked on engaged in confabulation, taking care, however, not to lose sight of our small troop. All of a sudden we came up to a bonfire without any human being near it. The fire being alive, it seemed as if somebody must have been there. We lighted our cheroots, and asked our grooms the cause of the fire in that solitary place. Their unanimous reply was, 'that the fire belonged to some Aghorí Bárá (i. e. omnivorous father), and that it was dangerous for us to stay there longer.' This excited our laughter, and we proceeded on without any concern about the matter. After going a little further, we came to the side of a valley enormously deep; and on looking down we had the honour of seeing the monk himself, the demigod of the Hindús, about a thousand yards from us, running down as fast as he could, cautiously looking behind every now and then, as if somebody were pursuing him. The poor grooms, on seeing him, were overpowered with fear, bowed to him, touching the ground with their foreheads. My scholar, with European curiosity, hailed the man, and beckoned to him as if he had to make some important communication to him; but these acts of civility, instead of producing the desired effect, accelerated the flight of our uncivil host, and the impracticable declivity altogether prevented my curious European companion from following. So having recourse to our telescope, we had a full view of him. He was a strong and powerful man, the silvery hair of his head hanging over his shoulders dishevelled, and his long beard in the same state; his eyes were quick, and sparkled with fire, and his shaggy body was rubbed over with ashes. Having seen so much of him, he vanished from our sight."

Oriental eccentricities such as these appear to excite as much astonishment in the Mohamedan as in the Christian mind. We mention this because there is an evident tendency to confound in one common description the characteristics of the East. There is no sympathy between the Muslim and the Brahmin; the superstitions of the latter are abominations to the former. But the mind of the Mohamedan is too bare in its purity; it ignores art, and cannot understand the lighter amenities of European life. Lutfúlláh's remarks on many things in London are curious from their naked simplicity and narrow convention. Thus, for example, while admiring St. Paul's Cathedral as not having its equal in the world, he is loud in his dislike of the multitude of statues and images, "all of them scientifically sculptured," and, as he knew, "not designed for worship;" but, he adds, "a temple dedicated to sacred purposes, whether humble or majestic, ought to be plain, so as not to withdraw the attention of the congregation from the sermons and preachings." By the time he arrived at Westminster Abbey this feeling had subsided. But a similar purism is obvious in his description of the performances at the Italian Opera. Yet even this is exceeded by his account of the Diorama in Regent's Park. He calls it "a place of incantation;" and the room into which his party was conducted by the keeper was

"as dark as an infidel's heart." There too the said keeper might have maltreated them if he had liked, but kindly offered them chairs instead. Then it was that they heard distant music, and beheld a beautiful scene—that of a frosty morning, with a rough clownish vegetable-vendor at the river-side asleep in his boat, and his wife and children also sleeping on the cargo that he had landed. A palace was beside the stream, and its inmates engaged in their various employments. After a while, the evening came on, and the scene changed: the man was transformed into a pretty woman, the stars were visible, and the moon rose. The palace moreover was illuminated with lamps and chandeliers. Other changes succeeded: the interior of an empty church, but the next minute filled with the congregation. "The morning," continues Lutfúlláh, "then turned to day, and the day, in a few minutes, into evening; and then night came on, and then, to our great delight, we were helped out by the keeper from this house of false magic." Such was the impression made on the cultivated mind of a Mohamedan gentleman. Some of his companions, he tells us, would have the house to be under the power of evil spirits.

The limits of the Mohamedan intelligence became manifest also during a visit to the Polytechnic. Among other things, the diving-bell much amused the Asiatic party. Lutfúlláh undertook to descend, but his chief and companions would not only not venture, but dissuaded him from the attempt, saying it was "an act of great imprudence to endanger life in such useless sport." Nevertheless, pronouncing his Bismillah, he got into the bell with four Englishmen; and returned with safety, to the surprise of his companions.

In particulars like these we have a gauge whereby to compare the measure of mind in the East and in the West. That of the former needs enlargement by knowledge; science, philosophy, remain in their infancy; and the men, however civilised, are yet only children of a larger growth.

The name of our hero, Lutfúlláh, being interpreted, signifies "the Favour of God." The appellation is in a measure prophetic. Lutfúlláh was destined to work his way out of obscurity into light, through many perils. Even as a boy he was esteemed learned, but he was at the same time a most mischievous imp, and justly incurred punishment by his dangerous tricks. He too, in turn, was the victim of the machinations of his relatives. Redeemed from the death which they had purposed for him by the good Brahmin, and recovered from the disorders of infancy, we next find him travelling with his uncle to Baroda, and making the personal acquaintance of the English, whereby he was enabled to correct his former notions founded on hearsay. Four persons excited his curiosity, two equestrians and two pedestrians. They were engaged in conversation; "their jargon sounded harsh and wild to his hearing; their dress tightly fitted their bodies, without any skirt to screen such parts as the law of modesty has taught man to conceal." These conventional notions of costume, and their bearing on English morals, are exceedingly noteworthy.

The time arrived when the family-home became intolerable to Lutfúlláh, and he fled from it in despair. His adventure with the Hindú shepherd, and other simple incidents of a similar kind, read like a chapter or two cut out of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and are, in fact, as exquisitely beautiful as they are undoubtedly true. His story of escape from the hands of a Thug is most interesting, and reads like a patriarchal adventure. His visit to Delhi also must at this time be especially interesting; but the more characteristic event is his acquaintance with the Jamadár-Músá Khán, who hired him as secretary at a salary of ten rupees per month to keep the accounts of "his twenty-five Patháns." These turned out to be thieves. Unaware of their character, and deceived by their apparent piety, Lutfúlláh travelled with them to a wild Bheel valley, when they threw off the mask. In that valley, said Músá, resided his lord and master, the chief of the Bheels, by name Nádir, who always had about five hundred of his tribe ready at his command; who, with

a party of Afgháns, plundered caravans and travellers, and infested the passes and roads of the mountain. The booty was brought to Nádir, and divided into three shares. Lutfúlláh was fain to console himself with the circumstance that he had nothing to do with their excursions, and that their accounts engaged of his time only about half an hour every month. He was compelled hypocritically to consent to become the accountant of these robbers for the stipulated period of a twelvemonth. The following is a portrait of the chieftain:

"As the evening began to set in we reached a cave, at the mouth of which we beheld a black well-made man squatting on a four-legged frame interwoven with fibres of wild creepers. He was also naked as the others; but a pair of thick golden bracelets on his wrists, and a sword placed before him, in addition to the usual bow and arrows, and a chafing-dish with live fire at a little distance, encircled with several squatting Bheels, clearly showed that he was the chief of the banditti. Músá, looking at him, saluted and said, 'There is Nádir Bhái, the good prince of the wilderness; make your respects to him and go home; I will be with you after a little while.' So all of us raised our hands to our foreheads to the Bheel, who got up from his seat, returned our saláms, and desired Músá to approach, which he did, and sat near him on the ground, leaning against one of the feet of the rude throne."

Is not this exquisitely primitive? And even such is the Orient to this day. The book is, as it were, a piece of photography, presenting exact views of persons and places, without art, and unconscious of any plan. We too have the Muslim creed in fate, or destiny recurring. If we have found our hero in bad company, he was not to blame; he "must submit to the decrees of his fate in the same way as man, wise or fool, whether endowed with the philosophy of Plato or the stupidity of Khozib, whether with the crown of royalty on his head or the wallet of misery over his shoulder."

These Bheel marauders were severe politicians. When one of their own party happened to be disabled by wounds from keeping up with them, they immediately cut off his head, which they buried or burnt to avoid being recognised, and to prevent the secret being divulged, as the individual, being tortured, might confess and bring on a general misfortune. Lutfúlláh had to be cautious with masters like these. At last he escaped, owing to an assault made by the Bheels upon the Afgháns, who were about to leave the former, and might betray them. He ran for hours, until, nature exhausted, he stayed his flight in a forest, and rested for the night on the bough of a tree. For four days and nights he travelled in this condition. At last, after some picturesque adventures, he arrived safe at the village of Hásilpur, and afterwards reached the city of Indúr, where he found his mother, now again a widow. Not long after she died, leaving with him the rule of faith and conduct to which we have before alluded:

"My son, be virtuous, and guide yourself by your reason and conscience in the world. Take care of that orphan-boy of mine, who is only in his sixth year, and has no one else to look to; treat him with brotherly affection, and may God be your protector wherever you are. As for me, I am now perfectly sure of being obliged to return to the same region whence I was obliged to come."

Words these as sublime as they are simple! We must now contract within the narrowest limits the remainder of this interesting narrative.

Soon after his mother's death, Lutfúlláh, having studied the English language, received employment as post-clerk in the Honourable Company's service, and resided for some time at Dharampurí, in a Hindú temple, with his suite of seven harkáras, or runners. He held this office for a short time only, and next obtained a situation with Lieutenant B. MacMahon, the Bheel agent at Nálcha, as Persian teacher, and afterwards acted in the same capacity with Lieutenant C. F. Hart. From this point Lutfúlláh is connected with the European world, and his mind, as far as it could be, became Anglicised. Up to the year 1835, indeed, Lutfúlláh regularly held the profession of a teacher of the Persian, Hindústání,

Arabic, and Maráthí languages to the new-comers from England, and travelled with them from place to place. At Satará he married, but was unfortunate in his attachment, his wife being pettish and hypochondriacal. In Súrat he found many scholars, and amongst them W. J. Eastwick, of the 12th regiment Bombay N. I.—a name connected with that of the editor of this interesting volume. He had also a son whom he named Kudratullah, but who died early; and about the same time he entered the service of the Nawáb of Súrat as secretary, and afterwards filled an office under the political agent in Káttiawar, which he resigned in order to accompany his old friend Captain Eastwick.

In the course of this narrative we find Lutfúlláh mixing with the Sindhis, and learning the idiom of their language by conversing with them; and by this means we become acquainted with the feeling of certain eastern peoples towards ourselves. These people, sitting at the doors of their tents, have no other occupation than political talk. They are afraid of English encroachment, think sometimes of resisting, or if they acquiesce, do it in this surly fashion:

"'A man,' said a white-bearded Sindhi, 'may overmatch another, or perhaps two or three, if the contest is to be decided by the sword; but these cowardly satans have no sword, and if they have any, it is as blunt as your walking-stick. They will kill you with their rascally shots whilst you are a mile or so off from them, and then what is the remedy?'"

Lutfúlláh endeavoured to impress upon them that the Sindhis stood in no danger of the English, whose forces were then passing through the country for the purpose of protecting their possessions in India, as well as the Amirs' territory, from foreign aggression. To this they would reply with a chorus of laughter: "What you say, sir, may be true; but we are rude people, we cannot comprehend high policies of government. Ha, ha, ha!"

The high policies of our government are, indeed, far too high for these populations, whose intelligence nevertheless is not to be scorned, though their manners be rude and primitive and their knowledge prove very contracted. In our intercourse with the natives we have overrated them in one way and underrated them in another, and in both ways have made fatal errors. These considerations are at this moment intensely interesting; and, indirectly, we know of no book so likely to give the right tone of thinking on the subject as the Autobiography of Lutfúlláh.

A VISIT TO CARTHAGE.

By BESSIE RAYNER PARKES.

II.

On reaching the deck, a fine but most desolate scene presented itself. At the distance of half a mile lay Goletta, the port of Tunis, a small strip of buildings—arsenal, custom-house, fort, two "palaces," and a few smaller dwelling-houses. To the left, at the further end of a long, shallow, salt-water lake, or lagune, lay Tunis, shining white in the morning sun, and about ten miles distant; to the right the grassy uneven plain, backed by low hills, where once stood Carthage. A bluff headland, near which is the modern village of Carthagera, lay beyond, still farther to the right. The panorama was nearly encircled by mountains; the chain was carried out by precipitous islands rising from the sea. The odd shape of these mountains is hardly to be described, except by saying that they reminded me of cheese that has been cut by a knife. I never saw so many straight lines and approximate right angles in a hill-chain before.

After long delay by the slow-boated Turks, we were at length landed at Goletta, and received by M. Cubisol, who acts as both French and English consul. As we passed along the quay, we observed the pure Mussulman and half-savage look of the buildings and people compared even to Algiers. Queer painted houses; wood-work of scarlet, yellow, and all smart hues; and little, dwarfish, Tunisian soldiers

keeping guard, and looking at the European strangers with an air half lazy, half ferocious.

We were much nearer the site of ancient Carthage than we were to the city of Tunis, and therefore determined to visit the latter while yet the heat of the day had scarcely commenced. On March the 16th the temperature of northern Africa was about equal to that of our warm summer-days.

M. Cubisol, our consul, promised to see to our luggage, and we were soon seated in a hired carriage and *en route* for Carthage. Such a carriage! I gave in a former letter some description of Algerine omnibuses. This was a vehicle with four seats, and a roof which could be put up and down at pleasure, and the driver's seat was also protected from the sun; the whole an unutterably shabby turn-out. I saw afterwards various other forms of carriage at Tunis, evidently of European build, and reduced to the last stage of vehicular existence; giving the idea that the bey was in the habit of buying up cheap every old phaeton, barouche, *calèche*, or cab that had been pronounced unfit for use by Parisian authority.

We soon reached the edge of the grassy field where lie, bleaching in the sun of centuries, the scattered bones of murdered Carthage. It can hardly be called a plain, as there is on the whole a gentle inclination towards the sea. We made first for the house of Mr. Davis, who is excavating for the British Museum, and who resides with his wife and children in a square erection of quite modern build. The nearest habitations to his are a bath and mosque, close together, and of dazzling whiteness. I call them habitations because there are always residents attached to these Mohammedan institutions. From this point we took a general view of the ground, which swells up and down, broken here and there by rugged lumps of ruin. Nothing approaching to an entire ancient edifice is to be seen, and the massive fragments which rise above the turf are to be attributed to the later times of Roman occupation. Every vestige of Punic Carthage lies under the level of the present soil, overgrown with grass, asphodel, and tare.

The immediate foreground was occupied by Mr. Davis's garden, a gentle horticultural pretence with which the English ladies were unwilling to dispense. Close to his house he had caused pits to be sunk,—pits from fifteen to twenty feet deep,—which appeared to lead to certain ancient tombs; for bones and pottery were brought up, and lay about the displaced earth. Some of the gentlemen went down by a rope; but the aperture was narrow, and the descent difficult for a woman, so I did not go down. In the house was a miscellaneous collection of articles,—beads, little idols, and fragments of glass; which latter peel, from decomposition, into thin laminae, and exhibit beautiful prismatic colours. There was also a small black stone inscribed with Punic letters, as yet undeciphered. The bey stipulates that any articles composed of the precious metals shall be paid for if found, otherwise he appears to leave the investigation unmolested. On the ground-floor of Mr. Davis's house were certain mosaics on a large scale, intended for the British Museum. One design represented a priestess—Dido, perhaps. I apprehend that considerable doubt must exist as to whether they belong to Punic or to Roman days. Many of these mosaics had been carefully backed by new cement, otherwise they would have crumbled in their removal to England.

Leaving the house, we proceeded towards the famous cisterns, which, with the exception of an aqueduct, form the only remains of Punic Carthage in tolerable preservation. The road, as I said before, is very unsafe; and though we had one horse with us belonging to Mr. Davis, he was soon led by the bridle riderless. Here and there is a cultivated field; but the greater part of the ground, so far as I could observe, is rough with the remains of antiquity, and treacherous with deep holes, through which the pedestrian might at any moment fall headlong some twenty feet into a black oblivion. Either these cavernous abysses were the cel-

lars and cisterns of the ancient houses (such were sure to be an important feature in the architecture of that burning climate), or else the lower stories yet standing have been gradually buried in the course of ages by accumulated rubbish. This has happened in Rome to an astonishing extent; and the foundations of ancient London lie far beneath the present level of Chepe. The field of Carthage being thickly overgrown with a low but luxuriant vegetation,—tall grasses, brambles, and many bright and beautiful flowers,—the reader may imagine that it proves rather dangerous walking.

Presently the traveller is called upon to descend a sloping excavation towards certain vaulted holes or chambers, and finds himself at the extremity of the enormous range of cisterns, seventeen in number, side by side, with vaulted roofs, and made accessible by two corridors running along either end. These are yet partially filled with water, and are lighted by shafts from above. The masonry is of cyclopean size, and the grand masses of light and shadow surpass any effects I have seen in architecture. There appears now no doubt that these remains are those of public cisterns; though Lady Mary Wortley Montague says that they were thought in her time to be elephants' stables. We subjoin an extract from her letter to the Abbé —, written from Tunis 139 years ago, viz. July 31st, 1718.

"At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides there. I readily accepted the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable that it is impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but every where fruitful of date, olive, and fig trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. . . . About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct which carried the water to Carthage over several high mountains the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention; and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, that very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after daybreak I arrived at Tunis. . . .

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage. I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments which they called *The Stables of the Elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country-people. . . .

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa; and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. It is now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgment of it."

Although the learned abbé who was correspondent to the lively Lady Mary may have known all about the history of Carthage too well to have needed any further particulars from her pen, there may be some among our readers to whom a few historical notes in connection with our present subject may not be unacceptable. We have to go back nearly a thousand years before Christ, to the time when Dido, "granddaughter to the famous (or infamous) Jezebel," came from Phœnician Tyre, and purchased from the native inhabitants "only so much land as an ox's hide would compass," which hide she forthwith acutely cut into strips. Here she built a citadel called Byrsa. It is quite immaterial that this tale is generally "exploded by the learned." For the rest, Dido's unhappy love-affair with Eneas, and her

suicide upon the funeral pyre, are very old stories. Many of our readers will remember the anecdote of Porson, who, when some one defied him to make poetry out of the Latin gerunds, replied quick as thought,

"When Dido found Eneas would not come,
She wept in silence, and was *Di, Do, Dum.*"

To come to a more authentic class of facts. The English traveller who sails into that lovely bay, girded by its quaint mountains, where now reigns a deep and desolate silence, will not forget that here rose and flourished and decayed the *greatest maritime nation of antiquity*. It is enough to make him accept Macaulay's famous prophecy of the New Zealander gazing at St. Paul's from the ruins of London Bridge, when he remembers that here was once all the bustling life of a thronged seaport, "lined with large quays, in which were distinct receptacles for securing and sheltering from the weather 220 vessels. The city had high walls and splendid temples, "and all kinds of accommodation for the sea men." It had its Bermondsey and Blackwall, its huge St. Catherine's Docks, and doubtless, too, its Greenwich Hospital; magazines and storehouses containing all necessaries for the arming and equipping of fleets; and near the old port was a temple of Apollo, with a statue of the god in massive gold. At the beginning of the Punic War the city had 700,000 inhabitants. Livy says it was twenty-three miles round; and as I looked over the plain from an eminence, I seemed to see no end of the ruin.

"Aristotle speaks of dinners given by various societies, probably like our clubs, in which political questions were discussed." And lo, politics and clubs and club-goers are mingled alike with the grass of the field; and only Mr. Davis, digging away at the stricken roots of Carthage, may hear, if he listens rightly, the sobbing sigh of past greatness, like that of fabled Mandragore.

Mr. W. Torrens McCullagh, in his *Industrial History of Free Nations*, says:

"The earliest commercial treaty whereof any memorial has been preserved was one between the Carthaginians and Etruscans. When as yet Mount Anentine was a wolf-walk, and in the clefts of the Tarpeian rock eagles of but inarticulate and undisciplined rapacity had as yet brought forth their young, the Etruscans were the most influential race in Italy. They are linked to the Carthaginians by the bonds of reciprocal traffic; the exports and imports between them are carefully regulated by treaties; courts of justice are jointly established, where the citizens of one state may sue for redress of injuries inflicted by those of another. (Vide Aristotle.)"

Among the Greeks too: "Many Greeks traded to Carthage, and the Punic merchant is spoken of in comedy as one of a class familiarly known at Athens."

But there is a special interest attaching to this deserted plain in English eyes. From hence sailed the bold traders who bought our Cornwall tin, and then tried hard to keep the mines a secret from all the rest of the mercantile world. So amiable were the Phœnician cousins of Carthage, that though they knew more about the Mediterranean than any other people, and had explored far beyond the Gates of Hercules,—usually held to be "the terminus of human adventure and aspiration,"—Mr. Grote informs us that "their jealous commercial spirit induced them to conceal their track, to give information designedly false respecting dangers and difficulties, and even to drown any commercial rivals when they could do so with safety."(!) Strabo relates that a Phœnician captain, returning from Britain, was pursued by a Roman galley, and ran his own vessel on the rocks that the Roman might be tempted into the same destruction; and he did this that the enemy might not discover where he had been and what was his cargo—British tin. This metal is supposed to have been also found in the Scilly Isles, then called *Cassiterides*. Heeren says that the ore dug up on the mainland "was carried to the small islands lying off the Land's End, accessible to waggons at the time of ebb-tide."

What all this tin was wanted for is not so clear; but "the

Phœnicians were celebrated for their skill in the art of dyeing; and the Tyrian purple, which was either a bright crimson or a scarlet, was held in the highest estimation. Hence it has been conjectured, with much probability, that the Phœnicians were acquainted with the use of the solution of tin in the preparation of that colour." Their mirrors were also made of copper and tin mingled together.

In Mr. Grote's *History of Greece* are many picturesque and interesting allusions to Carthage and her parent. He says, vol. iii. p. 366, "The Greek word Phœnicians being used to signify as well the inhabitants of Carthage as those of Tyre and Sidon, it is not easy to distinguish what belongs to each of them;" but from the coast of Palestine to the coast of Cornwall there was no merchant-ship to buy or sell goods except these Phœnicians. The relations between mother and child were ever amicable, so far as they have come to our knowledge. At her period of highest glory Carthage sent messengers with a sacred tribute to Hercules of Tyre during the siege of the latter town by Alexander the Great; and the women and children were sent from the beleaguered city to the protecting care of the colony, who thus repaid a debt of two centuries' standing; for when Cambyses was bent on conquering Carthage the Tyrians refused their fleet.

Sign of harbour there is none upon this desolate shore at the present day, and the contour of the coast is somewhat altered; but from the elevated site of a Tunisian fort close to the sea are still to be seen, ineffaceably stamped upon the hillside, the broad lines of an ancient flight of steps. Overgrown with grass and flowers, they yet retain a grand architectural semblance, and nothing which I saw at Carthage struck me with so profound a sense of forlorn contrast. These steps, what were they? Did they lead up to a temple of Apollo, with its god of massive gold; or down to the quay, thronged with the bustling feet of many nations? And how comes it that their ghostly outlines yet remain, when city and seaport are utterly vanished? Is it that in the warm, blue, starry midnights of the African shore mysterious processions yet file upwards and downwards, and wandering over the grassy plain, and by the murmuring tideless Mediterranean, recall with mournful wonder those fateful words, *DELENTA EST CARTHAGO*?

THE SHEPHERD BOY.

By SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

HERE is an engraving of the famous "Shepherd Boy," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which so many critics consider to be his *chef-d'œuvre*, and which certainly contains most of the characteristic merits of the painter's style, and perhaps less of those peculiar affectations so popular in the modish taste of his day,—

"In tea-cup times of hood and hoop,
And while the patch was worn;"—

times which were not even sincere in their feeling for such fopperies, but only wished to be thought so, and therefore merely succeeded in persuading themselves into a thoroughly artificial manner of thinking, and into not half believing their own words.

The breadth of Sir Joshua's style is most noticeable here, united with much sweetness of expression and grace, well meant for naturalness and rusticity. The reader will perceive that this is no genuine Shepherd Boy, any more than the high-bred dog which follows the pipe is the rough and weather-beaten guardian of a flock. The whole work is a pretty pastoral, and as such we may be thankful for it; only regretting that so much talent and sweetness of feeling was not supported, or rather directed, by a deeper confidence in nature, which would have shown the great artist how infinitely fresher and more delightful was its simplicity than were the graces and drawing-room airs of his own day. We are, however, parts of our times: had Reynolds lived now,



THE SHEPHERD BOY. BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

we should probably have found him as uncompromising a realist as any of the present day. In some sense, he may be said to have been the first-born son of English art, from whom, if not from Hogarth, all the honours and glories which now distinguish her have descended; and the more frequently his works are examined, the higher will be the admiration he will receive. Some such Hercules was doubtless needed to clear away the *cliquanterie* which more than one age of trifling and insincerity had gathered about the art.

L. L.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX.

A STORY OF THE SHAFTESBURY PLOT.

By G. W. THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER IV.

THE HOT LUNCHEON.

Sir Robert would have served as cup-bearer, but the king insisted on his taking his usual seat at the table; while he himself sat beside Mabel, who, with many blushes, had been introduced to his majesty.

"'Tis a good wench," said Sir Robert, fondly pinching her arm; "better daughter than her old father deserves; and though she knows few of the modish airs, can play 'Sellingenger's Round' indifferent well on the old spinet, ay, that can she."

"As beautiful and virtuous as her father is honest and brave, I venture to swear," said Charles, with an admiring smile that won Sir Robert's heart.

In five minutes more Sir Robert was stirring round his wine with a sprig of rosemary.

"Is the day fixed for my brother Tony's coronation?"

said Charles, breaking suddenly into the conversation that at the other end of the table was now swelling into a loud murmur. "Has Little Sincerity been measured for his crown, or will the old one he had made for Poland serve his turn?"

"I have not heard, your majesty," said Godolphin; "but I met the old mole on the road to-day, at the head of the Green Ribbons, all lettered 'No slavery, no Popery,' and shouting, I'll wager a crown, as if they were going to fling down the walls of a new Jericho."

"And yet, od fish, if Tony hasn't more divinity than all my bishops, and more law than all my lawyers. No one sees quicker into a heart than Cooper, yet he must needs use the stirrups of religion to get up into the saddle of power. Killigrew says he is now devoting himself to prove that I am engaged with the Jesuits of St. Omer in a plan to cut my own throat."

"How well old Hudibras sketches him!" said Sir Robert, pouring some syrup of gilly-flowers into his sack:

"'Mong these there was a politician,
With more heads than a beast in vision;
So politic as if one eye
Upon the other were a spy.'"

"Have you heard of the last joke of the Tory wits at the Rose?" said Godolphin.

"No, nor of their first either," said Charles; "but what is it? Nothing more of drubbing poor Dryden in Rose Alley, or acting D'Urfey's terrible duel with Mr. Bell at Epsom, when they fought for one hour by the clock at the Wells as to whether a note in the last Gavotte was B flat or G sharp, and ending with one of the combatants receiving a cut on the lute-finger, giving him such exquisite torture that he fainted."

"Better than that. To commemorate Shaftesbury's

dropsy, they have dubbed him Count Tapski, a Polish title adopted by him when he missed the Polish crown: his emblem with them is a tap, and they drink their wine out of a silver urn with a tap accordingly."

"May that urn be a type of his funeral urn being nearly ready," said Essex bitterly.

"Nay, nay," said Charles, "I wish Tony no hurt. He is as agreeable a companion as ever helped one to kill an hour. I like Little Sincerity as well as many better subjects. Odsfish, it makes me laugh to hear James talk of his plots to cut me off at Hampton, or surprise me at Newmarket; and then the next day to see Tony hobble in, with an air of eternal friendship on his brow, and a gentle smile on his mouth."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by Fidelio, the king's pet spaniel, who having been for a long time tugging at the long lash of Sir Robert's whip that hung invitingly from the mantelpiece, had at last succeeded in pulling it down, together with an old copy of Foxe's Martyrs, three tobacco-pipes, and a hat full of pheasant's eggs; then snapped at Roger, and ran between his royal master's legs, where he barked, half-frightened, half in defiance.

"He has done no hurt, your majesty; only a few birds the less; and the old book there, I only use to keep my May-flies in; I'm getting too old to fish."

At this moment Roger, who, from behind his master's chair, had kept his eye during the whole of dinner fixedly on the king, suddenly broke out into a sort of crying laugh, and cried, "I beg your majesty's pardon for the liberty, but your blessed face is so like your father's, of immortal memory."

"I forgive you, Roger," said Charles, with a smile, pulling down his wig; "but I'm sorry to find you already tainted by court-flattery. I'm universally known to be the ugliest dog in the three kingdoms, ay, and clap the colonies into the lot. But, Sir Robert, you seem uneasy: do not let me disturb your daily habits. Do you go to bowls after dinner, or do you take the tobacco?"

"If you please, your majesty," said Roger, "and begging pardon for the liberty, as an old soldier, and one who won the colours at Edgehill"—(Sir Robert was all this time making deprecatory signs, and frowning terribly)—"but my master, for twenty-years, whenever the pudding is brought in, has been accustomed to sing, 'My part lies therein-a.'"

"Well, your majesty, it's no use denying it; but in your presence I would not—"

"Pish, Sir Robert! Clap into it as you love your sovereign, and perhaps I will give you a song of my own writing afterwards, if Baptiste has brought his French lute. Now, man, no coughing and clearing of the throat, but roundly, as if it was a view-halloo."

"Your majesty, it's nothing but an old thing not worth the hearing."

"Now don't be coy, Sir Robert; and mine's only a new thing, not worth the hearing. Silence, gentlemen, for Sir Robert's song, and none of your critical carwatches."

Thus encouraged, Sir Robert pushed back his plate and knife and fork as if they were in the way of his voice; took the cover off his London pudding, which Roger had brought in to give him inspiration; folded his hands on his sturdy chest, half shut his eyes, and sang in a clear lusty voice the following trifle:

"There is a pudding by the fire,
And my part lies therein-a;
The lads in the hall, go call them all,
And bring them all within-a."

Loud applause followed this quaint ditty, upon which Sir Robert bowed, turned red, drank a full bumper of claret to hide his confusion, and then, as if able to eat after the observance of his usual habit, fell to on his plate.

"Sir Robert, a slice of yours. It must be a good pudding that produced so good an air. Mine is but a poor lackadaisical thing. I wrote it in an old avenue at Buda, where I used to walk and think of England, and wonder how I should pay for my next new clothes."

"O no more of that, an't please your majesty. That raises the waters," said the good old baronet, whose sympathies two bottles of claret had helped to elicit.

"Baptiste, the lute. *Merci*. Here's the song. You all know it," he said, turning to his courtiers, "as well as my Worcester stories; but you'll pardon the fondness of a father." Charles, then standing up, and putting one foot on the red cushion of his chair, sang to the accompaniment of a lute, which he played with considerable skill, the following song in a rather hoarse but powerful voice:

"I pass all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love;
I survey every walk now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone.
O then, 'tis O then that I think there's no spell
Like loving too well.

But each shade and each conscious bower that I find,
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind;
I see the print left of her shape in the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again.
O then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love."

But adzooks," said Charles, as he finished his song, and threw his lute with a careless air to his attendant, "love is not what it used to be in our young days: then lovers broke their necks in the tiltyard to show their constancy."

"And now they do it in fox-hunting," said Godolphin. "Once they used to show the strength of their limbs, now they show the strength of their heads. They ride like mill-horses round the Ring in the Park, till they get as dusty as a miller's man, and then spend half the night in drinking Burgundy to wash the dust out of their throats."

Ere Charles had time to reply, a thunder of horses' feet muffled by the turf, but ringing out louder at intervals, was heard; it grew deeper and clearer, till the rattle of swords and scabbards against metal-bound saddles or jingling stirrups could be heard mingled with shouts of command; and the next moment a troop of fifty Life Guards, headed by Claverhouse, dashed—the men red-faced and the horses covered with foam—into the courtyard.

"Egad," said Sir Robert, starting up and slapping his thigh with delight, "it does me good to see the willing hearts there are in the land to sweep away the Green Ribbons."

In a moment Claverhouse entered, and addressing the king, assured him that the appearance of the mob that was then passing rendered it necessary for his majesty to arm; and at the stamp of his foot, three pages entered carrying a helmet and breast and back piece.

Charles gave a groan at the sight of these, threw himself back in his chair, filled up his glass, and yawned; got up, stretching his arms and looking in the glass, while he stood bareheaded without his wig, and put on his helmet,—a curious contrast to his other dress.

"Egad," he cried, "I sometimes wish I could shut up Whitehall for the summer-months, pawn my crown to old Metrolle the goldsmith at Temple Bar, ship my twenty-four fiddlers that D'Urfey made the song about, and sail off with Nelly to some snug little island out of reach of the cry of 'No Popery' and the jingle of Bow bells. Chaffinch should be my cook, and Bay May my groom."

"Theatres and tennis-courts and pall-malls are rare in desert islands, and the exchequer of such delectable places is generally rather scanty," said Godolphin, as he helped to buckle on his monarch's sword. "A king would be very happy without subjects; but unfortunately where there are no subjects there is no one to pay taxes."

"Well, thank God," said Charles, "Monmouth's away, dancing at country-fairs for the sake of Protestantism somewhere in Somersetshire; and James and that blustering Lauderdale are busy hanging in Scotland. They are all better out of the way when London comes to Oxford."

"Killigrew was right," whispered Godolphin to Arlington, "when he said Charles could see if he would, and James

would see if he could. There are the materials here for something better than a Whitehall *soirée*."

Ere Charles had done arming, Roger, who was also a skilful gardener, and proud of his skill, came in, and with a scrape of his leg and an awkward bow, begged his majesty would allow him to put in the royal carriage a basket of pearmain and jennetings from the home-garden.

"Another day such as this," said Charles, with a good-humoured laugh, as he threw himself back in his chair, stretched out his legs as if they were still cramped by the confinement of the coach, first looking at his shoe-buckles, then readjusting his blue ribbon of the Garter, and lastly, passing his fingers through the scented curls of his black wig, "and Tony will lose half his subjects. How many a fat alderman to-day from Portsoken or Bishopsgate has endured martyrdom on a hard-trotting horse! Odsfish, Arlington, how the portly feeders must have shuddered at the thought of such a ride, and consoled themselves by the thought of all the bonfires of Smithfield and the 'blessed cause!'"

"Upon my life, your majesty," said Hyde, "it's too bad to saddle the Papists as they do. If a fellow is knocked down at Hammersmith and loses his silver-hilted sword, the highwayman is always a concealed Papist; if a man reels into the gutter on his way home from his club, and a link-boy picks his pocket, it's a Papist; if I go into a tavern, and won't pay my host's exorbitant bill, he mobs me with all the drawers, and dubs me 'Papist'; if I cane a bully in Spring Gardens for treading on my toes, he shouts 'Papist!' and I'm driven out and treated worse than a bailiff in Whitefriars."

"Egad," said Charles, laughing at Hyde's Tory indignation, "I take these things philosophically, and laugh at them in my sleeves; but, faith, the people are moonstruck, I think. There's Nell told me this morning that the people round the theatre yesterday were crying, 'Protestant pears,' and 'Hot Protestant pudding.'"

"Your majesty is too good-natured with the *canaille*," said Hyde fiercely. "This earl of theirs will be turning '81 into '41, and Aldersgate into Whitehall. We shall have yet to trample them under our horses' feet, and pull down that den of sedition where the old traitor sits all day and night fanning the coals of rebellion."

"Why you're another Rupert, Rochester," said Godolphin, with a good-humoured smile, helping himself as he spoke to a favourite dish near him, and then holding up his glass to the light with all the gusto of a connoisseur. "We shall have you heading the Life Guards in the battle of Moorfields."

"And the great siege of Thanet House," said Charles.

"Defeating the allied forces of Little Britain and Shoreditch," echoed Arlington, with his usual stiff deliberation.

"We shall have Buckingham introducing you as one of the kings of Brentford, with an army of three bandy-legged drummers and a knock-kneed pikeman."

"If your majesty choose to turn every thing into a jest, well! You chased a moth all the night your fleet was burning, just as Nero fiddled when Rome was blazing."

"I know the taunt," said Charles; "I've read it twenty times in the Protestant newspapers. Go on: Finch is not here to indict you for treason."

"Your majesty must pardon my natural vehemence."

"His majesty is too accustomed to such vehemence to be the least disturbed. Besides, after court compliments, it is quite stimulating. Go on. It's like hearing a trumpet sound a point of war after listening to Torcelli's lute, or that siren Davis a-trilling of French airs."

"It troubles me to see your majesty bear so patiently the factious workings of these turbulent spirits,—these knaves who under their Geneva gowns carry the assassin's knife and the headsman's axe. Methinks, when I mount the peak of history, and look upon the past and future like two oceans, I behold this glory of all islands, this mistress of

four seas, a prey to the flames of civil war and the whirl wind of rebellion."

"I see—why you're all in the heroic vein to-day, Essex," said Charles wearily; "but cannot you keep this eloquence for the council-chamber to-morrow, and not weary me and Sir Robert, who will certainly think me a strange uncivil guest for thus shutting him from our conversation?"

"Will you not, sire," said Hyde passionately, after a moment's musing, "remember that those whose hands were dipped in the most innocent blood of that illustrious martyr—?"

"O now, I can't stand that old clap-trap; odsfish, man, I can't stand that," said Charles motioning. "Is a man's father of no use but to reproach his son with? Only the other day, at my last levee, Bishop Fell had the impudence to tell me I swore more than became a good Christian; and I said to him, 'Your martyr swore worse than that.'"

"The king of blessed memory," said Sir Robert, rather shocked at the levity with which the thoughtless monarch spoke of his royal father, "was not sparing of adjurations when he was directing a charge, or riding down the squadrons; for I remember, at Newbury, when we had to jumble in a heap over a low wall to get at some cursed musketeers that galled our flank, his majesty, in my hearing, called out lustily, 'A pest on those fellows, they are shooting us down as if we were young crows!'"

"That's nothing. In Noll's times," said Godolphin, "when the Parliament put fines on swearing, it is said to have cost that young Hector Bellasis a thousand a-year for oaths alone; but 'pest' counts for nothing."

"I'm afraid we're growing effeminate," said Charles, "in oaths. Look at Queen Bess, that the *Weekly Discovery* is always talking about; she swore by God's wounds, and such grand Popish oaths; but now our ladies lisp out, 'Upon my honour,' a foolish oath; and 'Upon my reputation,' a venial oath. To return to Rochester: what has made him turn a Wentworth all at once?"

"I wager he was scared by the Green Ribbons, or the 'prentices hissed him the last time he went into the City," said Sunderland sarcastically.

"James is fonder of hunting than I am," said Charles; "I prefer the paradise at Hampton Court, and chasing about my gardens after a rabbit with my spaniels. Odsfish, if gentlemen like you, Sir Robert, wouldn't rather have hares than friends, and would forswear any king who dared to hunt on your land. Egad, if I have ever liked the sport since I was hunted so myself after Worcester. When we were last at Newmarket, James and I went out every day; and every day, at a certain place, we met an honest fellow of a butcher, who, from my speaking to him, got in a habit of asking what sport we had. If we said we'd had a good run, he always said, 'Did you kill?' and if we said, 'No,' he put his fingers to his nose, and jogged off. Odsfish, at last, if I didn't get ashamed of looking the fellow in the face."

"I was once riding with the Duke of York," said Arlington, "near Windsor, when we were warned off an enclosure by a gentleman in a greasy buff coat. 'Do you know who you have, sir?' said his grace. 'Yes,' said our friend; 'I am speaking to a duke; but on my own property I am king.' His grace grew black, and was much troubled at this; and I think but for me would have sent back, and have had the dogged fellow's nose slit."

"If I had been there," said Charles, "I should have laughed, and bowed, and said, 'Sir, you make me feel I am the greatest prince on earth; for while others rule over slaves, I rule over a race of kings.' He'd have been a Tory ever afterwards."

"I think Sir Robert beats all fox-hunters I ever met with," said Sunderland, "but old Matchem of Leicester, who rode twenty stone, and his huntsman eighteen; he got drunk every day to the toast of all the hunters in Christendom; and once, after a hard day, when he went home with two brushes in his hat, had the fox's head devilled for dinner."

"Ah, ah! and better too than your foreign kickshaws," said Sir Robert, looking hard out of window to prevent his eye glancing at his majesty's plate.

"Is that a good dog of yours?" said Charles, pointing to a foxhound that was muzzling his nose with his master's hand.

"Never a better, your majesty, ever gave tongue. Stout and tender-nosed, and no babbler; stanch and true, swift and keen; one that has tasted fox before this. With your majesty's leave, I'll propose his health. 'Grappler's health, with three times three.'"

With demure faces the company filled their glasses, and drank the toast.

"Gentlemen," said the king, "I have now to propose a toast which I am sure will be drunk with enthusiasm: 'The Little Whig.'" Sir Robert, not seeing the allusion to Sunderland's beautiful wife, tossed off his glass with a look of inquiry.

"I never heard of that dog," said Sir Robert, "your majesty; there was Whigger, by Glider out of Blossom, well known in this part of England."

"It's a well-known toast," said his majesty, "but not confined to sportsmen."

"Ah," said Sir Robert, "save your majesty, I see them all abreast, carrying a lead, never coming to a fault, spreading like a sky-rocket, twenty-five couple all in a clump. Then push forward all of ye; scream, yelp, bark—such music! Halloo, forward! gone away! Tally-ho! he gets a head; they're gaining him!"

"Heigh, Baffler, Buxom, Bounder! So ho, Conqueror, Chimera, Crasher! Ho, Forester, Flasher, Jester!"

"Heigh, Traveller, Racer, Reveller!" said Godolphin, led away by the enthusiasm.

"Tally-ho, tally-ho! tear him to pieces," said Sir Robert, throwing up his arms as if flinging the dead fox to a mad-dened pack, and then sinking quite relaxed into his chair, with a stammered apology to his majesty.

"No words about it, Sir Robert. I love an honest sportsman, and I know Godolphin's taste of old. But isn't this much better than the field? here's all the excitement and no fatigue. And how long did that chase take?"

"Let me see," said Godolphin, smiling and looking at his watch, wiping off the heat-drops from his good-humoured forehead; "by this stop-watch, exactly one hour and twenty minutes. We went away with a dog-fox, stuck to him down Wetherby Hill, had a check at Guymassy Woods, tried back at Wollerton, were thrown out at Clanson Earths, and killed at last at Winnesly Bottom, after a twenty-mile run."

"The fox is sagacious, and of much discernment," said Arlington inquiringly; "but still a very loathsome vermin, and not worth the catching."

"As to its smell, I prefer it to wig-powder, or ladies' sweet-washed gloves, on a clear morning," said Sir Robert. "As to sagacity, I should like to hear any one, saving his majesty, match this story of mine. When I was with Lunsford's regiment in Essex, in 1643, we went three days running to Cricksell Wood, and always lost in the churchyard. We were all at fault, stumbling about among the graves, when a celebrated bitch, Fidget, leaped up several times at a buttress and gave tongue. Some thought nothing of this; but trusting to her stanchness,—for she was my favourite,—I leaped off my horse, and climbed up by some ivy to the low roof of the church, where we found a kennel sure enough. We helped three or four couple of dogs up, and zounds, they went in full cry on the chancel-roof in a moment; and there Reynard died without benefit of clergy, after a five-minutes' run."

"Extraordinary," shouted all.

"I know another old fox," said Charles aside to Arlington, "who generally uses the Protestant Church as a place of refuge."

"I never heard of another," said Sir Robert, in high glee at the interest the royal party took in his sporting stories. "You know Sir Henry Woollet, at the Gable House at Chelmsford?"

"Yes, yes," cried every one, to get the quicker to the story; "well?"

"I was hunting there once, when we ran the fox up into a tree; and there, twenty feet up, we found a hole with four cubs. Egad," said Sir Robert, "I don't know if a kingdom is not easier to manage than a pack of fox-hounds; and some of our rules might, mayhap, be of use to your counselor-gentlemen here. Hit your dog first, and rate him afterwards, for instance."

"Lauderdale does both," said Charles; "for he scolds a poor devil of a Covenanter and then hangs him."

"Silent at going into cover, noisy at coming out, is the huntsman's business."

"As men who are quiet in office are noisy in opposition," said Godolphin.

Sir Robert looking rather puzzled at these allusions, Charles good-humouredly asked him, "What are the requisites of a good foxhound?"

"Legs like arrows," said Sir Robert; "wide breast, your majesty, and deep chest; broad back, thin neck, small head, and thick tail."

"I remember some old distiches about a greyhound," said Godolphin:

"Head like a snake,
Neck like a drake;
Back like a bream,
Side like a beam;
Tail like a rat,
Foot like a cat."

"True enough, true enough, sir," said Sir Robert, approvingly, looking round benignantly, and filling his glass "to the immortal memory."

"And what are the best sort of mornings for your fox hunting?" said Arlington sedately.

"The scent lies, look you, when the wind's southerly or westerly; north and east are what I call Whiggish winds, good for nothing but to save foxes' brushes, weary the dogs, and send the huntsman swearing like a trooper; a warm day without sun, a hot close fog, and when there's a white frost, hard rain, and mild air, are good. But of all things in the world, there's nothing spoils an honest man's sport more than your cursed stinking violets. Drat me, if I don't hate the sight of them."

"Ah, ah!" said Charles, bursting into a laugh at this odd antipathy. "Why, you're like my old huntsman at Windsor, who goes about the park wishing all the sheep were foxes; and well he may, for I pay him 80*l.* a-year for nothing but hallooing."

"As well earned as a lawyer's money," said Sir Robert; "and I wager a very honest fellow, and one I should like to crush a pot with."

"All I wonder is," said Arlington, "that a man ever hunts twice—running, like a madman, after a bad smell, just to feed a set of dogs, who are the only creatures that relish the sport."

"Out upon you," said Godolphin. "Sir Robert's right. The finest moment in life is when the first challenge is heard in the dark of the cover, 'Hark to Chirper! hark to Rattler!' as the dog speaks in the thicket, and owns the fox."

Charles rose to go; but Sir Robert, who by this time had taken far too much claret, held the king's hand, and dragged him back to his seat, entreating him, with tears and many allusions to "the blessed memory," to finish the bottle.

With a good-humoured smile, the king released his coat from the good knight's grasp, and whispering, "A drunken man is as great as a king," sat down and completed his task, much to the indignation of Essex, and the delight of the pliant Godolphin.

With a discharge of patareros from the roof of the clock-tower, the cavalcade set forth, the king riding at their head fully armed, to express his apprehension at the armed followers of Shaftesbury.

"Honest old fellow," said the king, "as I ever saw; full of old Cavalier stories that would delight Rupert, and as fond of fox-hunting as his servant is of gardening."

"What in the world took Rowley to that dreary old house?" whispered Churchill to Claverhouse.

"A pretty face, as usual," said Claverhouse; "and he talks of sending for her to court, so let Portsmouth tremble."

"Bah," said Churchill, "what fear from the red cheeks of a village Cicely? Take canary, and rinse your brain clear. A fiend when seen through a rainbow-cloud by lovers seems an angel."

"Yes," said Claverhouse,—"there, don't shrug and bite your glove,—but to the vulgar herd only an imperious wanton Jezabel."

"What's that about Jezabel, gentlemen?" said the king, turning round. "Churchill hasn't turned Quaker, I hope, to win favour with the duke. As for Claverhouse, he never turns, except he turns colour when he's angry, and that's too often."

"Have you heard Tony's last trick, your majesty?" said Godolphin, as the royal party rode on.

"Not I," said Charles, whistling a song of Dryden's.

"Why, Tony declares an agent of his in France has discovered in a convent at Paris a little black box, containing the deed of marriage of a gentleman named Stuart with a Welsh girl named Walters. It's now on its way over."

"A little black box," said Charles, laughing. "What next? And so Monmouth turns out James, and gives the empty box as a money-chest to Shaftesbury, who keeps the Exchequer under his own key. A little black box, ah, ah! Very good! A little black box! Ancora. Very well, very well indeed."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

THE great scientific event of the month has been the meeting of the British Association at Dublin; and it is matter for congratulation that its twenty-seventh annual session has been one of the most successful it has held. The Rev. Humphrey Lloyd was the president; and his inaugural address, notwithstanding his apology for the restricted notice he was able to give to general science, contains a pretty complete exposition of the scientific progress of the past year. Commencing with astronomy, he drew attention to the continued discovery of new asteroids. In 1852 no fewer than eight were discovered, and last year five; during the present year three others have been added to the list,—one discovered by Mr. Pogson, of Oxford, the other two by M. Goldschmidt, of Paris,—making the whole number now forty-five. Notwithstanding their number, the total mass of these forty-five worlds is very small; the diameter of the largest being less than forty miles, and that of the smallest little more than four. Adverting to the aid which star-catalogues had lent to these discoveries, the president directed attention to the startling fact, that no fewer than seventy-seven stars previously catalogued are now missing. This is no doubt to be attributed partly to errors; but there still appears reason to believe that many members of the sidereal system have become, and are becoming, extinct. Though the greater part of celestial phenomena are explicable according to the same laws of gravitation which govern the planetary motions, yet the operation of other forces is suspected, the laws of which may remain long undetermined. The spiriform nebulae discovered by Lord Rosse are phenomena without an analogue in our own system; they have been accounted for by the assumption of the compound agency of a gravitating force and a resisting medium; the latter being assumed to have a smaller proportion to gravitation. As an illustration of the practical value of apparently recondite facts, the president noticed the seemingly convincing argument of Arago, that the sun is not an incandescent solid, but surrounded by a luminous atmosphere, because light from incandescent solid bodies can be polarised by refraction, whereas solar light, and

heat emitted by gaseous bodies, is unpolarised by similar means. Adverting to researches bearing upon the figure of the earth and the tides, the president mentioned some results of the Ordnance survey of Great Britain which had been communicated to the Royal Society by Colonel James, superintendent of the survey. The ellipticity deduced is $\frac{1}{299.33}$; the mean specific gravity, as obtained from the attraction of Arthur's Seat, near Edinburgh, is 5.316. Magnetic storms was the next subject, and the remarkable connection of these phenomena with mutation of solar spots was pointed out. One important deduction which a study of these phenomena leads to is, that the periodic changes of the earth's magnetic force, usually referred to thermic effects of the sun wholly, can for the future be referred to that agency only in part. Passing from astronomy and magnetism to the kindred subject of light, the most important recent fact to be noted is that recently made out by M. Jamin, that no distinction can be drawn, in respect of polarisation by reflection, between transparent and opaque bodies; as all bodies transform plane polarised light into elliptically polarised light, and impress a change of phase at the moment of reflection. As regards the photographic application of light,—or rather the heliographic power, whatever it may be, associated with light,—the president prominently referred to the production by M. Poitevin of plates in relief, for engraving purposes, by the action of light alone. Our readers will have already seen an abstract of this process in one of our previous scientific articles. The philosophy of the correlation of physical forces, and the mutual equivalents of power, was touched upon as its importance demands; and as a corollary, the point was not left unnoticed that recent discoveries have given the *coup-de-grace* to caloric as a special element. We need not follow the president in his remarks about aluminium, silicon, and boron,—tortured as they have been by such unrelenting inquisitors as St. Claire Deville, and Wöhler,—our readers having been already made acquainted with the salient points of their discoveries.

Passing from science to the administration of scientific functions, the president adverted to the labours of the Parliamentary Committee of the Association; who, in reply to the question whether any measures could be adopted by Government that would improve the position of science, or its cultivation, in this country, recommend the providing at national cost of a central building in London, in which the principal scientific bodies may be located, and the formation of a scientific board to have the control of the public funds allotted to the advancement of science. Something in this direction has since been accomplished by the grant of Burlington House for the use of the Royal, Linnæan, and Chemical Societies; for which a *very* warm eulogy was passed upon the Government.

Even a slight abstract of the papers read in the various sections would occupy more space than we can devote to such subjects. To some extent we shall have to refer to them hereafter; but in many cases the points of interest have already been brought before our readers in preceding Numbers.

Perhaps there does not exist a scientific problem of greater general interest just now than the construction of submarine telegraphic cables. Lamenting, as one necessarily must, the temporary failure which has postponed for a time the establishment of telegraphic communication between these isles and America, it is nevertheless satisfactory to know that the failure has not been without its teaching; that with the introduction of a few obvious means of safety, suggested by misfortune, we may confidently look forward to ultimate success. Meanwhile it may be interesting to learn what intelligent foreigners think about the construction and capabilities of the cable. M. Baudoin, a gentleman who has had much to do with the telegraphic lines of France, has pronounced the structure of the cable to embody every good principle which he is able to suggest. He considers the distribution of the metallic conductor into seven separate wires, instead of restricting it to one, to be a peculiarly happy idea;

and though he regards the external wire-coating as a matter of surplusage, not at all necessary except as a safeguard to the cable in case of its grinding upon a ridge of sharp rock or coral reef, yet he grants that practically it subserves the purpose indicated by an electrical theorist, M. Balestrini, of discharging such electricity as may linger by induction in the gutta-percha coating. M. Balestrini suggested the attachment of masses of light material to submarine cables at various parts of their length, just as paper slips are attached to the tail of a boy's kite, by which he thought the descent of the cable to great depths would be moderated, and the risk of breakage proportionately lessened. M. Baudoin shows the fallacy of this notion, though one in which he had been himself inclined formerly to put faith. He calls attention to the fact that at great depths below the surface of water all practical distinction between lightness and heaviness ceases; either the water gets forced into the pores of a body, or the particles of which the latter is composed are so pressed together and condensed that their floatative power is destroyed. This fact will be readily conceded when we remember that at a depth of 1100 mètres the pressure is equal to no less than 100 atmospheres. He believes that the sole provisions of safety against rupture of a submarine cable from its own weight must be imparted to the structure of the cable itself; and, with a segment of the Atlantic cable in his possession, states his conviction that it is in every way fitted for its purpose.

The French government has long had in contemplation the establishment of telegraphic communication between France and Algiers; but hitherto no contractor has been found willing to undertake the work on the terms offered, namely 50 centimes per mètre. According to M. Baudoin, if the expense can be reduced to 60 centimes per mètre, the French government may have reason to be well satisfied.

Mathematicians need not be reminded how necessary it is that logarithmic tables should be absolutely exact. To work with incorrect tables, is very much like trusting oneself to the casualties of an ocean voyage in a leaky vessel. A paper has been recently communicated to the Mathematical Department of the French Academy of Sciences by M. Dupuis on certain errors in the logarithmic tables of Callet. In these tables there is found at the end of each page logarithms marked S and T, with their variation V for 10 seconds. The logarithms S and T, which represent ratios, being added to the logarithms of the number of seconds of a small arc, the logarithms of the sines and tangent of that arc are obtained. Calculating the value of S and T to ten decimals, there is found to be an error in the seventh figure in certain parts of the latter. Of course it would be out of place to print the corrections here, but they may be found in the *Comptes Rendus*, vol. xlv.

Amongst the curiosities of modern manufacture, making artificial stone is not the least remarkable. At a first glance, few operations would seem more unpromising, few more unnecessary. Not only is stone almost every where found, but for the most part in abundance. Nevertheless, the fact of bricks being made in localities where stone is plentiful would seem to point to drawbacks or difficulties in its use. In our own country, we have had Mr. Ransome following a process of nature very closely, and manufacturing stone by gluing sand together (if we may use the word "gluing") by means of silica dissolved in caustic soda; we have also had the stone-like compound of aluminised plaster of Paris. The former is coming extensively into use, but the cost is a serious drawback to the latter. M. Felix Abate has lately published the particulars of a process for imparting a stone-like hardness to plaster of Paris, and he produces manufactured articles in it at a price scarcely greater than those made of ordinary plaster. He deposits the burnt plaster in a cylinder, into which he passes aqueous vapour to the full extent of the plaster to absorb. The plaster, which does not in this operation lose in the slightest degree its pulverulent form, is then packed into moulds and subjected to powerful pressure. The material thus finally

resulting is very compact and hard, and takes the polish of marble. Bas-reliefs of the most elaborate character may be fashioned out of it with all the fidelity of the original models. An experience of three years demonstrates the unchangeableness of the new substance under atmospheric influences.

Saccharine substances have been of late subjected to much chemical scrutiny; and, as we announced in a previous Number of our monthly abstract, mannite, sorbine, and glycerine were demonstrated to be fermentable with the production of alcohol when properly treated. A question of great interest to physiologists is, whether sugar be or be not ordinarily generated by the liver of animals, and whether it be or be not discoverable in the venous system more peculiarly belonging to the liver, *i. e.* the system of the *vena portæ*. In 1855, M. Figuier was the first to call attention to the presence of sugar in the *vena portæ*. Certain physiologists having turned their attention to the matter, subsequently denied the conclusions to which he had arrived; founding their denial on the fallacy that the substance termed sugar was not capable of fermentation. To this M. Figuier properly replied, a far surer test is the potassio-tartrate of copper. He moreover now states that the saccharine substance in question can be made to ferment by proper treatment. The most important point arrived at by him, however, is, that sugar is discoverable, not in the blood of the liver alone, but in blood from every part of the animal system; there seems, consequently, no further reason to assume that the liver is specially endowed with the sugar-generating function.

AUTUMN WORK IN THE FLOWER-GARDEN.

By this time the greenhouse-plants that were turned out for the summer will have done their work, and preparation must be made to house them for the winter. The glory of the year is fading fast, and one of the finest seasons we have had for many years is drawing to its close. Now the gardener must be on the alert, for there is plenty to do; and the beauty of the garden next year will depend very much on present vigilance and a steady watchfulness for a few months to come. For whatever is incapable of braving the winter unhurt quarters must now be prepared: pits cleaned out and dressed with a new coating of ashes; broken glass must be made good, though that and re-painting ought to have been done in July. The last act of preparation is to see that there is plenty of compost made up and sweetened, and enough new pots got in, and all the old ones well washed and set in order as to sizes. Slovenly ways in potting are sure to lead to mischief; and old pots should never be used again till they have been scrubbed inside and out and well aired; and every bit of drainage to be used in potting should be equally sweet, whether old pots or broken oyster-shells.

You will of course be anxious to preserve the gaiety of your beds and borders to the last moment; and if you have the necessary appliances of a few frames and a greenhouse, and a little heat at command, you may let things remain until the weather really begins to tell upon them, because a little careful nursing will soon set them right, and exposure to the last moment will enable the stock to winter with less protection. But it is better to be a day too soon than a day too late; and for those who are put to their wit's end to preserve things all the winter, the best rule is to take them up in good time, that they may have a little of the season left to make root after being shifted.

In taking up, geraniums claim the first notice, because in most places they are used more extensively than any other greenhouse-plants. There are two good reasons for preserving every good geranium, even if they are but common Tom Thumbs; first, because we prize that which we have to care for, and avoid the expense of re-purchasing; and secondly, because the older a geranium becomes, the more valuable is it, and the more hardy. Those who sacri-

face their stock to the frost, and buy every year, can have no idea of the value of a good old geranium-stump, which is no sooner planted out than it breaks from every joint, and flowers freely on its well-ripened wood; while young plants are wasting a good month in making long shoots and abundance of foliage. For these reasons, set a value on every geranium that has proved good in blooming, no matter what its name or its market-value.

In taking up geraniums you must vary your operations according to the treatment they are to have. If to be housed and brought into bloom early with a little fire-heat, give them a somewhat generous and light soil; if to be merely kept alive out of reach of frost, put them into the poorest stuff you can lay your hands on—such as the loam from some spot in the garden where you never remember to have put a spadeful of manure, and which has been cropped to death. This, with a moderate admixture of sand, will be the best stuff for all kinds of stock that are to be wintered under circumstances in any way trying to plants, and in it they will be much more hardy, because less excited to growth, than in a nourishing compost.

If you hope to have a good show of geraniums at Christmas, or thereabouts, take up as many of the young plants that were struck in July, and that have not yet flowered in the open ground, as appear promising. Pot them at once into their flowering-pots: 48's will generally be suitable, though, if the plants be small, 60's will be better. Some may be potted in 60's, so as to have a shift about November, to bloom very early in the spring; and any that show a bloom of the autumn growth must be nipped down a joint or two, to cause new shoots to break for blooming at the desired season.

The general stock of bedding geraniums must be taken up with care, and cut down to two or three close forks of the old stem, and in such a way that when the top bud of each joint shall break it will have an outward direction. If you cut them "anyhow," you may soon have the centre filled with weak spray, and the plants destitute of shape and symmetry. Cut pretty close, and so as to leave only two or three joints of this year's growth to each fork; for tall growing sorts, such as Unique, Commander, &c., cut very low down, so as to promote a strong growth out of the old wood, except for such as are to be grown as specimen-plants; and these must be judiciously cut with regard to the arrangement of the forks of the old stem, and the positions of all the joints upon them. Give every pot plenty of drainage,—say not less than one-fourth of its depth, to be made up of broken pots or oyster-shells, and over that some of the roughest of the compost, to prevent the fine soil washing down and stopping the passage.

The cuttings of geraniums may be sorted over, the best half-ripe joints picked out, the weak watery spray thrown away, and those reserved struck with a little bottom heat; though the strong growing sorts will root without, if put into shallow pans in powdered peat and silver-sand. Scarce and valuable sorts, and fancy-foliaged geraniums,—such as Attraction, Dandy, Flower of the Day, Mountain of Light, and others, that are never too plentiful,—should be very carefully cut up and struck, one joint in and one out; though a single joint will make a plant, if assisted with a little heat. You are of course aware that all pelargoniums and geraniums, except a few of the variegated-foliaged kinds, strike freely out of doors, in the full sun, from the first of June to the middle of August; the sorts used for bedding should always be struck in this way about the middle of July, and make better plants than any produced under glass. Geranium-cuttings should be kept rather dry than otherwise. It is a good rule for those who have but limited means of preserving tender plants through the winter, not to strike a single fancy-foliaged geranium until the spring, for young plants of these kinds are very difficult to keep.

In potting other things, you must be guided very much by what stock you will want next year. Old plants of calceolarias are of comparatively little value, for, unlike gera-

niums, which improve with age, these deteriorate; therefore, where a very large number is not requisite, it is better to take off cuttings from the best plants, and throw the old stools away. In making the cuttings, choose short stubby side-shoots; trim off the lower leaves, and strike them in a cold pit, or under hand-glasses; for if they are coddled with artificial heat they get spindled and worthless. The best plants are those from autumn cuttings, struck without heat, and wintered in cool pits, with plenty of air at all times, except during severe frost. Sorts that are prized may be still further increased by cuttings, assisted with a little heat in spring; and from one or two of the old stools, now taken up and kept over winter, a very large stock of young plants may be manufactured in spring by nipping down the old stems and nursing them to throw side-shoots. Calceolarias like moisture and a little peat in the compost.

Ageratums, verbenas, heliotropes, and lobelias may all be treated in the same way. Save one good old plant of each sort, and from that manufacture young stock; though, if you have been on the alert, you have a goodly number struck already, for the ground is a natural hotbed from the middle of July to the end of August; and any thing that can be rooted may be rooted out of doors, with the help of shade and moisture, and a little sand about the cuttings; and the plants that have been pegged down will be found rooted at every joint. By sacrificing the greater portion of such things we get rid of the trouble of carrying them safe through the winter, which is often more than they are worth; and early in spring the few old plants that were saved will supply cuttings in abundance for propagation. Heliotropes, carefully potted, trimmed up, and grown on in the greenhouse, may be brought to a great size, and are prized by some folks when they grow to neat bushes; but for bedding purposes little mites of plants are best, if they are struck early and treated generously before being put out for the season. Those that are saved must be kept as nearly dry as possible in small pots, and with air night and day, except during frost. Fuchsias in pots must be cut back to good stems, and laid on their sides under the stage of the greenhouse till they begin to break. The old plants that have well-ripened wood will scarcely want a drop of water the whole of the winter; but young plants must have a sprinkling occasionally over the stems, and the soil moderately moistened when it gets powdery, but never so as to become wet. Hydrangeas are marsh plants, and like water; but when fairly at rest, they must be guarded against any excess.

SHIRLEY HIBBERD.

STICKLEBACKS AND THEIR "NESTS."

THE common stickleback of our rivulets is a much more interesting member of the great fish family than careless observers might suppose. His strength, his courage, his capacity for enduring almost any degree of heat or cold, his ability to live either in salt or fresh water, and, lastly, the singular instinct which gifts him with the desire and power to construct a "nest" for the protection of his offspring, place him, notwithstanding his diminutive size, in the ranks of royalty among fishes.

The stickleback belongs to a class of fishes termed Acanthopterygii, from the dorsal and lateral defensive spines with which they are furnished. The generic term by which the special family Stickleback is distinguished is *Gasterosteus*, from the Greek word *gaster*, the stomach, and *osteon*, a bone, in allusion to the bony plates by which the sides of the stomach are defended. These little fish have also other popular names, which likewise refer to the plate-armour with which their sides are defended, or their sharp aggressive spine. These names are, Sharplin, Banstickle, Prickleback, &c. The different species are distinguished by the number of defensive plates, or of spines. One small and very pretty kind is the ten-spined stickleback (*G. pungitius*);

while the most rare of the family, seldom, if ever, found in fresh water, is the fifteen-spined stickleback (*Gast. spinachia*). This last, however, will also, like his congeners, live in fresh water. He is, indeed, of aspect sufficiently distinct to account for his difference of habit, being formed almost like a very short eel, but stamped indisputably as a true stickleback by his spines, and other gasterostean characteristics, not omitting his nest-building faculty, in which he is nearly as distinguished an architect as his brethren of the brooks.

Among other interesting peculiarities of these little fish, is their chameleon-like power of assuming different colours under different influences. In the breeding season, or when agitated in the almost continual conflicts which they wage against each other, their usual dull green changes to the gayest hues of scarlet contrasted with milky white, the most vivid grass-green with purple, and sometimes in combat becoming, in their most terrible anger, nearly jet-black. The vanquished, however, soon loses his bright hues, recovering a faint reflection of them at the moment of dissolution, as though in the delirium of his last agony he saw himself the victor instead of the vanquished. Placed in a tank with others of his own size, he never ceases to combat till he remains undisputed monarch of his domain; so that it is impossible to keep a number in the same vessel. A single pair, however, under fortunate circumstances, might exhibit the interesting spectacle of the construction of the nest.

Nest-architecture has been generally thought to be confined to birds; for the few quadrupeds which have been described as making nests,—such as the rabbit, the field-mouse, and the squirrel,—merely prepare beds for their young. The only true nests, therefore, except those of birds, are constructed by fishes; and yet, till M. Coste read his interesting paper on the "Nidification of Sticklebacks" the other day at the French Academy, modern naturalists knew nothing of this peculiarity in the habits of fishes, at least they published nothing; though Aristotle had stated above 2000 years ago that a certain little fish constructed a nest like that of a bird,—a statement that was either overlooked, discredited, or disregarded. Clive, it is true, among modern naturalists, stated that the black gobie deposited its spawn in a kind of nest; and it is now thought that this was the fish alluded to by Aristotle.

M. Coste was enabled by a long series of unwea-



which he also brings in his mouth. The floor thus formed, is cemented by means of a gluten which he obtains from his own skin by continuous rubbing; an operation from which he evidently suffers great fatigue, and sometimes appears for a time quite overcome in the effort.

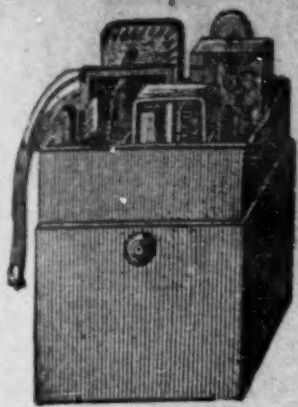
His next process is to attach a row of small uprights, or twig-columns, to this base; in the performance of which he exhibits the most fastidious delicacy of taste, taking them out over and over again to refix them in a position more to his mind. Sometimes he may find a portion of the materials unsuitable; in which case he takes down a part or the whole of the structure, regardless of fatigue and trouble, and carries the useless lumber to a distance, so as not to encumber his future proceedings. As the walls rise he cements them as he had previously done the base, and then completes the roof in a similar manner. The structure when quite complete has two entrances,—a front and back door, as it were,—which he preserves in the desired form by frequently pressing in and out in opposite directions, so as to keep the nest in form and sufficiently open.

When the nest is finished fatal combats often ensue for its possession; and when at last preserved or conquered, the triumphant male invites some favourite female to come and occupy the edifice, over which he keeps guard during the whole time she is depositing her eggs; always wearing in honour of the joyful occasion his brightest hues of white and scarlet, or more regal purple. He continues to maintain his guard in full uniform until the eggs, or spawn, are all hatched, and the young fry begin to disperse; and then retires, his office over, and his gay colours faded to the usual dusky green.

H. N. H.

ried observations to describe the whole process of construction of the stickleback's nest; and the following narrative, as subsequently detailed by Orbelin, is the result of his interesting discoveries.

At spawning-time the males—for they are the builders, the ladies remaining perfectly passive—may be seen busily engaged preparing for the erection of the family-nursery, evidently an arduous task for such miniature architects. Every bit of the material is carried in the tiny mouth, and often from considerable distances. His various contrivances to prevent the foundation of his structure from being carried away by the stream are exceedingly interesting; the most common being the deposit of a layer of sand on the lighter materials,



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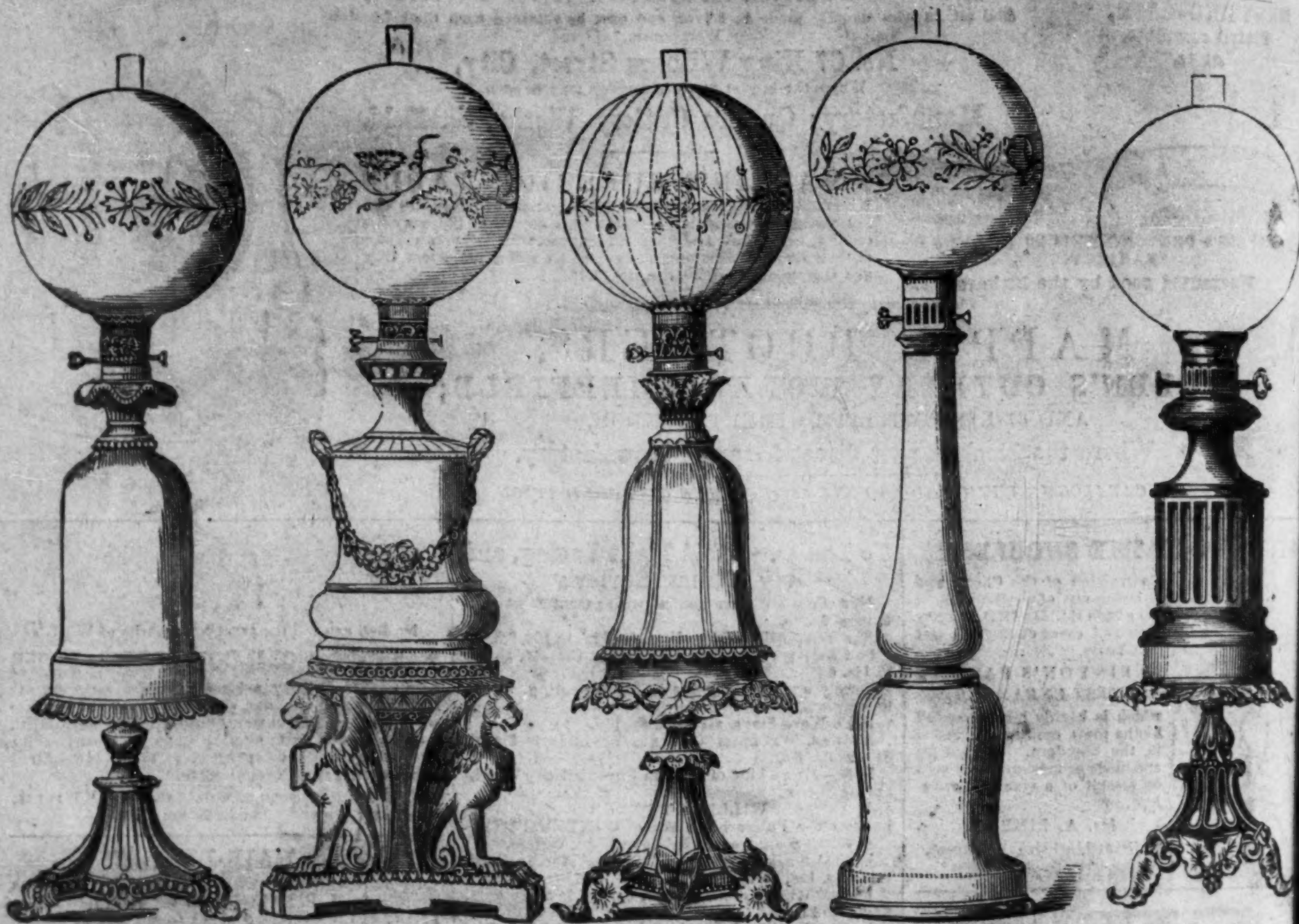
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